PARIS

PAST AND PRESENT

With tenderest
thoughts - Addie.

To My Husband
Dec 25 - 1910.

Paris: Past and Present

PARIS
PAST & PRESENT

By HENRY HAYNIE
Chevalier in the French Legion of Honour

WITH 32 ENGRAVINGS IN HALF-TONE

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

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IN TESTIMONY OF MY PROFOUND AFFECTION, I
DEDICATE THIS WORK TO ALL MY FRIENDS
AND CONFRERES IN FRANCE, IN
ENGLAND, AND IN AMERICA.

H. H.

SCENE IN THE BOULEVARD.

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PREFACE.

Long before the commencement of our Christian Era, a fugitive people in Europe, driven from their primitive territory during one of the innumerable wars of antiquity, camped near the frontier of some lands then occupied by a tribe of Senones. They chose for their future home an island of a river flowing through that region. A century later Julius Cæsar and his victorious forces invaded the country, and one of the towns which the Romans founded was situated on the very island where the primitive nomads had settled their abode—in all subsequent history it is known as the Ile de la Cité—and they held it for almost five hundred years. The Romans called their town Lutetia; it enjoyed no privileges whatever; it was not until the end of the fourth century that the place passed from the condition of *vectigale* to that of *municipe;* and the story that is to be told

in this present work is of that town, which, as time rolled on, became known throughout the world as the capital of Europe.

"Paris n'a pas été bâti dans un jour," says an old adage; and to it may be added the remark that each and every part of Parisian soil and history is an inexhaustible mine of souvenirs and traditions. It is my purpose to relate some of the salient and picturesque incidents in that history, to describe the more important institutions, to speak of the palaces and monuments which have ever marked the city with their charms and beauty. It is no easy task, this attempt to picture *à la plume* the remarkable physiognomy, the marvellous individuality, the wonderful beauty, the serious intelligence, the earnestness, and the steady growth during twenty centuries, of the great metropolis. Still, we shall endeavour to see, at least briefly, all the immense and picturesque history of the great capital. Passing over the primitive ignorance which first gave life to the settlement on the little island that became the sombre cradle of the Cité, we shall see two

towns arise on the banks of the river Seine. We shall go into the muddy, ill-smelling streets of Paris, while Julian the Apostate was still its governor, when valiant Geneviève saved the place from Atilla and his hordes, while the barbarian Francs were in possession, when it was under the first Capitiens, and when its second wall was built. Into and out of the Mediæval Ages, we shall hurry along its first pavements, as later on we shall see the Paris of François I. and the Paris of the Renaissance. After that we shall find ourselves among the Parisians of the *Grand Siècle*, when the "Sun King" reigned; and finally be among Parisians of the Regency and of the Revolution, of the Consulate and of the First Empire, of the Restoration and of the last Kingdom, of the gilded Empire and of the present time. In brief, by patient study and careful selection, we, that is to say, the author and his indulgent readers, shall assist at the birth, the baptism, the development, the growth of a miserable hamlet on a lonely island to village, town and city, until it reaches its present splendid pro-

portions. And the author's hope is that his efforts here will interest historians with a recollection of events which have been occurring during two thousand years; interest thinkers with historical information; interest philosophers with souvenirs of labour and of the struggle of progress; interest artists with reproductions of remarkable monuments; interest antiquarians and archeologists with retrospective sketches of places now in ruins, and of national relics which include crowns worn by the Morovingians; interest the English-reading people generally with an account of the most magnificent city of modern times. In these efforts he will endeavour to write of the *Ville Lumière* and its long record clearly and accurately, so that each person, when he or she has finished with the book, will be able to say he knows more of the religious, political, moral, economical, social, and intellectual history, of the perfections and the imperfections, of Paris than was ever known before.

It is true that the charms of the wonderful capital are already widely appreciated. The

poet Henri Heine, although German born, often wrote and spoke of the surprising and enchanting effect which Paris invariably produced on him, even as it does on all foreigners. But there is hardly a period in its history when the capital has not been an object of profound admiration. To speak only of more recent times, some of the most famous men on earth have been among its visitors. They went there from all parts of the globe, and they saw in it something more than splendid palaces, sumptuous edifices, or a multiplicity of promenades, avenues and boulevards. To them Paris had a charm independent of its external beauty. Among celebrated Englishmen, Richardson, John Wilkes, Horace Walpole, Gibbon, Hume and Sterne; among Americans, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and Robert Fulton breathed with delight its intellectual atmosphere. "Ah, if I were only rich and independent," exclaimed Gibbon with a sigh, "I should always live in Paris." Hume wrote: "I once thought of establishing myself in Paris for the rest of my days." Both gave

the inexpressible sweetness of the intellectual life that existed in the capital as the reason for this attachment.

In May, 1827, Goethe said: "Imagine a city where the best brains are all in relation, by daily emulation, mutually instructing and uplifting each other; where all that Nature, Art and Science offers that is most remarkable is accessible each day to study; a city where each step on a bridge or on a public place recalls a great past, where at the corner of every street a fragment of history is displayed. And again imagine, not the Paris of a faded age but Paris of the Ninteenth Century, in which men equal to Molière, Voltaire, or Dideron have put in circulation an abundance of ideas such as one finds nowhere else on earth, and then perhaps you will understand how Ampère, living in the midst of so much richness, could become so great at the age of twenty-four."

With Goethe the author permits himself to say that each and every step on most of the Paris bridges, or in its older gardens and squares, recalls a glorious past, and that a frag-

ment of history can be seen at nearly every corner. For fifteen years he lived within the enchantments of this metropolis of letters, arts, and sciences, of fashions and good taste, of indoor charms and outdoor beauties; and, among men and women whose characters seemed always animated with the souvenirs of their city, he partook of the hospitality of its educational institutions. During those pleasant working years in the French capital, the writer never strolled through certain old streets without thinking of the city's past, even as he admired its present and marvelled at its great mind. Whoever can do so goes some time, if not to live in it, at least to see, this city of strange and interesting contrasts. A German duke once said that he would be well contented with a principality anywhere north of the Rhine, or an apartment on the Paris Boulevard, and it mattered not which to him. Not very long ago, a sovereign in Europe, who is something of a traveller, was asked which city in France he considered the most beautiful.

"Orleans," he replied.

"Ah, indeed! then how about Paris?" demanded his questioner.

"Paris is not a city, it is a world," exclaimed the monarch. "If I were a Frenchman, I should certainly call it the soul of modern society."

To-day there are some three hundred or four hundred cities scattered about the face of the earth, each of which counts more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, and these are so steadily increasing in size as to warrant their pride in themselves. But when a few more centuries of time have passed away, when other ages have elapsed since Thebes, Nineveh, Babylon and Carthage were blotted out, how many of those cities will be more than a mass of debris? Only Athens and Rome are left us to play the parts in modern civilisation that they assumed in antiquity. In all probability there are only a few capital cities which will never die; there are evidences enough to assume the perpetuity of their continued existence, and Paris is one of these. It is the metropolis where the Five Divisions of the globe concen-

trate, and with their contributions added to that of its own citizens, it naturally becomes the greatest Cosmopolitan Capital on earth. It will last forever, and in the far distant future, even as now, its people will proudly cry, CIVIS PARISI SUM.

Let us stop just for a moment to see where the capital of France differs from other great European cities. London, the colossal, is, in its insular loneliness, the absolute product of a single race, and in her contemporary expansion represents precisely the same factor as Carthage did *vis-á-vis* antique civilisation.

Berlin and Brussels, two centres of population developed almost entirely by politics, get their own reason for existence from history alone. Madrid and St. Petersburg are two defiances hurled at nature by a king and an emperor; the latter by building a city in a swamp at the farther edge of a broad gulf, the former by founding one in the middle of a wide plain. Vienna, the Paris of the Orient, and where so many different races mix unequally, is a fine stage set for grand opera, but where only

comic pieces are ever sung. Lisbon and Constantinople, one on the Golden Horn, the other at the mouth of the river Tagus, are two advanced posts at the extreme east and the extreme west of Europe, both close to the continent of Africa, and yet neither is fit to live. Finally only Rome is left, and of her it may be said she was twice Queen of the World; but she is not that now, and never will be again.

The French have long had a saying, which is so true and old that it may be classed as a proverb: "Qui aime la France, aime Paris. Que ne connait Paris, ignoré la France." It is a true saying: for to love France, is to love Paris; and whoever does not know the capital, cannot properly claim to know that country. Not that the City is of greater importance than the State; but because Paris is really the soul, the throbbing heart of the great land, and in the long history of France it has been the hero-martyr on many different occasions. True, there are those who do not take this view of Paris, who speak glibly of it as a modern Babylon, a city of disorder and vain amusements.

But it is also true that there are numerous vices in other large cities; and perhaps, when proportion to population is considered, there may be fewer crimes committed in Paris than there are in Berlin, New York or London.

While the French capital is *la ville ou l'on s'amuse*, it also is that city of the world where persons study and work the most. Paris is the battlefield of labour, and without mentioning its savants, surgeons, men of letters, painters, sculptors, architects, physicians, lawyers, and other earnest students in and professors of every branch of Science, Philosophy and the Liberal Arts, it may truthfully be asserted that to its free scientific colleges and art ateliers, to its schools and studios, flock men and women from every country on earth, seeking knowledge and not vain amusements; attracted to Paris, and kept there, not by its vices or its pleasures, but by its artistic and æsthetic treasures, its brilliant ideas, its rich music, its fine literature, its beautiful mind, its undoubted excellence in everything. Truly, it is the first place of wide and high instruction on earth. It is not alone

the palpitating heart of a powerful nation; it is much more than that. It is the great and universal workshop of thought and labour, the grand forge where all materials which suggest ideas are wrought into substantial form. This is why Paris is generally spoken of as the capital of civilisation; and even as Washington is the Federal city of our national Union, so may Paris some day become the Federal city of the United States of Europe. *Satis superque.*

THE AUTHOR.

Paris: Past and Present

Volume I

PART ONE.

"*Some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

"*Comment s'est formé ce chef-lieu supreme?*"
—VICTOR HUGO.

CHAPTER I.

Primitive days of the Parises—The Roman occupation of five hundred years—Palace of the Thermes and its present ruins—The treacherous crime of an early sovereign—An ancient amphitheatre near the modern Sorbonne.

The river Seine, which, since its joining the River Marne and until it reaches the sea, twists and winds about like a snake in the grass, begins near the Southern Railway (Paris, Lyons et Mediterranée) station to take on wider stretch, and soon a group of seven islands appears in midstream. The largest of these, the one best defended against the wash of river flow, resembles somewhat in its shape a vessel stranded in the middle of the current, and this island has been known from time immemorial as the Ile de la Cité. In primitive days these islands served as refuge or place of safety for the savages of the surrounding clans during their continual wars, one of which clans was a feeble tribe of Gauls called Parises (or Parisii, as the Romans wrote it), and the largest island

was their main resort. It was well chosen for defense, and they held it as their own exclusively until the Romans came and conquered. Centuries rolled by, and then, in memory of the earliest inhabitants, the place was named Paris.

Let me here attempt to picture the site of this great and ancient town, as seen from the high terrace of St. Cloud, whereon the "Lanterne de Demosthène" stood previous to the war with Germany in 1870. Before us opens a plain dominated on every side, near or in the middle distance, by heights and hills. Those farthest off, beginning on our left and going all the way around to where we stand, are: the low collines of Gennevilliers with Mt. Valerian boldly prominent; St. Germain and its magnificent terrace; Poissy, and then Pontoise; the hills of Montmorency; the hillocks of Vanjours; the bluff of Champigny; the heights of Villejuif, and those of Montrouge; and, finally, the wooded slopes of Meudon. The nearer uplifts, those within the fortifications, are the "mountain" of Sainte Geneviève, the isolated hillock of Montmartre, the heights of Belleville and of Menilmontant, and the smart rise of ground towards where stands the noble Arc de Tri-

PARIS IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

omphe. Inside of this vast amphitheatre of low and lofty hills, serpentines the river Seine with the capital stretching along both its banks, and all this wide basin was, in that epoch called *diluvian*, a great lake. By-and-by, however, after centuries on centuries of erosion, and when the site had passed its quarternary period, its glacial period, all its other prehistoric periods, the waters began to retire, finally drying up altogether, so that the plain we are overlooking, and the stream seeking its way to the ocean, are all that is left of the inland sea that once covered the now Parisian land where the small town of Lutetia was started in the long ago. Why so-called no one has yet been able to discover; enough for us to say, Cæsar willed it so, and in due course of time he visited his new possessions.

A while later the Romans came in numbers to remain; for their rule was, that when they had gained a country they installed themselves among the conquered as administrators, to collect taxes, and to compel observance of Roman laws. They were doing this throughout Gaul, as in other countries; and they were too intelligent not to appreciate the advantages of the situation of their new settlement. They built

houses on the island like those at home, these were imitated by the natives, and the village grew. Streets were laid out, a market-place established, bridges constructed, and as the people increased in number they also gained in material wealth. The island was soon too small for the new industrial and commercial town. It became overcrowded with little merchants, laborers, and fishermen, so the poorer inhabitants went outside the city and built themselves cabins where the land was cheaper; thus *faubourgs* sprang into existence. The first of these included as suburb the spot now marked by the Hôtel de Ville, as the city hall is called; and the second faubourg was off to the south, where the Place Maubert is.

Meanwhile, rich Romans erected fine suburban villas on the plain northward; that is to say, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the present Palais Royal, as they did also upon the isolated *buttes* now embraced in Montmartre and Passy. Some of them went so far away from the island as the hillocks off to the southwest where the Quartier de Vaugirard now exists. As for the Roman soldiers, they were permanently camped on the slopes that overlooked the river from the south,—actually the Luxembourg

grounds, the Boulevard Saint Michel and the Sorbonne. Thus a military city grew up close to the commercial city and surveyed it from above; and thus a *Gallo-Romaine* population was formed, for the Romans and the Gauls mingled freely. Everybody in Lutetia soon spoke Latin and Celtic; the tongue of their fathers was forgotten by the natives, and when Tiberius came to be emperor (A. D. 14) half a century after the conquest, this population of merchants and fishermen had already adopted the religion of the invaders.

The Roman domination lasted for five hundred years, and during that period the empire covered Gaul with excellent roads, stone bridges, splendid aqueducts, sumptuous country houses, grand palaces, fine theatres and noble triumphal arches. The ruins of some of these constructions at Paris are still in existence, as for instance the Palais des Thermes and the Amphitheatre.

On the left bank of the river Seine, a short distance from that stream, and just where the boulevards Saint Germain and Saint Michel cross each other in the Latin quarter, the passerby may notice a small but pretty garden enclosed with a tall fence of iron bars.

Among the paths and along the *allées* stand ancient material, such as broken columns, disfigured capitals, mutilated statues, sculptures half gnawed away by time, inscriptions on stones that are almost obliterated. Looming over this fresh-looking park is a ruined edifice of antique appearance, and it, inside, is a historical monument of grand importance. This garden, this edifice, these ruins, are the rendezvous of historians, artists, antiquarians, of all others who are interested in the time when Rome ruled the world. The original of this picturesque ruin of massive, ivy-covered walls built of bricks, this the ancient Palace of the Cæsars, was of immense size, if we may believe Zosime and Marcellin, the historians, what with its buildings and courts on the side toward the Sorbonne, its façade on the heights of the hill, probably alongside of the Pantheon, and its gardens descending to and along the Seine as far as where the abbey grounds of Saint Germain des Prés were located afterwards. When Julian came to Paris this palace had already been in existence some time, and it was probably constructed by his grandfather, Constance Chlore, who lived in Lutetia for fifteen years. In his "Misopogon" Julian speaks of passing

the winter in his "dear Lutetia," and he mentions one such winter which was so cold that fires had to be started in every room of the palace to keep the house warm.

Not very far from the palace, on the grounds now occupied by the Luxembourg garden, an army of Roman soldiers was encamped. Jealous of Julian, the emperor sent him orders to march two Legions home; this with the secret intention of weakening that army so that Julian might be arrested if necessary. Informed of this intrigue, several officers at the Palace of the Thermes went to the camp and gave a few circulars to some soldiers which revealed the project that the emperor had in view and recalled the victories of Julian along the Rhine and in the wars against the Germans. The few communicated this news to their comrades, and soon the entire camp was in a tumult, the upshot of which was officers and men rushed to the palace, placed Julian on a shield, and then set the imperial crown upon his head. "By force," Zosime naively adds, as if Julian were not most likely the principal instigator of the revolt. This memorable scene took place on the site of the present Boulevard Saint Michel fifteen hundred years ago.

The Palace of the Thermes afterwards became the partial residence of the Franc kings of the first race, but those of the second race never lived at Paris. Gregoire de Tours mentions the palace in his curious chronicles; and Clotilde was residing there with her three grandsons when the latter were sent for by their uncles under pretext of putting them in possession of the heritage, and he murdered two of them. In the twelfth century, poet Jean de Hauteville wrote of the palace in his verses: "Ce palais des rois, dont les cîmes s'élèvent jusqu'aux cieux et dont les fondations atteignent l'empire des morts. Au centre, le principal corps de logis, dont les ailes s'étendent sur le même alignement, et se déployant de chaque côté semblent embrasser la montagne." This goes to show that the immense hall which one sees to-day, and in the presence of which one is struck with astonishment while thinking that its still solid walls have had an existence of nearly two thousand years, was after all only an annex to the Palace of the Cæsars.

At the end of the sixteenth century nothing remained of the building except its present ruins, yet these are remarkably well preserved, especially a large vaulted chamber which once

was used as the *frigidarium* or cold baths. It is sixty-five feet long, by forty-five feet high and of great width. The swimming bath, or *tepidarium*, is still recognisable; it is a hall of bare walls fifty-five feet long by forty-nine feet in width; and the infiltrations of nineteen centuries of rain and storms have not made a single breach in its solid ceiling. The large trees, the earth and debris which long lay over the vaulted roof of this old palace has had very little effect on it. The ruined furnace and hot air conduits which were used to warm the entire establishment are visible. Water for bathing purposes was brought from a distance of eight or nine miles through canals and subterranean conduits; but there was a wide deep valley at one place, and here a splendid aqueduct was erected. Of this Roman aqueduct the debris of two or three arches were restored within recent years and are now plainly visible outside the fortifications, to the south of Paris.

It may be permitted us to wonder whether the Roman ruler who built the Thermes ever imagined it would be the theatre of such a terrible and treacherous crime, as happened there after the establishment of the Frankish kingdom had made it in part the sojourn of the

early sovereigns. One evening in February of the year 814 two horsemen galloped up the street and entered the courtyard; the Seneschal ordered the gate to be closed behind them, then he requested the two gentleman to hand over their swords, and they were informed that Charlemagne was dead, and that Louis le Debonnaire was on the throne. The Seneschal led them into the same large vaulted hall which we have just been visiting, there he took a parchment that was sealed with the royal stamp from his pocket, and, glancing at it, said:

"Your names, gentlemen, are Raoul de Lys and Robert de Quercy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you are my prisoners, and my orders are to keep you locked up until to-morrow."

"Why?"

"The king's orders do not say why, but they add that you must be confined in separate rooms. Of what crime you are accused, gentlemen, I know not. I am only obeying orders."

It was past midnight. Raoul de Lys was left in the guardroom, the walls of which were hung with flags and suits of armour; but Robert de Quercy was taken elsewhere.

For a long time the two men had been uni-

ted by friendship, and by dangers shared in common, but there was another bond of union between them. They loved, each, a daughter of Charlemagne, sisters to the new king, and Raoul was soon dreaming of Rotrude, while Robert dreamt of Gisla. Raoul's slumbers were broken by a noise, and a light appeared on the wall of the room in which he was confined. He perceived a sliding panel opening, and through it came Robert leading a woman, who, throwing back her veil, showed the features of Princess Gisla.

"Where is Rotrude?" asked de Lys.

Gisla pointed to a ring in the floor, and with the aid of a spear the two knights managed to lift up the large flagging stone to which was it fastened. A secret stairway was revealed.

"My sister will soon be here," said the princess. "We know that you are both in danger and wish to save you. Louis, our brother, will arrive to-morrow, and he intends to put you out of the way to avenge the wrong which he claims you have done by daring to love those of royal birth. When that is done he will also punish us, for he knows we love you."

"He wants to give you and Rotrude to for-

eign princes; but the body of Charlemagne is not yet cold, nor his sceptre warm in the grasp of Louis——"

"It is warm enough to care for you!" interrupted a voice, and the king appeared in the stairway, from which the stone had just been removed, dragging behind him his sister Rotrude, and followed by four masked men armed to the teeth.

"An escaped dove put me on the track," said he, forcing his sister to sit down on a bench. "I know all the secret passages of this old palace, and it is here that I will hold my first court of justice. I will begin with you, Rotrude, whom I met flying as though the approach of your brother had frightened you, and these four gentlemen who accompany me shall be the witnesses to your marriage. It shall be celebrated this morning, even now. You shall marry Raoul, Baron de Lys, and you, sister Gisla, shall marry Robert, Count de Quercy, two of the bravest knights of my late father."

"That is our dearest wish," answered the two knights. "We are at your orders."

"Then put on these suits of armour," said the king, with a glance at the men who ac-

companied him, and he added: "The princesses must not be present at your toilet however." So Rotrude and Gisla retired into the passageway. They believed that their brother was going to show them forgiveness, and yet they still felt some anxiety as to the outcome of the adventure. The two young men removed their suits of chain armour and began to put on those handed them by the king's attendants. After awhile the princesses were informed that their lovers were ready to receive them. They returned to the guardroom where they found Raoul and Robert seated in two high-back chairs, their visors closed, their heads leaning forward on their breasts, as if engaged in prayer. The king and his four masked men left the room; the princesses rushed up to their lovers, but were unable to get them to say a word.

In 1560 some workmen discovered in a vault of the Palace of the Thermes an iron helmet, which by means of a secret spring was so arranged that it would strangle the man who placed it on his head. There was a human skull in this helmet.

Another remarkable evidence of the Roman occupation exists to-day in what is known as

the Arènes of Paris, and which in the olden times was the imperial amphitheatre of Lutetia. It stood on the slope of what was then Mont Lucolitius, but is now the hill of Sainte Geneviève, where the open place and rue of Monge are situated. This authenticated fragment was preserved from the merciless power of its would-be demolishers only after innumerable difficulties, and it was not without a determined struggle that a group of men succeeded in thwarting certain builders and architects in their efforts, only a few years back, to destroy this valuable work of antiquity, efforts so well commenced by their fanatical predecessors during the fourteenth century, who had left no stone unturned to wipe from off the face of Paris the grand productions with which the so-called Pagans had enriched and beautified the place.

This magnificent construction, whose walls are several yards in thickness, this amphitheatre once large enough to hold twenty thousand spectators, this ponderous monument anterior to the Palace of the Thermes by at least a century, was discovered by accident and opened up again to the light of heaven after having been entombed for at least fifteen hun-

dred years! An examination showed that the monument had been erected during a period when large stones were solely employed, and there were none of those bricks in it which Roman architects adopted later. The amphitheatre stood on the south side of a hill where the Romans had built a temple and a palace, probably during the reign of the Emperor Adrian, to whom we also owe the arena at Nîmes, and in whose time the Gaulish renaissance began.

When the barbarians invaded France and Paris, this amphitheatre was being used as a large quarry from whence dressed stones were obtained for constructing ramparts, as circus steps have been found in the ancient walls of the city.

After the reign of Clovis, all things bearing any trace of Paganism, or of the Roman domination, were condemned, and those new barbarians called Christians destroyed all tombs, statues, and temples. Thus the theatre of Mont Lucolitius, dedicated to the amorous Cypris, was laid in ruins; its seats and altars were pillaged; and in the museum of the Hotel Carnavalet, one may see to-day some magnificent fluted columns which once contributed to the ornamentation of a structure that Christians

rased and converted into a cemetery. The place is now open, and quite a museum of stones, inscriptions, rich capitals, bones of wild animals, innumerable medals, etc., has been located on the spot. There is much work of excavation to be done yet, however.

CHAPTER II.

The first walls of Paris—Appearance of a valiant shepherdess—Under the reigns of Merovingians, Pepins, and Capetians—Norman invasions and numerous sackings—Building of churches and monasteries—Birth of the famous Latin Quarter—Certain periods of the Middle Ages.—Stout walls built and streets paved—An immense donjon keep—The Arms of Paris.

As yet, however, Lutetia was only a small town, a provincial town at that, for Lyons was the real capital of early Gaul. Still the place had its forum, a curia, and other public squares and houses, including one for law purposes that stood precisely where the Palais de Justice now lifts itself, and under which, when it was building, ruins of the ancient Roman structure were unearthed. There was also a triumphal arch, a temple to Mercury, several altars, etc, near the law courts, while upon Mon Martis, to the north of the town, stood a temple to the god of war. But after four or five centuries of Latin occupation, the people from the South

were dispossessed, the town took on its name of Paris, and presently its inhabitants erected their first walls. They were in so great a hurry to do this that they would not take time to quarry the stones; they took them from old edifices, the temples, the arch of triumph and the amphitheatre. This first enclosure followed closely the main island, the faubourgs being left outside, and without defense save for some palisades—some of the debris of this first wall was uncovered in quite recent years—and the population did well to hurry their work of defense, for the land was quickly invaded from every direction by barbarians. Attila, with his terrible Huns, arrived before Paris, and the place would have been surrendered to him without resistance, but for the courage and faith of a simple shepherdess from a neighbouring hamlet now known as Nanterre. The valiant Geneviève, by her ardent exhortations, raised up the drooping courage of the inhabitants, and impelled them to man their walls. Whether this brave conduct on their part frightened Attila no one can say; but certainly he did not attack Paris, and went elsewhere on his march of ruin and conquest.

The Lutetia of Rome had been swallowed

up by the Paris of the Francs, and the Chlodwig family were now in office. Among the many valuable souvenirs in the Bibliotheque Nationale (National Library), one can see to-day a bath of red marble in which Chlodwig[1] was baptised. The church was hoping undoubtedly to civilise the barbarians, but it was the contrary that occurred.

During the long regime of the Merovingian kings, when everything changed, and Paris became the capital, we find nothing noteworthy as regards the city itself except two remarkable facts: increase of the faubourgs, and the foundation of many churches. But as for the kings and queens, they would not reside at Paris. When the sovereign visited his capital he lived in the Roman Palace of the Cité, that is to say, in the Palais de Justice; while the queen or her relatives occupied the Palais des Thermes. On his return from a victorious expedition to the south, Chlodwig founded that Basilica of St. Peter and St. Paul which later on became the celebrated Abbey of Sainte Geneviève.

The first cathedral of Paris was founded by

[1] Chlodwig: or, more exact, Hlodwig, a name which in time became Clovis, Loys, Louis.

the bloody hands of Childebert, the murderer of children, and it was built on the sacred ground of all the centuries, and all the religions which had been known by Lutetia and by Paris up to that period.

That same king erected the basilica of St. Vincent and St. Croix, which soon became the proud and opulent Abbey of St Germain-des Prés, and to enrich which the "pious king," dearly beloved by his bishops, pillaged the churches of ancient Spain. It was so rich in gold and marble that it was known as the "Palais doré de l'Evêque Germain." But of all that large and magnificent structure nothing remains save the foundations of the tower near the entrance to the church now standing there.

On the Ile de la Cité, when Dagobert was king, there were five or six churches; while in the faubourgs were perhaps a dozen more, not counting the abbeys. One of these outside churches was the basilica of St. Germain, afterwards named St. Germain l'Auxerrois. It stands near the Louvre, and we shall find it again when we come to the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

In the work of embellishing these places of worship, Dagobert was aided materially by

PARIS BESIEGED BY THE NORMANS.

Eloi, a famous goldsmith whom the king made bishop because of his good works—as an *orfèvre*, of course. There is a cross of gold that is delicately enamelled, also a chair in bronze doré, in the Museum of the Louvre which are attributed to Eloi.

The Pepin family, whom the bishops and popes, substituted for the Merovingians, were all devoted to the church except Charles Martel. It was the church that made the fortune of this family by proclaiming Pepin king and Charlemagne emperor. To both of these Paris counted for next to nothing; indeed the great emperor hardly deigned to pay his new city a single visit. When he was not battling under the blue sky of Spain, or in the warm plains of Italy, or a midst the chilly forests of the Saxons, he resided at Aix-la-Chapelle, which town he enriched and made his capital. After him came other Charleses, emperors also, who ill-treated Paris and forgot the Seine. An invasion by the Normans followed; they came seven different times, each time more numerous and more determined to destroy. They sacked Rouen, Nantes, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Orleans, Beauvais, a hundred other places—Paris three times in succession —while Charles the Fat was king.

The first time that the terrible Northmen ascended the Seine in boats there were perhaps no more than four thousand of them, all told. Nothing was ready at Paris in the way of resistance, and the old walls had been sadly neglected. On the approach of the "brigands" the priests and monks fled, bearing away the relics of St. Germain and St. Geneviève, while as for the inhabitants, so dismayed they never thought of making any defense, they also rushed to hide in the woods or in distant streams. The invaders sacked and burned, and meanwhile King Charles and his army did nothing whatever to save the land. Eleven years later the same thing again occurred—invasion, panic, pillage. On the first occasion the Abbey of St. Geneviève was only robbed, now it was burned and hurled down. All the country round about Paris was devastated, the crops were destroyed, and many persons killed.

Thus far the rich Abbey of Saint Denis had escaped, but when the Normans paid their third visit to Paris, it, too, was sacked. This time there were thirty thousand of the enemy, and as the capital refused to open its gates, they swore to take and burn the place. The defense was simply heroic, for now the Parisians were led

by the valiant Gozlin, a monk from the Abbey of Saint Germain-des-Prés; by his nephew Ebbes, who was also a priest; by Eudes, the Count of Paris, son of Robert-le-Fort; and by Eudes' brother Robert. These four men conducted the defense, and prodigies of valour occurred.

Finally, the Normans promised to touch nothing, neither people nor property, if permitted only to march through the town, but the Parisians refused to consent to this. The city devoted herself to the country, she fought for France, and she paid nobly for her title of capital. The enemy was led by Sigfrid, a redoubtable warrior, who, at the head of his enraged bands, assailed from land and water the tower which protected the bridge across the Seine known as the Grand-Pont. Body to body, sword to sword, axe to axe, dirk to dirk, assailants and defenders fought to the death. Cut to pieces, the enemy were thrown into the stream, but hardly had they disappeared when other men took their places. Thus the day passed in and around one single tower. Three times, yes four, the Normans returned furiously to the assault, employing every machine of war that they knew anything about, but all in vain,

and the enemy was on the point of falling back when King Charles the Fat, who was far away from the scene of strife, yielded to the invaders and promised they should pass through Paris.

These invasions by the Normans continued for a quarter of a century longer; and Paris had still once more to resist the attacks of the terrible Rollon, the great founder of Norman power, who had already captured Rouen and all the lower Seine country by the sword. It was then that Charles the Simple devised a way of stopping the Normans from destroying all the fields and burning all the towns of France. He gave everything and every place they wanted to the invaders, and thus Normandy was created.

The degenerate race of Charlemagne had finished by losing the throne, so to speak, and in their stead arose the families of the glorious defenders of the capital; that of the son of Robert le Fort, and that of Eudes. For the second time, the Church had put men of its own choice on the throne of France.

Hugues was a rich and powerful lord, but he was also a great abbot, for he was at the head of five or six splendid abbeys. He wore the *chape* (cope) and this gave him the name of

Capet or *Chapet*, that is to say *chapé*. So France came under the dominion of the first Capétians, and with them Paris again became the capital; but it raised itself with much difficulty from out the ruins which had been put on or about it by the Norman gangs. Outside the walls of the Cité everything had been devastated or rased. The Palais des Thermes was half demolished, while away from the walls both sides of the river were as a desert place.

Little by little, however, the faubourgs were repeopled, houses were rebuilt, the Palais de la Cité, which had been badly damaged in the later wars, was repaired, and the king erected a fortified royal residence on a hill to the south of the town, known as the Chateau de Vauvert.

But the edifices which were rebuilt the soonest and in largest numbers were churches and monasteries. Within a century the wealth of the monks, already enormous, doubled in value and this, too, at a time of great public distress. There were several causes for this, but they hardly need to be mentioned here, except in the case of the supposed millenium, that is to say, the arrival of the one thousandth year of the Christian Era. In the gloomy naves of their

churches and cathedrals, lusty monks as they lugubriously preached penitence, had been announcing the Last Judgment as close at hand. They themselves were frightened almost to death, and all the world, in country as well as in town, was listening for the trumpet sound. Believing that the end was near, men gave their lands and wealth to God; that is, to the churches, to the monks and bishops, this to save their souls. The year A. D. 1000, passed, the last trumpet did not sound, but the lands and wealth remained with the monks. This is why, when Paris was so badly off and her faubourgs had suffered so much, churches were erected which were larger and finer than ever before.

There are plenty of churches now in Paris, and many are standing on the same foundations of those ancient days; but they have been so often repaired, enlarged, or reconstructed, in part or total, that not one is the same as it was in the beginning of its age. The fragment the most complete now in existence is the choir of the church of Saint Martin des Champs. This church is attached to the Paris Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, and we shall visit it by-and-by.

The two great events of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries both occurred outside of Paris. These were the crusades and the communes. Every city except the capital, almost every town had its communes, but Paris bided its hour, struggling meanwhile against the abbots and the bishops.

A third great event was the appearance of Abailard on the scene. It is true he was imprisoned in a convent, and his books were burned; but there still remained something of the prodigious movement which Abailard's presence had started years before. A certain curiosity to study, to know, a taste for thinking and for discussion, had been created, and schools were established everywhere. There were schools before Abailard's day, but they were few in number, and while he lived at Paris so many sought instruction that it was found necessary to build houses in which to lodge them. Naturally, schools and colleges became plentiful in this village of students, and to it, from all over France, as well as from foreign countries, strangers came as pupils. With these also came copyists, librarians, writers on parchments; in brief, an entire population who depended on the schools for existence. The

village became a quarter of the capital, a noisy, turbulent, singular kind of quarter whose inhabitants ate but little, drank a great deal, and spoke Latin. And so it happened that the famous *Quartier Latin* sprang into existence. The town that Abailard was in part responsible for is still in Paris, while the tomb of himself and of his dear Héloise stands in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where it is eternally covered with wreaths and flowers by those who still believe in love.

Little by little Paris grew in extent and population, but meanwhile the bishops and the abbots remained absolute masters of the place. The *bourgs* multiplied, the city reached out to some of them, and they became *quartiers*.

Louis VI, always at war, and especially with his noblemen, determined to bring all these faubourgs within Paris, and so a new wall was built. It was fortified with towers, the Cité ends of the two principal bridges being defended by châtelets built of stone. One was called the Grand Châtelet, the other the Petit Châtelet; in the long run both were demolished because they obstructed the passage of men and vehicles. The Place du Châtelet, whereon two large theatres now front, is the spot where the Grand

Châtelet stood until 1802. It is not within the scope of this work to describe these walls, their gates, and their towers, and indeed it would be difficult to do so, for their situation, at certain points is still in doubt. What is certain, however, is that they were so insufficient that in less than a century they had to be replaced by another enclosure of ramparts, larger and finer, and this one was built by Philippe Augustus. Now of the grand periods of the Middle Ages, perhaps the most remarkable were during his reign and that of Louis IX, as they were also epochs of most importance in the history of Paris during the same time, for the Louvre, paved streets, market-houses, the University, the Cathedral, and a coat-of-arms were then given to the capital.

One day King Philippe Augustus, while in his Palais de la Cité, saw a heavily loaded cart passing before his front door. The mud was so deep and the water so stagnant, that the wheels and horses stirred up such a stench his majesty was obliged to quit the room. As he knew that a similar disgusting state of affairs existed in the other streets of Paris, and as the old Roman pavement was no longer in existence anywhere, he gave orders to have all the *rues*

paved, and the work was begun at once. But it progressed so slowly from century to century that when Louis XIII came to the throne, half the streets in the city were still unpaved. However, while thinking of his capital, Philippe Augustus was also thinking of himself, and so he repaired a chateau with high walls, a few narrow windows, ditches, towers, and an immense *donjon*; it was more of a fortress than it was a residence, and it was the original Louvre. Impenetrable to all Parisians, it also proved itself impenetrable to the English, and though outside the city was nevertheless the citadel of that city.

To-day, in the smaller courtyard of the Louvre, one can see white lines traced on the paving-stones which mark the situation and size of that old Louvre of Philippe Augustus. The walls of its *donjon* tower were seventeen feet thick, while the base of it was sixty feet in diameter. It was intended as a refuge in case of danger, and therein the king stored his treasure, his jewels, his parchments, etc. It was therein he received his grand vassals, when they came to render him homage and renew their oaths of loyalty; and it was there that he sometimes lodged them, in a way not altogether

to their liking, when they failed to please his majesty. Not far from the Louvre the king had his country house, stoutly fortified and surrounded by a fine garden. It was called the Chateau du Bois, and it stood on the grounds now occupied by the Palais Royal and the Théâtre Français. The mansion of the Dukes of Brittany, with its towers, was on the banks of the river near by.

But the usual residence of the kings of France when at Paris had been from time immemorial the Palais de Justice, and it remained the seat and sign of royal sovereignty, even as the Louvre had become the seat of their feudal suzerainty. It was in the Palais and not at the Louvre that *fêtes* were given, and where all foreign princes were received; but that palace, and adjoining Conciergerie, will be dealt with in another chapter.

At that same period, but in another part of town, a much larger fortress than the Louvre was built, the Chateau of the Templars. The Temple included, besides its church, large and splendid quarters for many knights, habitations for servants, workmen, etc. The Templars owned all the land round about, and their domain within the capital was so vast that it

took up at least one-third of the then existing Paris. Moreover, they owned a large chateau on the other side of the river,[1] wherein the commander of their order lived; and the tower of this chateau of the commander stood until 1855, when it was pulled down.

The *armoiries* of the city of Paris date from the time of Philippe Augustus. Following the formula of heraldry, the arms of Paris carry: *des gueules à la nef frettée, habillée d'argent, flottant, sur des ondes de même, au chef cousu de France ancien.* Translated, this means that on a red background is a rigged vessel with silver sails and floating on waves of the same colour, while above is a band of azure sprinkled with golden *fleurs de lys*—the arms of the kings of France. But the device or motto was not added until the sixteenth century. The idea was and is that these arms represent Paris itself in its historical origin, the Ile de la Cité by its shape suggesting a bark, stranded or anchored in the stream. Some people are pleased to see in this floating ship a symbol of the destinies of the great city, a very agitated destiny, a vessel rudely treated by many tem-

[1] Just in front of the actual College of France.

pests. *Fluctuat, nec mergitur*—tossed about, but never engulfed—that is the motto of Paris. Truly it is a fine device, and may she never sink.

CHAPTER III.

Cruelty of Merovingian monarchs—A palace rich in great souvenirs — It is now the principal court house—A famous Marble Table—Hall of pride and luxury—Hawthorn planting in the month of May—The rough and unpolished Conciergerie —Those imprisoned in it in olden and modern times—A long trail of blood and misery—The cell of Marie Antoinette and others.

The period of the Dark Ages was prior to the reign and death of Charlemagne. It is customary to locate these ages in the time of the Merovingian kings, or from about 561 to 748, a period of nearly two centuries. "It was a time when there were no schools for the laity, no books for them, no elevating instruction of any kind," is the usual way of expressing it. Professor Edgar Sanderson says that the first half of the mediæval period has been known as the Dark Ages, but this, he observes, is somewhat of a misnomer, for "the light of learning was never wholly extinguished." Certainly the

PALAIS DE JUSTICE AND CONCIÈRGERIE.

founding of churches was a great fact in the history of Paris during those "dark" days; while the preservation of the colleges, and the support of the Masters and Doctors, as the teachers were called, shows the existence of an intellectual aristocracy during the reigns of the "long-haired" kings.

The history of Paris shows further that these Merovingian chiefs, quite as cruel as were monarchs long after their time, resided in the town at frequent intervals, living generally in the Roman palace of the Cité. In that palace occurred the very atrocious crime of Childebert and Chlotaire—both of them Kings of Paris at the same time—who assassinated the two sons of their own brother who had been sent to them by the boys' grandmother. After that Childebert went to live with his wife, Queen Ultrogothe, at the Palais des Thermes; the ancient Roman gardens were full of apple and pear trees and flower beds, and in them was shown to subsequent generations the alley by which the "pious king" went from the palace to the basilica that he had founded, actually Saint Germain des Prés. It was this Palace of the Cité that became known afterwards as the Palais de Justice, and it, in-

stead of the Louvre, is the real Capitol of France. It is the oldest and most curious monument of the Cité, as it certainly is the richest in great souvenirs. Count Eudes occupied it when he held the Normans in check, but it was a fortress then. Robert the Pious, son of Hugue Capet, turned it into a chateau, and St. Louis into a palace, which Philippe le Bel enlarged and Louis XII restored. Its old stones have seen many strange things, from the Francic battle-axes of the long-haired kings, to the sword of François Premier; from the feathered plumes of Henri IV, to the spurs of Louis XIV, or to the eagles of Napoleon. Louis le Gros departed this life within its walls, there Philippe Augustus was married, and it was thence Louis IX sent forth that *Pragmatique sanction* which was the first claim of the liberties of the Gallican church. Official residence for the kings of the first and second race, it was only abandoned as such when the Hôtel St. Paul and the Louvre were constructed. Even then it remained the theatre and the centre of all great events and political manifestations. Then, after having been the sojourn of the most ancient sovereigns of France, the cradle and the rampart of Paris, the Palais de Justice was still the witness, the

arena of national struggles between the people and their rulers.

The Cour d'Honneur of the present Palais de Justice is separated from the Boulevard du Palais by a high iron-barred fence, with enormous gates which are marvels of handwork. Seen from this *grille*, the Law Courts appear heavy, too massive perhaps, and yet the ensemble is imposing. The front, constructed after the fire of January, 1776, has quite a fine appearance. Going up the steps, we enter first of all into the Salle des Pas-Perdus, or "hall of lost footsteps"—an outer room that would be called an antechamber elsewhere. On days when cases are being heard in the different tribunals the *huissiers* cry out to the spectators present when the judges enter, "The Court, gentlemen: hats off!" They might properly shout at us as we enter the Salle des Pas-Perdus: "Hats off, gentlemen: This is History!"

Damaged but slightly by the fire of 1776, the vast hall is nearly the same as it was when reconstructed after the memorable fire of 1617; and when a great part of the original hall was preserved and made use of by the builders. It is 210 feet long by 95 feet wide, with a very

high ceiling arched and beamed, and it opens into the civil and criminal chamber of the Court of Cassation, and to some other court rooms. Near the end of this grand hall is the site of the celebrated Marble Table.

What this immense antechamber is to-day may be easily imagined by those who have aught to do with Law Courts or Halls of Justice; what it was in the long ago is quite a different thing, and is well worth telling here. In this hall, as it was then, French kings received the *hommages* of their vassals, and solemnised their coming to power, their marriages, etc.

It was around the Marble Table that the wedding of Catherine of France, daughter of Charles VI, with Henry V, King of England, was celebrated. It was at that table that another English King, Edward II, sat, as son-in-law and vassal, before Philippe le Bel. It was also there, and in the midst of eight hundred knights, that the Emperor Charles IV, and his son Venceslas (called the "Drunken"), King of Bohemia, were guests at a splendid feast, after which there was a most remarkable performance of a piece called the "Taking of Jerusalem by the Crusaders." In this show a

large vessel, full rigged and with crew, moved down the great hall carrying off Godefroy le Bouillon's gallant knights. Moreover it was on that same Marble Table that, and after the "Mysteries of the Passion," the *clercs* of the *Basoche* played their *farces*, *moralités*, and *sottises*, the Aristophanestic license of which spared no one from bitter sarcasm. That table, in turn a table of feasting, of throne, and of theatre, was also a tribunal; because, by one of those contrasts so pleasing in the Middle Ages, it was there that the jurisdiction of the *connétablie* and that of the admiralty held their audiences on those days when the *Basoche* was not in session.

Finally, it was in this great hall, during the captivity of King John, that Prévôt Marcel had the throats cut of Robert le Clermont and Jean de Conflans, this under the very eyes of the Dauphin, who was so horrified by the incident that he hated the Palais de Justice, and hurried to build the Hôtel St. Paul for his future residence.

Its vaulted ceilings harboured many tumults, cabals, or seditions by the Ligue and Fronde. In the time of Mazarin all councillors, when they went to the Palais de Justice, carried

poignards under their robes, and, wishing to be *à la mode*, Cardinal de Retz, hid one under his surplice, whereupon the wits referred to it as the *bréviaire de notre archévêque*. This, however, did not save him, at the moment he was trying to force his way into the Grand Chambre, from having his head caught by the neck between two folding doors, and where he came near being strangled by order of his enemy, the Duke de La Rochefoucauld.

This Grand Chambre is to-day the civil and criminal chamber of the Court of Cassation. Royal chamber under St. Louis, who constructed it and occupied it, it became later on, the great chamber of Parliament. In vain have the authorities striven from time to time to change its character, it has always retained the air and appearance of other days. It was long the pride and luxury of kings. Louis XII, who was fond of conducting those foreign princes who were his guests, to this chamber, that they might have evidence of his good justice, had it gilded with the gold of ducats which came to him from Holland.

The French Revolution made the chamber first its Tribunal de Cassation, and next its Tribunal Revolutionnaire. Then these same

vaulted ceilings which had seen so many foreign monarchs, from Emperor Sigismond to Peter the Great, which had looked down on French kings from St. Louis to Henri IV,—these vaultings saw a Queen of France condemned to death. They heard the agonising accents of the Girondins, the virile words of Charlotte Corday and Madame Roland, the sobs of the Du Barry.

From the Salle des Pas-Perdus we may also go into a now empty gallery still called Galerie des Merciers, and which was long the favourite rendezvous and promenade of Parisians. Another gallery is the Galerie de Saint Louis; it is one of the parts the best preserved of the old Palais, and is a specimen in miniature of the transplendent colourings of the ancient Grand'Salle.

Quitting this latter gallery, one finds himself in front of the Cour d'Assises, the largest court room in the Palace of Justice. Philippe le Bel added a high tower and belfry to the structure, after it had been once or twice enlarged and strengthened. He also constructed the immense and magnificent Grand' Salle with its nine naves, and intended for double use—a hall of justice and a hall of fes-

tivals—as well as the splendid kitchens[1] with high vaults and large fireplaces.

Between the Grand Salle and the Sainte Chapelle were galleries, to which a triumphal flight of steps gave access. The great court of honour was also called the *Cour du Mai*, because the *clercs* of the *Basoche*, that is to say, the youngest of the advocates and judges, used to go there on the last Saturday in the month of May, and plant a hawthorn.

Some curious stories could be told of those *clercs* and their jurisdiction. Once they assembled to the number of ten thousand *suppôts* or "subjects," at the obsequies of a "King of the Basoche." The real King was terribly frightened by this demonstration over *le roi mort*, and later on Henri III suppressed the mimic title completely, declaring that France should have no other king than himself.

Such was the brilliant, gilded side of the Palais de la Cité, but there was another side to it under the rough and unpolished Conciergerie, or principal entrance to the palace, and which was defended by two towers wherein

[1] Erroneously called *Cuisines de Saint Louis* in Paris Guide books, or by those who show tourists through the Conciergerie.

cachots or dungeons were dug which were without daylight and almost wholly without air, so that life in them was quite impossible. Under another tower—it is still standing and in daily use—were *oubliettes* into which were thrown those whom the authorities wanted to murder in secret. In them were blades and sharpened rocks, which hewed and hacked the victims as they fell, and the human remains were slid off into the River Seine through trap doors.

The Conciergerie is certainly one of the most interesting places in Paris from the historical point of view. It would be almost possible to reconstitute a part of the story of the capital, with nothing more than the archives of that old prison, the most ancient in Paris, wherein so many celebrated personages have been confined. Take only the list of those who were imprisoned therein during the Revolutionary period, and one finds nearly all the great figures of that time. Under the Consulate—Ceracchi, Arenu, Topino le Brun, and Cadoudal, accused of conspiring against the life of Bonaparte, were "detained" at the Conciergerie. Under the Empire—General Mallet and his accomplices were taken there. After

the "One Hundred Days," the old prison received Labédoyère, Ney, and La Valette. In 1820 the cell of Marshal Ney was occupied by Louvet; and the four sergeants of La Rochelle were imprisoned there in 1821. A celebrated banker named Ouvrard was also one of the guests of that gloomy residence. He obtained permission to place a sort of garden in hanging boxes under the windows of his apartment and thus concealed the iron bars with plants and flowers. Under the Monarchy of July, Fieschi, who tried to kill Louis Philippe, was imprisoned in the Conciergerie, as was Prince Louis Napoleon after the "affair of Boulogne." The cell that he occupied is now used as a linen closet, although the window looking out on a small court is still heavy with iron bars.

Originally, when the Palais de Justice was a fortress and inhabited by the kings of France, the Conciergerie served as a common prison; but, as its name indicates, it was also the habitation of the *concierge*, or porter, of the palace. But in those earlier days this *concierge* was something more than an ordinary hall porter; he was a kind of governor of the royal house, although specially charged with

the keeping of those whom royalty saw fit to imprison. In 1348 he was given the official title of *bailli.* The *concierge-bailli* had almost absolute power over all his prisoners; he furnished them with food and straw at his own price, and more than once it happened that prisoners who were released by king or justice found themselves still detained at the Conciergerie until they paid the bills of their keeper. The mere name of the old establishment calls up terrible souvenirs, for its heavy walls have witnessed the passing of feudality with its long trail of misery and blood. All the political movements, all the religious passions, have brought their share of horrors into the annals of that prison. While the quarrels of the Armagnacs and the Bourguignons were going on those who were with the latter broke into the Conciergerie and massacred all within, without regard to sex or age. The courtyard flowed with blood, and its stones were covered with dead bodies. Numerous other incidents almost equally terrible could be related of the place, and especially of those awful *oubliettes,* from which no human being ever returned.

Mention has been made of the Cour de Mai

which opens on the grilled gate of the Court of Justice. Just before this *cour* is a large stairway, while on the right is a small iron-barred gate. If one looks through this little gate, one can see a second door of arched iron, and it was by this last that Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Danton, Robespierre, and so many others who were condemned by the Terror, made their exit from the prison. There is an engraving in existence by Duplessis-Bertaux which represents one of these last scenes. In it the courtyard of the Palais is crowded with people curious to see the condemned creatures being led to the guillotine. The iron gate at which the tumbrils awaited their "passengers" is still there. Before this door burned a gloomy lamp, and by its uncertain light the keeper of the Conciergerie "checked off" the names of those who departed. By him passed Charlotte Corday and Marie Antoinette, their hands bound tightly together, their beautiful necks uncovered, but they walked erect and proudly to death. It was necessary for them, and for all the others who passed through this gate, to bow their heads beneath the overhanging arch. It was like saluting their prison masters before they died.

No change whatever has been made in this courtyard since the Revolution, but many things have happened to the prison itself since its primitive uses. We can still see the room of the Tour d'Argent, where Queen Blanche was imprisoned. It is true that for a long while this tower was used for no purpose whatever, but in 1828 it once more became a prison. It is believed to be the place wherein Louis IX kept his treasures when he was king.

The Tour de Cæsar is on the right as one enters the inside court. Time was that it had no opening on the quay, but when it was made the habitation of the governor, or head gaoler, several narrow windows were cut through the thick walls.

In one of the histories that I have run across it is stated that the Tour de Montgommeri was demolished in 1778, but this is an error. That tower was the same as the one known by the name of Tour de Cæsar, and it was so named from the beginning; it was merely called Tower of Montgomery because it served as prison for that celebrated Protestant, victim of the implacable hatred of Catherine de Medicis. In it were also imprisoned Cartouche and Damiens, and in 1794 the 132 citizens of Nantes,

who were brought to Paris. The details of the physical and moral tortures which Damiens suffered in this prison are startling proofs of the barbarism which was still in existence in the eighteenth century.

In this same Tour de Cæsar a certain Pierre Bonaparte was lodged in 1870, as was Prince Napoleon in 1883. The cells which Danton, Marat, and Saint Just, once occupied no longer exist, but the *cachots* where the women were imprisoned are still there. At the end of a hall, on the right, and just before a grating which leads to other cells, is the prison-room where Queen Marie Antoinette remained for months, but it is now a chapel. Of the objects which the unfortunate Queen used while in the Conciergerie, there remain a small lamp suspended from the ceiling, a crucifix on the altar, and her arm-chair.

CHAPTER IV.

Autocracy and Democracy early disputing the right of power—Relations between the Romans and the citizens of Lutetia—The Parlouer aux Bourgeois and the Maison aux Piliers used by the municipality—The first Hôtel de Ville—Its destruction by the Commune in 1871—The new City Hall—Official residence of the Préfet de la Seine—Often the scene of magnificent balls in mid-winter—The rights of kings and citizens early defined—Beginning of municipal authority.

In Paris, autocracy and democracy always have disputed the right of power. The one, with crown on head and sceptre in hand, issued its orders from some royal palace until the time arrived when the other, with hatchet or pike upheld, dictated its decrees from its *maison commune*, the city hall. Here, the growing Palais de la Cité was the abode of despotic kings and of a few privileged noblemen, who had become enriched by the sweat of those who suffered in the public misery; there, the "parlouer" of the merchants and artisans, with its lugubrious pillars, reflecting the worries and doubts of its members. Then the

scene was changed. For the Palace of Kings, now a humble suppliant, was forced to come and cry for mercy at the door of the house wherein the sovereign people had installed themselves.

The history of the Hôtel de Ville at Paris is the history of Parisian democracy. It resumes the struggles and triumphs, the defeats and sufferings, the hopes and fears of the people. It is the complete story of the numerous phases which have been taken on by Throne and Nation during these many centuries. Because the Municipality of Paris has nearly always placed itself between the sceptre and the citizen, its privileges have nearly always been insurmountable obstacles to crown cupidity. From time immemorial the Paris municipality has come to the aid of the humble against the haughty, and whether victors or vanquished, the men of the Hôtel de Ville have never been afraid to speak to the kings of France.

It is not my intention, however, to trace a detailed history of Parisian emotions; I will therefore confine myself as succinctly as possible, to the special facts which are pertinent to the subject of this chapter, throwing only quick regard on the enormous panorama which is

unrolling itself before our reading eyes. To go back to ancient times, we find the Cité protected against encroachments by a corps of subaltern officers chosen by the *Nautes*, or group of persons doing business along or on the Seine, and charged to render justice in the name of the Roman Pro-Consul.

In the upheavals of Parisian soil have been found at different periods numerous fragments which show us how close were the relations between the Romans and the citizens of Lutetia. One such bears the inscription in Latin:

"TIB CÆSARE
AUG. JOVI OPTUMO MAXUMO M NAUTÆ
PARISIACI PUBLICE POSUERUNT."

The *Nautes* must therefore have been of some importance at that early period, as otherwise the Romans would hardly have consecrated a public monument to them. The barbarians respected the municipal government of the Cité by recognising its authority whenever it was possible to do so, but jurisdiction over navigation rested alone with the *Nautes*, which body soon changed its name to that of *Hanse*, which signified union or association.

The history of municipal government under the first two races after the Romans had gone

is lost among the uncertainties of ancient chroniclers; nevertheless, certain regulations concerning the policing of the river, made in 636 by Dagobert, in 798 by Charlemagne, and in 865 by Charles the Bald, assures us that the *Nautes* still existed, although under a different name perhaps. These municipal officers assembled at first in a house which stood in what was then called the "Valley of Misery," but is now the Quai de la Mégisserie. From there they went to their own "Parlouer aux Bourgeois," near the Grand Châtelet, and thence, in course of time to a new *parlouer*, which was situated in one of the large towers of the city walls close by the Jacobins of the Rue Saint Jacques. In 1274, and during the reign of Philippe III, their association was qualified as "Prévôt et Échêvins des Marchands de la Ville de Paris," and at the beginning of the Crusades they took on their own coat-of-arms.

In 1357 the municipal body purchased a house called the "Maison aux Piliers" because of its row of pillars in front, and which Charles VI had occupied in his younger days. It was not a very large mansion, but it served the purposes of the municipality for a long while. During the two centuries which followed, the

city bought the surrounding houses and lands, and it was finally decided that these old structures should be demolished, and a large edifice be built on the place thus created. The corner stone of the proposed Hôtel de Ville was laid by the Prévôt des Marchands in July, 1533, while François Premier was on the throne, but work on it was not finished until in 1605. It served the city until it was set on fire by the Commune of 1871, when it was completely destroyed. The rich statues of celebrated Parisians and other historical persons which ornamented it, its many and picturesque paintings, its priceless old volumes and documents, its ancient furniture and rare tapestries—all these things disappeared in smoke and flame.

After the Third Republic was well established, the Municipal Council of Paris decided that a new Hôtel de Ville should be built on the old site, and it was ready for occupancy in 1882.

The present City Hall is an immense and noble edifice, majestic in its ensemble, elegant and moving in detail, wholly worthy of the great capital, an honour to the municipality as it also is to its architects. Built after the style of, and from nearly the same plans as the old

Hotel de Ville, though much larger—there are no fewer than 368 rooms in it, some of them of vast dimensions—it cost more than four million dollars, and covers a total superficial area of 14,476 mètres. The principal halls are the Salle des Fêtes, the Salle des Prévôts, the Salon des Arcades, the Council Chambre and the parlours of the Prefecture.

The first prefect[1] to occupy the new edifice—not without violent opposition on the part of the "City Fathers"—was M. Poubelle, and his official residence took up all the first floor of the corner of the Southwest pavilion, overlooking the little garden facing the River Seine. From the cabinet at the angle is a suite of salons and rooms communicating along the whole south front of the edifice, and when all the doors are open it is a long perspective, at the end of which appears the portal of the church of Saint Gervais. All these rooms are spacious, with high ceilings, and lighted by arched windows opening in walls of great thickness. If ever an enemy's fleet should mount

[1] The Préfect de la Seine is appointed by the government and is a state officer, governor over the civil department of Paris; his offices and residence are in the City Hall.

the Seine to attack these Babylonian walls, they would have a task to batter them down, in all probability. In the Prefecture itself there are three salons, or parlours, a fine library, a large dining-room, ten bedrooms, a nursery for children, a hot-house, garden, and conservatory for plants and flowers, besides a series or suite of corner nooks, rather obscure perhaps, that is to say, ill-lighted through narrow windows, and decorated with such names as toilet-rooms, bath-rooms, pantry, etc. And then in a third line are still more rooms, in one of which are three billiard tables, which are well lighted from an interior courtyard. Besides, there are two grand corridors leading from the vestibule to an outdoor garden, not to mention a complicated network of dark galleries where electricity or gas is always burning.

The general decoration is rich and by no means commonplace. There is not over much style, however, in the white and gold salons, and perhaps there is too much of false maple, false ebony, and false mahogany. The ceilings are everywhere of the style of the Chateau de Blois and are of desolating flatness. There is only the single exception, that of the Louis XVI room, which makes some show of excellence

and which in consequence is called the chamber of Madame la Préfete.

From these decorated halls one may step for a short while into the little garden and enjoy the very Parisian view that lies before him. There is movement, life, activity, even gaiety on the river, and one may see the prow of the Ile Saint Louis, the noble line of the pinnacles of Notre Dame, the entangling of bridges that seems to be descending toward the setting sun. Up above, nearer at hand, on his horse of stone, the Grand Provost of the Merchants is watching over his good city, and yet, sorry to say, his immobile and proud regard has no other object than the Morgue. Even the préfet, whenever he goes to the lookout windows on that side of his residence, will also have that not too pleasant perspective. He will never see more than the Morgue over the back of sulky Etienne Marcel and his chiselled steed. But perhaps that is to be the punishment of all prefects for daring to install themselves under roofs which the jealous ambition of Paris aldermen wanted to keep for the coming of the mayor of the future.

The new Hôtel de Ville is often the scene of magnificent festivals. Once or twice every

winter a free ball or a promenade concert is given to the people and other invited guests. On these occasions from six to ten thousand invitations are issued, and the whole affair, including three or four orchestras stationed in different halls and rooms, two enormous *buffets* for free refreshments, etc., is managed, as one might say, regardless of cost, and these *soirées* are as democratic as they are luxurious, or vice versa. It may be added that on these *gala* occasions the grand marble stairway presents the magnificent spectacle of two splendid looking guardsmen in full uniform and with drawn sabres standing on every step, leading from the enormous cloak room (there are receptacles for ten thousand numbered objects) up to the Salle des Fêtes on one side, and to the Salle des Prévôts on the other, in all some sixty steps, thus presenting the brilliant sight of over 240 motionless dragoons, the pick of the French army, welcoming, so to speak, the people to their own civic temple. They invoke souvenirs of the *cent-gardes* of the Second Empire; and always, looking back through centuries, one seems to fancy the presence here of the French guards, the Swiss guards, the *mousquetaires*, and even before them, the musketeers of the archers of the ancient prévôts.

But to hark back, though briefly only, to the time when the Maison aux Piliers en Grève became the parlour of the bourgeoise. The commercial people, the artisans, most of the inhabitants in fact were soon accustomed to looking on it as their protector, and in all the "excitements" which then and since have agitated the capital, the City Hall has been the point of reunion, the centre toward which all insurgents hasten.

There was trouble in Paris after the death of Charles le Sage, and when the Duke of Anjou was Regent for Charles VI, on account of the finances, but the storm did not break until October 13, 1382. Then the people rushed to the city *parlouer*, armed themselves with lances, swords, halberds and some forty thousand iron *maillets*[1] and then they marched against the Chateau de Beauté, on Vincennes, on the Louvre, on the Bastille, on all the other fortresses about them. They had already destroyed the Châtelet, when a merchant named Le Flamand induced them to cease their work of destruction and to engage in war outside the city. Charles, who was at Gand, hurried

[1] Mallets. Those who armed themselves with these *maillets* are known in history as *Maillotins*.

with part of his army on Paris, met the insurgents, drove them back to the capital, marched in at the Porte Saint Denis and slept tranquilly at the Louvre, while his uncles were seizing all the arms and supplies of the citizens.

As soon as possible Charles suppressed the *Corps de Prévôt et Échevins*, refused to receive their delegation, restored the *aides*, *gabelles*, *fouages*, *douzièmes*, *treizièmes*, and other taxes, and transferred the authority of the Municipal corps to the city prévôt. Meanwhile his Breton soldiers had been turned loose on the outlying fields and farmhouses which many Parisians owned, while the King's judges, "*grands pourvoyeurs de givet*," had three hundred of the principal conspirators decapitated. Le Flamand was one of the first victims. After thus striking terror into the bourgeois, heralds were sent about in the name of the King, ordering the people, men, women, and children, to assemble at the Palais. When everybody had crowded into that neighbourhood, all the streets were blocked by Breton soldiers, and then the chancellor announced to the multitude that it was his Majesty's intention that the punishment should be as terrible as their crime had been. In terror the

people threw themselves on their knees, crying *misericorde*, and mercy! the King pretended to be touched by their appeals, they were permitted to depart, and thus ended the insurrection of the *Maillotins*.

For nearly thirty years the municipal body ceased to exist, and Paris was, from both civil and military view, under the grand prévot; but this *régime* was soon to have its ending also. The struggle of the Dukes of Orleans and of Bourgogne, the English invasion, the quarrels of the Bourguignons and the Armagnacs, these and other things forced Charles VI to solicit the aid of the Parisians; little by little their privileges were restored, the *Parlouer aux Bourgeois* was reopened, and the *Corps des Prévôt et Echevins* was re-established. But it was some years before the ancient rights of the city were completely restored to its inhabitants. The municipal officers, thus reinvested with prerogatives and privileges, set about securing the interests of the citizens by encouraging industries, commerce, art, even literature, but during the fourteen years when the English were masters in Paris, election of these officers was completely suspended.

Thirty years or so later, the capital gave

THE GRAND PROVOST ON HIS HORSE OF STONE.

Louis XI a grand reception after his coronation at Reims. On the 30th of August, 1461, he arrived at the Hôtel des Porcherons, situate near the Porte Saint Honore, outside the walls, but he made his solemn entrance at the Porte Saint Denis, where he was met by the municipal government, dressed in damask robes adorned with sable, and who had come to offer the King the keys of the city. Inside the walls were five heralds escorting five ladies richly robed and mounted on horses; each of these dames had for sign and for name one of the five letters that composed the word PARIS; and at the Pont au Change two hundred thousand birds of every kind were turned loose.

Louis XI accorded new privileges to the municipal government, and Paris was fast acquiring great importance; but the municipality again lost most of its independence under the reign of Louis XII.

About the middle of the sixteenth century the prévôt and échevins participated in the civil wars and massacres of France; and on the night of Saint Bartholomew the bourgeois assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, took up arms, and when the bell of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois had given the signal they marched through the

city carrying death and carnage everywhere. Next morning one of their number, a wretch named Pezoa, boasted publicly of having killed 120 Protestants. No regard was paid to sex or age, and when the massacres had ceased, the manikin of Admiral Coligni was hung up in the Place de Grève between two men who were hanged alive, while the King and his mother enjoyed the spectacle from the window of the Hôtel de Ville.

The "City Fathers," took active part in the conspiracy of the *Ligueurs*, and then the *Journée des Barricades*, elsewhere mentioned, followed. Driven from Paris by the bourgeois, who were instigated by the Duke de Guise, the King retired first to St. Cloud, and thence to the village of Trappes, on the road to Rambouillet. It is not within my purpose to establish points of similarity in this history of Paris, but it is rather curious, the fact that the last of the Valois and the last king of the Bourbons should have abandoned the capital to the mercy of its inhabitants and thus fled from their own subjects. In time Henri IV was permitted to enter Paris, and it was during the reign of that prince that the first Hôtel de Ville was finished.

I pass over the reigns of the Bourbon family, to come at once to the events of 1789. On the 14th of July the electors of Paris assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, adopted an order fixing the strength of the militia, and sent a committee to the Governor of the Bastille for arms. Delaunay refused to honour the people's requisition, and a few hours later the Bastille was in their possession. On the fifteenth, Bailly was appointed provisional Mayor of Paris, and two days afterward Louis XVI went to the Hôtel de Ville to receive from him the same keys to the city that had been handed to Henri IV. The King accepted this gage of peace, and responded to it by wearing a cocarde and appointing Lafayette Colonel-General. But the people had no confidence in the royal word, and his every act was watched closely. The electors formed a military and police committee composed of sixty members, and they threatened Necker and the King. The latter went with all his family to the Hôtel de Ville to declare to the bourgeois that if it would satisfy the people he would fix his residence entirely in the capital. From that moment the Commune was the real government before which the Court trembled. The rest is known and need not be repeated. In time, however, the power of the Commune

was annihilated and once more the *Conseil municipale* of Paris was at the City Hall. But long before, when France was organised into *préfectures*, the Hôtel de Ville became the residence of the Préfêt de la Seine, and it has been so since except during the few years when Paris was without a City Hall. Under the Consulat and the Empire the municipal power in Paris suffered the same fate as the legislative and judicial power; they fell beneath the absolute power of a man who would suffer no authority but his own to prevail. The Hôtel de Ville was given up to festivals, the magnificence of which increased with each step that the country made towards becoming the Empire of the World, and which was also a step toward its own ruin. It was then that the municipality was made subordinate, so to speak, to the Préfêt of the Seine, which second position it still holds in most things.

When Louis XVIII was dead, and when Charles X had been driven out of France, General de Lafayette, the man of two revolutions, arrived at the Hôtel de Ville, and with him was the Duke of Orleans. The Duke was presented to the people, and on his head they placed the crown which his cousin lost. Louis Philippe had very little to do with the Hôtel

de Ville after that, and in due course of time he too fell and fled. Then the re-establishment of a Republic was announced at the city hall. Government had passed from the Tuileries to the Chamber of Deputies, and from the Chamber to the Hôtel de Ville in a few hours. Lamartine, the poet statesman, was the Orpheus who in turn appeased and charmed the populace. Standing on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, he opposed to the white flag, which, dragged in blood, had never made more than the circuit of the Champ de Mars, the *drapeau tricolore* which had made the circuit of the world, and he won. But the Republic of 1848 died soon, and again the powers of the municipality were restricted while the Second Empire lasted. Again the Hôtel de Ville became the scene of splendid festivals. Balls and banquets were the important incidents in that establishment while Louis Napoleon was on the imperial throne, and then, almost simultaneously with his downfall, the grand old edifice disappeared from off the face of the earth. However another Republic had been proclaimed, and Jules Ferry, the great French statesman and journalist, had been installed as Mayor of Paris in the old City Hall before it was destroyed by a mad populace.

CHAPTER V.

The order of the Templars—They build a grand fortress in Paris—Accused of secret rites and impious sacrifices—Jacques de Molay burned alive—The Temple given over to the Hospitaliers—Its population of four thousand souls—Its final destruction in 1811—The first Marché du Temple—A remarkable old clothes depot—How it was made to pay by the city—The Abbey and Church of Saint Germain des Prés—Duelling and brawling grounds of the students—The scene of horrible massacres.

The precise period when the Templars arrived in France is unknown, but it appears that in 1228 they were proprietors of all the land in Paris since included in the *Quartier du Temple.* On this property they built a castle, flanked by towers and surrounded by spacious courts and a fine garden. A stout wall defended all approaches to the place, and around this heavy wall was a deep moat, which could only be crossed when the drawbridge was down. It was here where the religious knights, who pretended to recognise no earthly authority but their own Grand Master, reigned sovereign-like

during more than one hundred years, opposing to the kings of France a jurisdiction, the prerogatives and abuses of which their majesties were compelled to recognise. The Temple was so secure a fortress that Louis IX used to deposit his treasures there whenever he absented himself from Paris. Philippe le Hardi followed this example, and, strange to say, Philippe le Bel lodged for awhile within the place, thus confiding himself to the safekeeping of an Order of which later on he burned the Grand Master and its principal dignitaries.

It can be readily understood that the Templars, proud of the hospitality they thus accorded kings, bothered themselves very little about poor travellers. Under the name of Commanderies, they owned some of the finest estates in France, and they almost had a monopoly of all wheat grown. They became very insolent, indulged in all the vices, and laid up enormous riches for themselves. To them belonged the finest horses, the best arms, the largest churches and mansions, the most sumptuous costumes, the rarest wines, also the most beautiful women. The proverb, "Boire comme un Templier" is still popular in France.

But, by and by, some one began to accuse

the Order with indulging in magic work, a familiar crime in that time of ignorance, and it was whispered that the Templars had secret rites and made impious sacrifices. Serious historians have denied these accusations, nevertheless, their turbulent conduct was often contrary to royal authority, and for these "crimes" they were punished severely. Philippe le Bel had all Templars in France arrested, he seized their property, had them tried by royal and ecclesiastical judges, and they were condemned without having been put to torture. In 1312 the powerful Order was suppressed, and two years later Jacques de Molay and Guy, brother to the Dauphin of Auvergne, both of them the highest in rank in the Order, were burned alive on that spot of the bridge called Pont Neuf, where the statue of Henry IV now stands. Their goods were sold to defray the expense of this trial, and all the riches of the Order were given to the brethren of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, known afterwards as the Knights of Malta, and who also took possession of the Temple.

Henri IV who had just finished the Place Royale, had an idea of buying the property, of pulling down the Temple, and of creating a

demi-circular square, from which eight splendid streets should radiate. The plans were drawn up, and Sully was charged with the carrying of them out, when the dagger of Ravaillac put an end to all of King Henri's projects. Having thus escaped the danger of being dispossessed, the Hospitaliers, by order of their Grand Prior, Jacques de Souvre, built a priory, enlarged their flour mills, and soon the quarter became of as much importance as the Place Royale.

In the latter years of the reign of Louis XIV, Philippe of Vendome, who had distinguished himself at the siege of Candie, at the taking of Namur, and in Piedmont, was, in his quality of Prince of the Blood and Knight of Malta, named Grand Prior of the Temple at Paris. Thereupon he gave himself over to epicurean tastes and pleasures, and his late suppers at the old Temple soon became famous, not to say notorious. The Prince of Conti succeeded Philippe of Vendôme, and in 1770 he opened the doors of the Temple to Jean Jacques Rousseau, who was pursued not only by phantoms of his own imagination, but by real enemies to whom he owed money.

The Temple enclosure, with its population

of some four thousand souls, was then inhabited by three kinds of persons; the Grand Prior, the dignitaries of the Order, and a few noblemen with their families; workingmen who had been attracted to the place by cheap rents; and debtors who found refuge there against their creditors. This was one of the customs of the Middle Ages which the Government tolerated until 1779, when all the enclosure was sold by empythentic lease, that is to say, for a long term of years, and given over to private enterprises.

Somewhile later the main fortress, a great, square tower flanked by four round towers, was partially demolished. The tower was about one hundred and fifty feet high and had four stories; on the second floor Louis XVI was imprisoned, and it was thence he went to the guillotine. The walls were nearly ten feet thick, and it was finally destroyed in 1811.

In 1781 a large establishment was built on these grounds; it is still in existence, and is known as the Marché du Temple; it is a market for second-hand goods, and is one of the curious corners of the French capital.

The first Marché du Temple was a wooden building, consisting of a central rotunda and four

wings, with two thousand stalls or stands, each of which the city rented to second-hand clothes dealers for as much as fifty cents a week. Between the rotunda and the wings was a large space called the *carreau*, wherein no stands were allowed, and where a class of dealers known as *chineurs* were permitted to sell between certain hours of the forenoon, on condition that they displayed their goods on the ground, remained standing themselves, and when the bell rang announcing the closing of the *carreau*, carried away their stock in trade with them. The *carreau* was intended for none but the very poorest of old clothes' people, and this established two categories of dealers in the Temple—the *marchands à boutique*, who had a stall in the rotunda, or in one of the wings, and the *marchands au carreau*. There was not much change in the Temple Market during the first sixty years of its existence; but after that the city government realised the constant danger of conflagration presented by so large a wooden structure in the very centre of one of the most populous quarters of the capital, hence it was decided to replace it by an iron and glass building similar to those which had been adopted for other markets in Paris.

As the city was short of funds just then, it turned the management of this Temple Market over to a joint stock company, which, in return for a fifty years' concession, undertook to build a new structure and to pay the city an annual ground rent of $40,000. This company removed the *carreau* to the upper floor of the new establishment, and in order to induce the *chineurs* to accept this change, it provided them with closets called *casiers*, measuring a yard each way, wherein they might lock their stuff after the market closed. There are five hundred of these *casiers* arranged in three tiers along the walls, and for each one of them the company charges a rent of sixty cents a month, besides which the *chineurs* pay three cents for every bundle they bring into the place, plus an entrance fee of one cent apiece for themselves and assistants daily.

Another change made at the same time was that the *carreau*, instead of closing at nine o'clock in the morning was allowed to remain open until eleven o'clock. The *marchands à boutique* on the ground floor begin business at nine o'clock and continue it all day, and every day, until five o'clock. They pay a daily rent, which varies according to the location of the

stall, from four to seven cents per square yard occupied, and this makes the weekly rental of some of the stands in the Temple come as high as eight to fourteen dollars. Besides this each stall pays five cents a week for the cleaning and for the watchman, and a fee of from ten cents to thirty cents every quarter for what is known as the war fund of 1870–71. The *boutiques* are, as the name implies, little shops so arranged that the dealers can display their stock to advantage by hanging it outside during the day, and some of them are supplied with show windows. There are now about fifteen hundred of these *marchands du Temple*, all women, though many of them have a girl or two to help them in their business.

But the Temple Market is no longer what it was originally intended to be. It is not now even what it was twenty years ago, that is to say, a place for the sale of old clothes only; then all the cast-off trousers, coats, overcoats, hats, shoes, underwear, etc., of Paris found their way to the Temple. Everything was repaired and cleaned up a little, so that it might resemble, after a fashion, what it had been when new, and it found purchasers among those who wished to dress beyond their means. All sorts

of things were being sold in the Temple in the days when I first went to Paris. Shoes so old that the soles and uppers had almost parted company, coats in the last stages of threadbareness, tall hats from which all the nap had disappeared, corsets with every whalebone broken and much of the linen torn off, soiled gloves, badly ripped and buttonless, broken feathers and torn ribbons, worn-out petticoats, imitation jewelry, even old pots and pans were among the things spread out for sale, and as we, the customers, walked along the paths left between the rows of stock and stalls, our trade was solicited by *ces dames* of the Marché du Temple in tones not unmelodious. But now nearly everything at the Temple is new, and it is very, very cheap; and if one wants to find second-hand clothes, or anything of that sort, one must go to the shops in the small streets of the neighbourhood which make a specialty of that line of business. And that one may thoroughly understand what is thus being recommended to them, let me add that in these other little shops most all the stock-in-trade hangs on pegs or nails. So when a man enters the place and wishes to look at an article, he must say, "Decrochez moi ça;" which is the French way

of saying, "Hand me down that until I have a look at it."

Another remarkable monument, one even more so than the Temple of that ancient period, was the Abbey and Church of Saint Germain des Prés. We are informed by Grégoire de Tours that in the year 542, King Childebert, son of the first Christian king of France, made war against Spain, and was accompanied on this expedition by his brother Clotaire. The two kings besieged Saragossa, and while there they came into possession of the tunic of Saint Vincent, the martyr, which was carried to Paris with grand pomp and ceremony. Some while afterward Childebert resolved to build a church in which to place this saintly relic, and, guided by Saint Germain, then Bishop of Paris, the site chosen was on the ancient ruins of a temple to Isis, situate in a meadow close to the river. The edifice was begun in 556, and it was finished in two years. It was so richly decorated interiorly, and presented so brilliant an appearance, that the people called it the Church of Saint Germain le Doré. Not content with thus enriching the sanctuary, Childebent settled revenues on it sufficiently ample to keep up a community of monks, and the place

became the Abbey of Saint Vincent. Later the monastery and church took on the name of the Bishop, and the ardour with which the abbots and monks of Saint Germain fought for their privileges during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, would, if described here, form a very curious chapter.

The original church was seriously injured by the Normans in the ninth century, nor was it entirely reconstructed until in 1163. The Abbey, fortified by orders of Charles V, next took on the appearance of a citadel, its walls being flanked with towers and surrounded by deep moats. To the east and to the west of these wide ditches stretched a large meadow and it was from these lands that the Abbey took the name of Saint Germain des Prés.[1] The moats already mentioned got their water from the river through a canal called *la petite Seine* and this artificial stream also cut this wide meadow land into two unequal parts, thus tracing the line of demarcation between the property of the University and that of the Abbey. The scholars at the University were quarrelsome young fellows, and were not at all willing to remain on the *grand pré* as their

[1] The French for meadow is *pré*; Latin, *pretum*.

grounds were called, preferring to use the *petit pré* of the monks for their promenades, because it was nearer the city than their own. This trespassing was not to the liking of the Brothers, but they would not quarrel over it, and so it came about that the students looked on the Abbey field as their own property and they called it *le pré aux clercs.*[1]

This *Pré aux Clercs* was the meeting-place of all Protestants in Paris while Henri II was on the throne, and it was there that the persecuted band proudly held their heads up to heaven and sang the Psalm of David which Clement Marot had translated into French. At another period the *Pré aux Clercs* was the camp of a part of Henri IV's army while he was besieging Paris in 1589. In November of that year the King wanting to have a good view of the capital, ascended to the top of the belfry of the church of Saint Germain des Prés. No one accompanied him except a monk and they were up there some little time. Afterward Henri IV acknowledged to Marshal Biron that while he was at the top of the bell tower he happened to think of a certain Brother

[1] *Clercs* was the name given to all scholars, laics, and young ecclesiastics in those times.

Clement and his dagger [1] and was afraid his guide might attempt to murder him.

During the reign of Louis XIII, nearly all of the moats about the Abbey and Church were filled in, and the canal of the little Seine became the Rue des Petits Augustins. The year 1792, that great leveller of many good things, suppressed the Abbey of Saint Germain des Prés ; but unhappily a gloomy edifice which had been constructed in 1635 as a prison, under the jurisdiction of the Abbot of Saint Germain,[2] was not suppressed. For the celebrity which is attached to the *Abbaye* does not date alone from its time as a monachal prison ; and, despite the horrible *cachots* within its walls, its saddest hours were during that "époque de civilisation et de lumière" known in history as the days of September 2 and 3, 1792.

There is no need of speaking here of the men, drunk with blood, who made the Abbaye so infernal then. Marseillais or Jacobins, the name matters not; they were the same kind of men who three centuries before outraged unfortunate women in the streets of the capi-

[1] It was a monk named Jacques Clement who assassinated Henri III in 1589.

[2] This Abbey prison was called simply the Abbaye.

tal; the same kind of men who shrieked with joy at the sight of mutilated Protestants or shouted in frenzy while heretics were burning at the stake; the same kind of men who in 1871 burned, destroyed, and assassinated. Yesterday it was the Huguenots whom they accused of drinking the blood of their own children; to-day it was the aristocrats, the priests, the enemies of the *peuple* who were charged with crimes as unspeakable as they were untrue. The Abbaye became the scene of one of the most horrible massacres known in history, and the awful carnage ended with the killing of the Swiss guards of Louis XVI, who had dared to defend themselves and their charge against a wild mob the month before.

CHAPTER VI.

Looking backwards at the Paris of long ago—Palace of the Bishops and its *donjon*—The Church of the Innocents — England's march on the Capital — The Maid of Orleans wounded in battle—Treason inside the city walls—The horrors of famine—Church and tower of Saint Jacques—A fine example of Gothic architecture—New headquarters of a scientific society—Liberality of a rich scrivener—Once a bad, but now a beautiful neighbourhood—A bronze column in Napoleon's honour—The theatre of Sarah Bernhardt.

If in thought we again hark back "aux temps de Saint Louis," and mount to the top of one of the towers of Notre Dame, we may look over the city as it was in the Mediæval Ages. Paris was then divided by the River Seine into three distinct parts; it was as if three cities were in a single city. Here in the centre lies the Cité, the heart of the capital; there is the Palais des Justice; the great Cathedral is under our very feet. To the north stretches out the commercial and working *ville*, as it was once called, the large *quartier* of the *bourgeoise*, the *quartier* of the markets and slaugh-

ter-houses. Further off to the south stands the University, the city of schools and scholars, half laic, half ecclesiastical, a pedantic and a turbulent city, a city of noise and of study, of churches and of taverns.

The real Cité, the oldest part of town, lies between these other cities, as if to preserve the peace in Paris: for the Latin city hates the *bourgeoise* city, and vice versa.

Here and there we see large mansions and splendid gardens reaching down to the river's banks. Almost directly below us, on the north, are the cloisters of the Cathedral, and on the south is the Evêche edging the River Seine. It is a fine, large building, this Palace of the Bishops, with its chapel and its *donjon*, its *ogives* and *créneaux*, half church, half fortress, as becomes a great lord and a great priest. Yonder is the palace where so many kings reside when in Paris, and near it is the marvellous Sainte Chapelle. Those distant trees half hidden by towers are in the garden of the king. More than twenty churches are in sight, some very old, some quite new, and all are richly built.

Over on the left side of the river we see the Abbey of Sainte Geneviève, which dominates

the high hill of that name.[1] Towards the east is the Abbey of Saint Victor; toward the west the village of Saint Germain des Prés, grouped around its Abbey, enclosed with a wall and defended by a wide ditch. Further on in that direction is a large expanse of prairie, called the Pré aux Clercs,[2] where on many occasions the students of the Latin city have rioted in fights or had their duels. In front of us, on the right side of the river, looms up the Louvre. Yonder are the markets, and there the Church of the Innocents, with its fine cemetery in which we can see a small edifice shaped like a tower—the *lanterne des morts*, the lamp in which is lit every night. Further toward the east on the same side, is the sinister Place de Grève[3] with its many terrible souvenirs of rope and axe. In the east we see the Temple, while far away to the north we catch a glimpse of the Chateau of Vincennes in the midst of a thick forest.

[1] Now the site of the Pantheon.

[2] To-day this land is covered by the Chamber of Deputies, the residence of "Mr. Speaker," and the Foreign Office.

[3] The Hôtel de Ville or City Hall stands on this place now.

These things are but the striking landmarks, though amidst a multitude of housetops we may also make out the Grand Châtelet, numerous church steeples and, on almost every hillock, the wings of windmills. One, two, three, why, there are no fewer than twenty on Montmartre alone.[1]

Now let us suppose that a century and more has passed since we began to gaze down on Paris from the bell tower of Notre Dame. During this interval the disaster to the Templars has occurred, the mighty power of the Pope has been much restrained. Indeed there has been an immense *débâcle* of most things that were of the Middle Ages, and first in importance of all these was the death of enthusiastic faith, of that faith which had impelled the Crusades, and which died with Saint Louis. Next was the death of the great feudal power, the glory of chivalry, which expired at Courtrai, at Crécy, and at Poitiers. Finally there was the death of that liberty which created communes, and which was strangled by royalty. Upon all the ruins only one thing

[1] There is even one to-day upon the hill of Montmartre.

grew strong; it was Royal power. The first result of which was to deliver over all in block to the foreigner, for almost immediately the English marched on Paris. Remember that after the battle of Poitiers, King John was prisoner to the English, as were all the French nobility. There was no longer any army or any treasury. The poor peasants, the Jacques, as they were termed, were merely a flock of sheep without guardian, and worse than slaves in their misery. The country was overrun by the English, and towns were being ravaged. No one worked in the fields, no one sowed grain, there were hardly any harvests.

Happily, however, the inhabitants of Paris were more active, more intelligent, more determined than the people of the provinces, and if the Provincials had followed the Parisians, the foreigners would soon have been driven away from France. But no, they abandoned the capital to its fate, even as they refused to struggle for their own existence. The capital was now a city of 250,000 souls, and it was decided that the ramparts of Philippe Augustus should be repaired and strengthened, and a new wall built around that part of town still exposed to attack north of the river. The

work was begun at once and continued night and day; the new wall was over three miles long, or nearly double the length of the one that it replaced. Moreover the wall and towers were much stouter, and when the work was finished the people were ready for their enemy. But the English remained at a safe distance, for some time at any rate; and indeed the city never was regularly besieged by them. It was surrendered in a treacherous or cowardly fashion, and Etienne Marcel was charged with the crime of seeking to put Charles the Bad, an ally of England, in possession of the place, for which treason he was killed by Jean Maillard.

We have now reached the period when the English were in Paris. A King of England enthroned himself in the Louvre and he was crowned at Notre Dame as King of France. The church, in the name of God, recognised the enemy as legitimate authority; and while in the midst of this captivity the Parisians invented and *amused* themselves with that infamous sport known in history as the *Danse Macabre*. Then came a French army led by the valiant *Pucelle*, Jeanne d'Arc of glorious and saintly memory. The attempt of the Royal force to

take the capital was made near a gate in the wall then standing at what is now the corner of the Rue Royale and the Rue Faubourg Saint Honoré. The Maid was wounded in the assault, her army was repulsed, and Paris remained in the keeping of the English for six years more.

The English were numerous and well armed, hence they could hold the city against French troops, but they could not defend themselves from an enraged populace. Time after time there were battles in the streets; from rue to rue, from house to house the bourgeois fought the foreigner, finally drove them out, and again Paris belonged to France.

But the horrors of war were soon followed by famine, and awhile later the capital was plague stricken. More than fifty thousand of its inhabitants perished in a very short time, and wolves ran wild in the streets, feeding on the dead or devouring children and women. Paris, thus cruelly ill-treated during the reign of Louis XI, still lived, however. It took almost half a century of time to recuperate, but under Charles VIII, and under Louis XII, the *roi bonhomme* as he was called, it began to grow and to gain strength once more.

TOWER AND GARDEN OF SAINT JACQUES.

The second Middle Age, shadow of the first, the real *moyenage* of Charlemagne and of the Crusades, died, or rather faded away, and the light of the Renaissance appeared. Printing and the new world were discovered, the real structure of the universe was disclosed, a second Gothic art, the one which succeeded to that of the thirteenth century, made its appearance.

Half way between the Hôtel de Ville and Louvre, in a small park or garden and among trees, shrubbery, and beautiful flowers, stands the high old tower of Saint Jacques, a gigantic monument to mark the geographical centre of the capital. It is one of the most precious relics of old Paris in existence, as it also is one of the most striking and picturesque monuments in the world. A splendid view may be had from the broad platform at its top, one well worth the climbing of tiresome and winding stairs. This tower is one of the most elegant in existence, for it is richly dressed with fine sculptures, royally embroidered with splendid niches and carved flowers. Though not so high as the towers of Notre Dame,[1] at first glance

[1] The Tour Saint Jacques has a height of 178 feet; the towers of Notre Dame are 212 feet high.

one is apt to think it is much taller; the reason for this is its isolation, or perhaps because the structure is not so thick and broad. In other times this was the bell tower of the church of Saint Jacques la Boucherie, which long since disappeared from view.

Take this tower as an example of the Gothic architecture in its last period, that is to say, during the fifteenth century, although it was really built in 1508, and if you would like to continue the comparison, study it well; then study one of the towers of Notre Dame, if you would judge the difference and measure the progress made by Gothic art during an interval of two centuries. The majestic tower of the Cathedral has something that is very heavy in its appearance, while that of Saint Jacques is fine, svelte, and without those large proportions which stamps the other. Observe how the tower of Notre Dame is cut at different heights by three or four great horizontal lines that are very prominent and marked in the structure, and which divide the tower into three stories, so to speak. There is nothing of this kind in the Tour Saint Jacques. All its lines are vertical; all its buttresses, its windows, its small columns, its arcatures—all these things go up,

file en haut, as French architects say. Even the terminal line of the corniche at the level of the top platform appears as if broken by the four pinnacles which support a statue of the Saint and some gigantic animals. There (Notre Dame) the openings are wide and the *ogives* obtuse; here (Saint Jacques) the windows are excessively narrow, the small arcades inordinately lengthened. The comparisons could be carried on much farther, but perhaps enough has been said to induce the reader to study these two types of Gothic architecture for himself when he finds it possible to do so.

A winding flight of stone steps, lighted here and there with a small window pierced through the thick walls, lead to the summit and from a platform one may look over a splendid panorama of town and country. This monument of ancient Paris, so artistically restored, so carefully preserved, is not only a thing of beauty in itself but it also is of great utility to French scientists. Since 1885 it has been the headquarters of the Laboratory of Physical Studies, an institution founded for the purpose of studying experimentally such things as differences of temperature and barometric pressure at different heights and their influence on men,

animals and plants; the formation of mists, fogs, rain, snow, etc.; the extreme limits of vision in the atmosphere of a city like Paris; the oscillation of its soil, and so on.

As far back as 1212, when the tower was doing duty as the bell steeple of the church of Saint Jacques la Boucherie, a Norman surgeon named Pitard was permitted to deliver lectures in the nave of the edifice. It was also in the shadow of this church that a public scrivener named Nicolas Flamel amassed a large fortune. When he came up to Paris from his native village, a very poor man, few persons except the members of the liberal professions knew how to read and write.

Flamel opened a scrivener's office in a frame shanty that stood against the base of this tower, where he prospered so well that before his death in 1417 he had built a new portal for the church, had founded a large hospital, and had contributed liberally toward the erection of no fewer than thirty-seven churches, yet he never quit his frame shanty. When his wife, Pernelle, died, he erected a splendid monumemt to her memory inside the church. The inscription slab of her tomb is now in the Cluny Museum, it having been accidentally discovered by an

antiquarian some eighteen years ago in a grocer's shop, where it was doing duty as a marble top for the counter on which he was selling beets, carrots, and cabbages.

During the Revolution, when the church, which had for a while been used as the meeting place of a Republican club, was sold at auction, a condition was inserted in the deed, forbidding the purchaser from pulling down or demolishing the tall tower. The purchaser made of it a shot factory, while a second-hand clothes market was opened in the courtyard where it stood, and the tower was rapidly becoming a ruin when the city purchased it in 1836. The price paid was $50,000; fifteen years afterward something like $200,000 more were spent in restoring the pile, and later on the pretty little garden that surrounds it was laid out.

As for the church, which was pulled down in 1793, there is considerable contradiction among historians and Paris antiquarians concerning its origin. The oldest tradition is that the first church was built along about the year 700, on the site of a chapel dedicated to Saint Anne, but later authorities fix the year 1200 as the probable date of its erection. It got its name from the largest and oldest slaughter-

house in Paris, that stood just here, though it was once far outside the city limits.

The church was altered and rebuilt several times, the edifice which was pulled down by the Revolutionists having been constructed during the reign of François Premier. Originally there was no tower, but in 1508 the erection of the present one was commenced, and full records of the progress of the work and its cost in detail are in existence. When completed the tower was crowned by a stone statue of Saint James, which stood twenty feet high. Inside hung a chime of twelve bells, and these during the Revolution were sent to the Mint, where they were melted up and made into copper coin.

Many illustrious persons were buried in the vaults of this church, and at one time it enjoyed the privilege of being a civil sanctuary or place of refuge against arrest. There were only six other churches then in France which possessed this privilege.

That quarter of the capital used to be a bad neighbourhood. Even down to the time when Baron Haussmann began carrying out Louis Napoleon's plan of giving air and light and health to Paris it was a network of narrow streets and blind alleys, the abode of the worst

class of citizens; but now the entire neighbourhood is beautiful. The garden is bounded on three sides by fine streets, and on the fourth by the Boulevard de Sebastopol, one of the largest avenues in the capital. Across this boulevard is the Place du Châtelet, a lovely square that takes its name from the fortress of the Grand Châtelet already mentioned in this work. It was a dirty, foul-smelling square until Napoleon I had it cleansed and beautified; now it is a very handsome place. On one side of it runs the Seine; on another stands the Châtelet Theatre where only spectacular pieces are produced; on a third stands a theatre which is owned by the city. It was used for several years as an Italian opera house; and it was here that Miss Emma Nevada made her debut, as did Madam Calvé also. When the Opera Comique, near the Boulevard des Italiens, was burned down, that State troupe occupied this theatre in the Place du Châtelet and remained there until their own house was rebuilt. It is now rented by Madame Bernhardt, the eminent actress. In the centre of the square is a large fountain, also a bronze column which was erected to commemorate the glorious victories of Napoleon's armies.

CHAPTER VII.

The Capital and le roi gallant—Numerous changes in the faubourgs—Construction of the boulevard and of the bridge called Pont Neuf—Curious history of the Palais Royal—A palace long since abandoned by princes—Meeting place of dissolute men and women—Once the fashionable centre of Paris, now a rather gloomy spot—The Hotel de Cluny—A magnificent museum of archeological relics—Some precious crowns of the Merovingian Kings—The exquisite architecture of an old mansion—A queen's vengeance—Quaint and historical houses—The long-time home of witty Mme. de Sèvigné, now known as the Carnavalet museum.

The reign of Henri IV was a splendid period in the history of Paris. Ever since the time of Charles VI the city had been losing little by little its Gothic aspect while taking on that of a modern city. There are certain old quarters of the capital, in the neighbourhood of the Rue Saint Martin and the Rue Saint Denis, for instance, which still give us an idea of the physiognomy that the ensemble offered under *le roi gallant.* With all his de-

fects, even with all his vices, Henri IV was a man, and, rare thing for French kings, he loved Paris. So, too, did Francis Miron, his Prévôt, and Sully, his Minister.

During Henri's reign the old houses with overhanging upper stories began to disappear, and builders commenced covering roofs with slates instead of tiles. No great change was noticeable in the general appearance of the Cité, however; the Cathedral, the Evêche, the Cloister, all the other public places were as they had always been, and the old palace itself was pretty much the same as ever. Some few changes were made in the University, but none of grave importance. A few new mansions, a few new convents, two or three new streets, these were about all the novelties of the old Cité.

But changes in the faubourgs were numerous, and as these kept on increasing in population, walls to protect them were found necessary. So Henri IV increased the size and length of the new ramparts which François Premier had started, and the Faubourg Montmartre, the Faubourg Saint Honoré and the Tuileries garden were soon within the walls. While constructing these defences large quantities of

earth were dug up; this dirt was levelled and sown with grass seed, and in the act of fortification these new-made lands bore the name of boulevards. When the defences were no longer required, and when they were demolished, the large surface which they had occupied was thrown open to circulation, public promenades and wide streets being constructed by the city. But while changing their destination they preserved their old name, and from this we get the modern boulevards that extend from the Place de la Bastille westward to the Madeleine. As the exterior defences of Paris in the time of Henri IV, that is to say, those on the right side of the river, followed almost exactly the course of the present grand boulevards, we are able to judge how vast the difference in the size of the capital between then and now.

One of the great works of that period was the finishing of a bridge across the Seine, known as the Pont Neuf. Begun in 1573, and finished in 1603, by Henri IV, the Pont Neuf is actually the oldest bridge in Paris. It is also the longest, crossing two branches of the stream, though close to a point near where they come together again. At this extreme point of

the island, and close to this bridge, stands the celebrated equestrian statue of Henri IV, placed there by Louis XIII. The Pont Neuf has been admired, sung of, and celebrated ever since it was constructed, at which time it was the greatest of the six or seven that led out from the Cité, to the north or to the south.

King Henri IV also had a great deal of work done on the quays, and he increased the size of the Louvre. He put another story on one side of the building, since when it has borne the name of "Pavillon Henri IV." At the same time, and with the intention of joining the Louvre to the Tuileries, he lengthened the interminable gallery alongside the river the which is now so remarkable for its elegant style and delicate sculptures. But to carry out this intention it was not sufficient to lengthen the Louvre, it was also necessary to extend the southern wing of the Tuileries, and this he also set about. His desire was to establish in these new buildings a museum of industry and the arts, as well as lodgings for artists and inventors. This was perhaps the first time in the history of the world that a king ever thought of sharing his palace with the people, or was willing to sleep workingmen under his

own roof. But death carried him off before the work was finished, and so his good intentions were never carried out; for Louis XIII and Louis XIV, instead of completing the plan, could think of nothing better than to put as wide an abyss as possible between themselves and their subjects.

Henri IV also finished the Hôtel de Ville that François I had begun. In brief, Henri was a great builder, and he built for France and Paris, while his successor built for himself alone.

It was to obey the whims of a queen, and not to beautify the capital, that Louis XIII had the Luxembourg constructed, which by its architecture recalled the palace of the Medicis at Florence; and it was that same king who permitted Richelieu to erect the Palais Cardinal, which has been called the Palais Royal ever since that Minister bequeathed it to the King. A palace long since abandoned by princes; galleries and passages lined with restaurants, jewelry stores, cheap John shops, and bookstalls; arcades where the gallantries and vices of former centuries are replaced by the most depraved actions of modern times; neglected promenades, foliage not always

LUXEMBOURG PALACE AND GARDEN IN THE TIME OF LOUIS XIV.

green, fountains that seldom pour forth their waters, a spot given over to the children of the lower classes, a romping place for Paris gamins,—such is now the famous Palais Royal. Over its front might be written, "This was Paris; now it is only a country garden."

And yet these gardens and galleries have been the theatre of a great many important events in French history. In it power once dwelt that was long in open rivalry with the ruling sovereign, and in it the great Revolution of 1789 began. Pleasure, vice, dissipation, industry, have all flourished within its limits; and prodigalities, miseries, and curious contrasts have jostled each other under arcades that once were the hell and the paradise of Parisians.

The palace cost Richelieu a great deal of money, but he did not care for that; he even paid out an additional large sum for the Hotel de Sillery alongside, then pulled it down so as to have a public square in front of his own door. Thence he laid out the Rue Richelieu, so as to have a straight road from his town-house to his farm of La Grange-Bateliere. I have read at the National Library in Paris

some pompous descriptions of a *fête* which the Cardinal gave in honour of the betrothal of his niece, Claire Clemence de Maile, with that Duke d'Enghien who subsequently became known in history as "*le grand Condé*," and its magnificence seems to have exceeded everything that had previously been attempted in that line. First of all, there was a play, after that a banquet, where the dishes were handed around by fifty-two pages, and then there was a splendid ball. The Queen was carried to a throne on a golden car, drawn by a pair of peacocks, and as soon as she gave the signal dancing began.

After Richelieu's death the place became the property of Louis XIII, and when, in October, 1643, Anne of Austria made it her habitation, it became known as the Palais Royal. After his majority, Louis XIV always stayed in it when in Paris, preferring it to the Louvre, his official residence. When Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I of England, arrived in France, after her husband's execution, the Palais Royal was assigned her for residence, and she occupied it until 1661, at which date it became the residence of "Monsieur," the brother of Louis XIV, to whom it was made

a present a few years afterward. At his death the palace became the property of his son, Philippe d'Orleans, Duke de Chartres, who, however, did not take up his abode there until he became Regent of France during Louis XV's minority.

With this regency began a new era of luxury, splendour, and tumult for the Palais Royal, and yet there was very little resemblance between his court and that which had surrounded Anne of Austria. The reign of Louis XIV and of Madame de Maintenon had just come to an end, courtiers were still full of hatred for the austerity and piety that characterised the latter part of the dead King's reign, and so Philippe hastened to make his palace a house of pleasure. He wished that the very air should have a luxurious and voluptuous flavour, and his intentions were ably seconded by some of the most dissolute men and women that ever lived; so that even for a long time after "Monsieur's" day the Palais Royal retained souvenirs and traces of a freedom of manners such as no other building has perhaps ever witnessed. Charles VII and Agnes de Sorel, François I, with his numerous gallantries, Henri II, Henri III, Henri IV, and

Louis XIV, were all decent persons so to speak, and their amorous adventures were quite innocent as compared with those of Philippe of Orleans, whose carryings on in the Palais Royal cannot possibly be described in this volume. The favourites of the Regent and the noble ladies of the time succeeded in surpassing all that imagination can suppose in the way of sin and shame. Indeed the Palais Royal was so deeply marked by the indecent doings of the period that it has never been able to get entirely ride of those souvenirs. It was an era of late suppers, bacchanalian revels, shameless orgies; and as much gold was necessary, it was the time when "Mississippi" Law appeared on the scene. Philippe died suddenly, and his son, when he had tired of the palace, went to the Abbey of Sainte Geneviève.

In 1763 flames destroyed the Opera House which Richelieu had built, and this furnished an excuse for the complete restoration of the Palais Royal, the expenses thereof being paid by the city of Paris. In 1780 the Duke of Orleans gave the place to his son, Louis Philippe Joseph, and with him the orgies were resumed. It was he who surrounded the garden

with the buildings which now enclose it on three sides, an act that caused great dissatisfaction to owners of the neighbouring property, public opinion expressing itself in sarcastic epigrams about Princes of Royal blood turning palaces into shops and drinking places. It was that Prince who erected a small theatre at one corner of the place now known as the Théâtre du Palais Royal.

By 1786 the spot had become the most fashionable centre of Paris; the whole life of the capital was to be found in and around it, and gallantry and vice held high court within its limits. There was a sort of underground circus in the centre of the garden which was so constructed as to resemble a large green arbour with a terrace at the top where a fountain was continually casting up silvery waters. Besides this circus there was a theatre, while down in the cellars were dancing halls. This enterprise did not have long existence, however, for in the month of November, 1798, the building was destroyed by fire. After that the large rotunda of the circus was vaulted over, and in 1817 the circular fountain that is seen to-day was constructed on the spot. The Palais Royal garden is the scene where Camille Desmoulins

plucked the leaf from a tree that served as the first cockade of the French Revolution. Three days afterward the people stormed the Bastille.

The Palais Royal was confiscated when the Duke of Orleans was beheaded, gambling houses were opened on its upper floors, and almost all the lower ones were turned into restaurants. During the Consulate the law courts held their sessions at the Palais Royal for awhile; then, by decree of Napoleon I, the property was made a part of the crown domain, and the Stock Exchange was allowed to use one of its wings provisionally. But after the fall of the First Empire the property was restored to the son of the Duke who had perished on the guillotine. Later on, this son became King Louis Philippe.

After Waterloo, the new proprietor devoted himself to the embellishment and improvement of the Palais Royal. The galleries were still the liveliest place in Paris. Its shops had a world-wide reputation, and provincials as well as foreigners from everywhere flocked to the Palais Royal as to one of the wonders of this world. Not only was the reputation for splendour enjoyed by its shops fully deserved, but the palace and its garden were the centre of

many pleasures. Its restaurants were considered, and justly so, the best in Europe. The cooks were *artistes*, their cellars contained the finest wines, while good taste and prompt service increased their celebrity. At that time the Palais Royal was not only the centre of Paris, it was also the centre of civilised Europe. It was an immense and opulent bazaar, an ever-open harem, a capharnaüm of dissipation where everything attracted and to which everybody went. The Duke of Orleans drew colossal income from his rents, he managed his property judiciously and kept it in excellent repair.

During the fighting of July, 1830, the Palais Royal remained deserted, but on the third day of that revolution a serious encounter between the people and the troops took place in front of it. Victory over the Bourbons was finally won, the Palais Royal became the headquarters for a new monarchy for a short while, and its gardens were traversed daily by deputations on their way to cheer the Citizen King. The first act of the July monarchy was to abolish public gambling, whereupon the people commenced to desert the Palais Royal, and that was the beginning of its decadence. It is now

very little more than a gloomy, old-fashioned lot of buildings surrounding a large square. All but one, perhaps two, of its famous restaurants have gone their way, but any number of cheap eating places are yet to be found within its buildings. Its shops no longer attract fashionable people to their counters, and although there are a few fine stores still within the place these do very little business now. In the daytime the Palais Royal is infested by tourists, wet-nurses and little children. At night it is dark, silent, and deserted. It is still beautiful in its way, but it reminds one of an old libertine who has reformed, and who, though virtuous now, seems bored to death.

Another structure of that period in the history of Paris which deserves our notice is the elegant mansion known as the Hôtel de Cluny. Mention has already been made of the Palais des Thermes which was occupied by the Frankish Kings down to the end of the tenth century. When the Capets constructed a new royal palace the old Roman building quickly saw a change in its destiny, and it was in a bad condition when Philippe Augustus made it a present to one of his chamberlains in 1218. It remained in that nobleman's family until the

OLD HÔTEL DE SENS.

middle of the fourteenth century, when Pierre de Chalus, Abbot of Cluny, purchased it and the surrounding lands. The Abbot's idea was to construct a residence near the college which his Order owned close by the Sorbonne so that the monks of Cluny might lodge there when in Paris. That plan was not carried out, however, and it was during the reign of Charles VIII that Jean de Bourbon undertook to build the house we now admire. He did not accomplish the work, and the Hôtel de Cluny was only finished toward the close of the reign of Charles VIII, and then by Jacques d'Amboise, Abbot of Jumièges. Since then it has been in turn the dwelling-place of a sister of Henry VIII of England, the bridal chamber of James V of Scotland, the residence of abbots, the theatre of strolling players, the abode of Papal Ministers, an observatory, a dissecting hall, a printing-office, a boarding school, etc.

In 1832 it became the repository of one of the rarest and most magnificent collections of sculpture in marble, in wood, in ivory; of enamels, terra-cotta pieces, bronzes, furniture, stained glass; specimens of goldsmiths' work, tapestries, slippers and shoes, swords, pikes, steel armour, etc., all of ancient date, that was ever made.

It was M. Alexandre du Sommerard, member of the Cour des Comptes, who made it a museum for the archeological relics and curiosities, valuable furniture, and artistic rarities of the Middle Ages which he had been collecting during many years. On his death the Government bought this collection, and thus the "Musée des Thermes et de l'Hôtel de Cluny" was firmly established. Since then the number of artistic works that formed the nucleus of the museum has increased considerably. Researches made in various parts of Paris, the liberality of intelligent contributors, and State acquisitions have so enriched it that now the catalogue names over fifteen thousand artistic curiosities and valuable articles, most of which are unique of their kind in existence. Perhaps no other museum can boast so fine a lot of ivories, while it is particularly rich in sculptural monuments. The goldsmiths' art is also splendidly represented by some of the best specimens of *orfevrerie* that have ever been discovered.

On account of the costliness of their material the works of gold and silver smiths have always been more menaced than those of other artists. What marvels have been destroyed in the crucible will never be known, but fortunately

Mother Earth has been a faithful guardian of treasures intrusted to her keeping, and it is to her we owe our richest specimens of *orfevrerie.* It was from the earth that a labourer, working in a field near Rennes, in 1856, gathered up seven massive gold bracelets, two rings and some golden nuggets, all of barbarous grace and of undoubted antiquity, which are now in the Cluny Museum. Two years later, and strange to say in Spain, several crowns made by goldsmiths for the Merovingian kings were found, and these are also in this Museum. It is supposed that at the time when Spain was invaded by the French these precious crowns, abandoned in that country, were buried for safekeeping; but they appeared twelve or fourteen centuries afterwards to tell Parisians of the magnificence of those almost legendary sovereigns, and of how skilful were the men then employed in the art of working gold *repoussé*, in cutting it into palm leaves, in enriching it with sapphires, and in incrusting it with pearls.

Another rare masterpiece at the Hôtel de Cluny is an altar that was given by the Emperor Henri II to the Cathedral of Bâle in the beginning of the eleventh century. But it

would be impossible to even mention all the splendid things in this Museum, much less to describe them; besides, when he goes to see the collection, the delight of the reader will be enhanced by the fact that he is also visiting the best specimen of French architecture at the close of the fifteenth century now extant.

At the time when this Hôtel de Cluny was built, nearly every mansion inside or outside of Paris was a château, so to speak, fortified with small towers and machicolations; but this *très gentil sejour* was not erected that way. The small octagonal tower in the courtyard was not built for defense, but was to hold the stairs up which one now climbs to the upper floors. The platform at the summit of this small tower was never a *guette*, it was and is an open balcony. Charming, too, is the little chapel, ornamented like a lady's boudoir, and richly worked up to its vaulted ceiling. The façade of the building, the gables and the turrets of its dormer windows, the cut-stone balustrades at the base of the roof, the windows divided by stone mullions, all these things are fine, light, and delicate. Inside are large rooms with immense fireplaces; while the staircase in the *tourelle*, up which we came, is spiral, *en vis*, as they said in those other days.

In a small and rather obscure street the reader may still find what is left of the once luxurious Hôtel de Sens, built by an archbishop of Paris on the site of the Royal palace of Saint Paul. An inscription on the façade of the mansion informs the public that the building was constructed toward the end of the year 1500 by order of Tristan de Salazar, a strange character who easily exchanged his mitre for a soldier's helmet. There are not many Parisians, much less visitors from foreign lands, who know of the existence of this old Gothic château, with its two towers, its arched porches with flamboyant *ogives*, its feudal postern gate, where there still remain traces of the block for mounting on horseback, its sentinel towers, and its loopholes for archers and men-at-arms.

During the sixteenth century the mansion remained Episcopal headquarters, and afterwards the woman whom the Bearnais repudiated (Queen Margot) went there to live, and to console herself for being abandoned. One day she fell in love with a handsome page named Julien, of whom the Vicomte de Vermond was so jealous that when he saw the Queen and page turn the corner of the rue after mass he shot Julien in the heart, and the boy

died with a smile on his lips, his eyes fixed on those of the Queen, who swore neither to eat nor drink until she had obtained vengeance. The assassin was arrested, and beheaded some two days later in front of the hôtel. The royal lady watched the execution from her window, and then in the evening left the house, never to return to it.

During the Revolution the hotel was sold by the nation, and is now private property. Gradually the tenants became less illustrious, and at the end of the eighteenth century it was only a bureau for diligences to and from Lyons. Then it became an office for carters, next the abode of buyers of rabbit skins, and was until recently a candy factory. It is easily understood that all these transformations would add nothing to the beauty of the old building, for its inner walls were thrown down, reparations made, halls cut up, and in one way or another, it was badly disfigured; but still there is a good deal left that is interesting. The exterior stands boldly as if guarding its past in a grand manner, calling up souvenirs of the long ago with a strange and characteristic youthfulness. On the front, a little above to the left of the principal door, a bullet is em-

bedded in the wall, with the inscription: "29 July, 1830," around it in black letters. In spite of the mutilations which the building has undergone, it still contains many superb things. There is a square *donjon* in the courtyard with a beautiful staircase which is only equalled by that of the *donjon* of Jean Sans Peur, and a curious vestibule which has hardly suffered any harm at all. If the surrounding ruins and debris were cleared away and the whole intelligently restored, the Hôtel de Sens would be indeed a marvellous monument.

The Hôtel Carnavalet, another famous old hôtel, is now a Museum. It was here that Madame de Sévigné lived for more than twenty years, and if the "belle marquise," for love of whose beautiful eyes her cousin, Bussy-Rabutin, died, could return to-day and see her old home, she would indeed be astonished to find the changes in the garden which she kept so beautifully neat and pretty, where she enjoyed the fresh air and heard the neighbouring Annonciades, those "pretty little girls in blue," singing in the mornings.

The Hôtel derives its singular name, which, from its very strangeness, has been in popular use for more than three centuries, through all

its many changes of owners and tenants, from its second owners, a Breton family called Kernevenoy, which by usage became turned into the more euphonious one of Carnavalet. The house was built in 1550 for "Squire Jacques de Ligneris," president of the Gallic church at the Council of Trent. Ligneris was a connoisseur of art treasures, and at his request Jean Goujon sculptured some fine bas-reliefs on the front of his residence and cut out a superb group of the four seasons between the windows of the body of the principal building.

In the seventeenth century the dwelling belonged to the Argouzes, a parliamentary family from Normandy, and then to M. d'Aguerry, Counsellor to the parliament to Grenoble. That rich lawyer, who liked order and regularity, did not hesitate to touch up the works of Lescot, of Bullant, and of Jean Goujon. He called Mansard to his assistance, and that famous architect added a right wing, and executed bas-reliefs and allegories which do not show to advantage by the side of the four graceful sculptures of Goujon.

Fortunately, a later possessor did away with these additions, and restored the body of the building to its original state, with its high

roof, projecting ledges and mullioned windows. Having made these alterations, Perrin Dandin, a native of Dauphiny, sought to sell his property at a good price, and as just at that time Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Marquise de Sévigné, was looking for a house in the quarter of Marais to suit her economical tastes, yet large enough to accommodate her family and to enable her to receive, and where she would also have a quiet garden in which to think out those witty sayings with which she embellished her letters, she rented the Hôtel Carnavalet, even though her daughter, the beautiful Madame de Grignan, a lady of very little heart and as little wit, discovered in spite of her prudery, "that the mirrors were not sufficiently large nor clear enough, that she disliked antiquities, and that the rooms were inconvenient." However, Madame de Sevigné took the hôtel conjointly with her son-in-law, M. de Grignan and the Abbé Coulanges, one of their most intimate friends, the marquise and her daughter occupying all the first floor of the principal part of the building between the entrance courtyard and the garden; the rooms of M. de Grignan were on the ground floor; while the apartment on the street, with its little staircase leading to

the garden, was reserved for the Marquis de Sévigné, who had only to traverse the Place Royale in order to go and take supper with beautiful and naughty Ninon, who lived not very far away. It was in this fine hôtel, old enough to be considered noble, and sufficiently modern to be elegant, that Madame the Marquise flirted with the gay butterfly courtiers without changing her widow's cap, and wrote those letters into which she threw all her heart and soul.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century, a tax collector named Brunet du Bancy, or de Bondy, bought the hotel; he was followed by Durpes de St. Maur, and then by the Pommereul. The revolution installed a library in it; that was replaced by Napoleon with a school of roads and bridges; and in 1830 an art institution was established there under the direction of M. Verdot.

In 1866 the city of Paris bought the hôtel with the intention of turning it into a municipal museum, but the restorations begun three years later were interrupted by the war with Germany, and were not resumed until in 1888. The buildings form a square in the centre of which, and surrounded on four sides by the

Museum, is a garden that can be reached either from the older portion or by the Arc de Nazareth. The new galleries open on this garden, and are full of fragments and curiosities of different old Paris buildings, rare portraits, pictures and engravings, one showing the Place Royale in the year 1612. There is also a canvas, painted at the end of the sixteenth century, representing the Italian troupe then in Paris, with Isabelle Andreini for the star. She was held in such esteem by Henri IV that he gave her an autograph letter of recommendation to the Governor of Lyons when she was about to visit that city.

In this Musée Carnavalet one can see antique debris and statues of the Renaissance the same as in other museums, but one may also see such books, documents, monuments, and bric-a-brac as exist nowhere else perhaps, "There are persons," wrote Victor Hugo, "who can never see a wall, but they fall to wondering what may possibly be happening behind it." So, too, there are persons who are curious to see the cane that somebody has carried, or the chair on which some one used to sit, or the statue of this or that great individual, or the first books ever printed. If readers of this work have any of

these curiosities, the Carnavalet Museum will satisfy their every longing. There are engravings, bibelots and other objects innumerable relating to Parisian history, a great deal of space being taken up with souvenirs of the Revolutionary period. The *bonnets* of Jacobins; sabres worn by members of the Convention; clocks with decimal hours; the official poster or notice of the execution of Louis XVI; packs of cards where the kings are philosophers, the queens are seasons of the year, the knaves, elements, etc.; and these with books, pictures, and engravings of that period are certainly of great interest.

But there is also a second series in the valuable collection of the Musée Carnavalet which is of equal if not superior importance. In it are placed all the antique objects which have been unearthed or discovered during the past twenty-five or thirty years, and the rooms are particularly rich in fragments from Gallo-Roman edifices that once stood in Paris. The garden back of it has also been put to use, and it overflows with ancient fragments of monuments and houses, together with restitutions or reproductions of the attractive parts of many of the historical mansions which once upon a time

ornamented the capital. I say once upon a time, for, alas! and because of lack of present care, the old mansions and palaces of Paris are fast disappearing. In a French comedy played at the Palais Royal theatre, say a dozen years ago, one of the characters, a préfet but recently named to office by the Government, is being told of the curiosities and wonders in his new department, and among these mention is made of an extinct volcano. "Comment," cried he, "ils avaient un volcan, et ils l'ont laissé étiendre!" It looks very much as though in times to come, soon perhaps, the world will be exclaiming:

"What! the Parisians had the most beautiful, the most curious, the most interesting historical monuments of Europe, and yet they let them fall into ruins!"

CHAPTER VIII.

An immense and sumptuous edifice called the Louvre —A perfect specimen of mixed architecture—Its three distinct periods—The scene of many deplorable incidents—How it became a great museum —A masterpiece of ancient statuary—Its preservation during the Commune—The Tuileries and its Occupants—Anecdotes and incidents—Its orgies, its horrors, and its final destruction.

On his return from Italy, where he had been spending some little while, François I gave orders to pull down the *donjon* of the Louvre. It is said that the sight of the old and gloomy prison gave him such a chill whenever he passed it, as he did quite frequently, that he determined the feudal fortress should be demolished. Moreover, he was desirous of seeing the Louvre enlarged and made grander in every way; so he gave his orders that there should be built an immense and sumptuous edifice, something which would recall the fine *palazzi* of Italy, which would remind him of those marble villas ornamented with columns,

statues, and pictures which he had so much admired, and wherein he had been so happy in the year 1524.

Architect Pierre Lescot drew up the plans, and the palace was built; but what the King could not do was bring the sun and the sky of Florence to Paris, and so the New Louvre, very rich, very elegant, and interiorly very splendid, though undoubtedly very gray also, a bit too heavy, not at all *gai* in fact,—was for those kings who resided in it a place in which they were considerably ennuied, hence, it was never popular with them. That Louvre is an emormous pile of palaces of many periods, the building of which, begun nearly four hundred years ago, was completed only very recently, and yet, such as it now is, it passes for one of the very finest structures in the world. It shares with the Cathedral the honour of being the capital monument of Paris: Notre Dame for ye olden times, the Louvre for the more modern epoch. The treasures of art and science in it, the statuary, pictures, historical objects, and numerous models which it shelters all form the grandest Museum of France, as indeed it is one of the greatest on earth.

For Saxon and Gothic architecture commend

me to England, but if one wants to look at a perfect specimen of the mixed sort, then one should go to the Louvre. Rich, varied, elegant, neither grand nor simple, both massive and ornamental, solid and full of grace—there is no other temple, or palace, or house that was ever built by human hands which is now standing that can be compared to it.

And why called the Louvre? No one knows. Some seek the etymology of the word in the Saxon *hower*, which meant castle; others, look for it in the old French word *ouvre*, now *œuvre*, and say it was called *l'ouvre*, the work par excellence; while still others claim it to be the name of a nobleman who once lived thereabouts. What is certain is that the origin of this château goes back to a very remote period, as it was already in existence in the seventh century, when Dagobert was King.

But it was not as yet a royal residence, and historians make no mention of it until it was repaired by Philippe Augustus, even though he did not include it within the wall that he built around the old Cité. The main building was then only two stories high, but Charles V raised it some thirty feet and crowned it with terraces and a number of towers. He also in-

cluded the Louvre in the new limits of Paris, and then Charles VI set it apart as a palace in which to house foreign Sovereigns who visited the capital. Both Emmanuel, Emperor of Constantinople, and Sigismond, Emperor of Germany, were thus lodged at the Louvre. French Kings had not yet made it their residence, and Francis I, patron of all that was refined and liberal, was for pulling it down entirely in order to erect in its place a palace more worthy of a nation with whom a taste for art and letters was fast springing up. As it was, great artists were summoned to the court, the plans of Pierre Lescot were adopted, and the new palace—it is now called the old Louvre, to designate it from the constructions of subsequent reigns—was commenced. That edifice, even in the imperfect state in which it still was at the beginning of the Revolution, was the outcome of a series of nearly continuous works which were carried on from the reign of Francis I down to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

We can to-day see in the execution of these embellishments or alterations three distinct periods: The first, that of Francis I, Henry II, and Louis XIII; the second under Louis XIV;

the third under Louis XV. The portions which were erected by the first two named are those that form the angle of the courtyard from the pavilion in the centre of the southern façade to the main pavilion surmounted by a dome that is opposite to the Colonnade. Louis XIII did not do much, but Catherine de Medicis began the great gallery. Henry III and Henry IV added but little to the building, although it was during their time that the palace was most constantly inhabited by French kings. However, the incomplete structures which had extended over a space four times greater than had been originally intended, were joined to the remains of the old château. Then Louis XIV ordered the completion of the Louvre, and yet at the beginning of the nineteenth century the work was not wholly finished, although now, after more than two hundred and seventy years, the public enjoy the great palace in its present beautiful state. Strange to say, the very king who did most to build the elegant edifice was the first sovereign of France to desert the dwelling of the Valois and of the Bourbons, for the pestilential atmosphere of Versailles.

What a wonderful history could be written

of the Louvre if one were so minded and had the ability. Its history, like that of most royal abodes, recalls many deplorable incidents. It was in the secret chambers of the Louvre that Catherine de Medicis and her son Charles IX planned the murder of all the Huguenots. Of all the Protestants who were then in the Louvre —and in vain did they invoke the sanctity of treaties and the promises of a king—one only, a gentleman named Tejan, escaped death. The balcony still exists where Charles IX stood and took savage delight in seeing his guard slaughter the fleeing people, and from which he himself fired on his own subjects, as they hurried to and fro in horror and consternation, amidst the tolling of bells, the cries of the dying, and the yells of murderers. The apartment is still visible where the assassin Maurivert attempted the life of Admiral De Coligni, and the room is still to be seen from which Henri of Navarre was dragged from the arms of his beautiful bride to the feet of the King to hear the dreadful alternative pronounced in the midst of zealots and assassins. Such were the horrors of which the Louvre was a witness.

Two hundred and sixty years later it became

once more, as in the time of Prévost Marcel, the conquest of the people; but on that occasion they did not capture it until after suffering severe losses in the Place St. Germain l'Auxerrois, from which the principal attack was made.

There are some magnificent rooms in the old palace, notably the hall wherein Marie de Medicis gave her splendid *fêtes*, the hall where Henry IV was married to Marguerite of Valois, the one where Molière first played his comedies, and the one in which the French Institute, when the Diderots, the Buffons, the Voltaires, and the Marmontels were among its members, held its sittings. The exhibition of works by living artists known as the Salon used to be held in the Louvre every two years, in the months of August and September. Many celebrated French painters were gratuitously lodged in the palace, until Napoleon I dislodged them in order to make place for the spoils that his army was bringing back from conquered countries. It was he who really started the great Temple of Fine Arts to which subjugated empires and kingdoms contributed, and which has since become the admiration of the world. After his downfall the museum

GOLDEN HALL IN THE LOUVRE.

was stripped of many of its riches, and these were restored to their former owners; but in course of time the vacancies thus created were filled by the productions of French painters and sculptors who had been dead more than ten years, by purchasers abroad, or by gifts to the nation, until now it is again the fine collection and museum so renowned everywhere.

One of the greatest masterpieces which the Louvre shelters is the Venus de Milo. It has been in the Louvre since 1821, when it was presented to Louis XVIII, by the French Ambassador at Constantinople, who purchased it from some peasants who found it on their farm in the island of Milos. The arrival of this Venus in Paris was an event that aroused a great deal of interest, for her fame as the finest known specimen of antique art had preceded her, and it so happened that she arrived on the day fixed for the re-opening of Parliament. That ceremony took place in the hall of the Louvre, now known as the Salle Lacaze, to which place the king was drawn in a chair that ran on wheels. The unpacked statue stood in one of the galleries through which the monarch passed. He looked at it for awhile, then turning to his courtiers, said:

"It really is a very fine masterpiece. The place for it is the Museum of the Louvre. See to it that it is put there immediately."

In those days Royal Museum managers had the habit of restoring all works of art that came into their possession in any way damaged, and too often this was done in a manner which showed little respect for the laws of æsthetics or for rules of proportion. When the Venus de Milo was received it was in several pieces, and certain portions, notably the arms, were missing. In order to restore it, it was necessary to decide what had been the original position of these arms, and this gave rise to much discussion among sculptures and archæologists. One of the conservators of the Museum, an old gentleman named Quincy, who was considered good authority in such matters, expressed the belief that this Venus had been part of a group. He cited several well-known pieces of antique sculpture in which Mars and Venus are represented standing side by side, and he pointed out the fact that the face was turned to the left, which, he held, showed she was looking at some one in that direction. This theory was combated by others, one man insisting that as the trunk of the statue was inclined toward the

THE VENUS DE MILO.

right, it was impossible that there could be another figure on the left of it. As these two conservators were unable to agree as to how the statue should be restored, the matter was referred to the King who said:

"Well, gentlemen, suppose you do nothing whatever to it." Thus it came about that this incomparable work of art escaped further injuries at the hand of man.

When in 1870 it became evident that Paris would have to stand a siege and possible bombardment by the Germans, the conservators of the Louvre museum had the Venus de Milo taken down, and she was hidden in one of the cellars at police headquarters. There she remained, covered with barrels, empty sacks, broken boards, street sweepings and other debris through the war and the Commune. When taken back to the Louvre it was noticed that dampness had softened the plaster with which the pieces had been put together fifty years before, and examination showed that the bend of the figure toward the right was due to a wooden wedge inserted between the upper and the lower fragments. This wedge was removed, the two portions were placed in their natural position, and the figure gained immensely in grace and beauty.

It is believed that the museum of the Louvre contains to-day the most splendid collection of art treasures of every kind that is to be found under a single roof anywhere in the world. One may walk through its rooms and galleries day after day, for weeks and months even, and still be sure of finding something new and worthy of one's attention and study at each visit.

"The Louvre is too small for two Courts," said Catherine de Medicis, after the death of her husband, Henri II. "I will make of it a palace worthy of François II, and erect another close by which will serve the Queen Mother. So she gave orders for building the Tuileries, the work was pushed forward with great rapidity, and in 1566 Catherine installed herself in the new palace. It was at the Tuileries that she used to hold her interviews with the astrologer Ruggière, in whose predictions she had implicit faith. After her death her son, the Duke of Anjou, lived there, and he still retained the place as his private palace when he came to the throne as Henri III. It was in the Tuileries that a band of dissolute young courtiers indulged in those shameful orgies which so stained the reign of the last of the

Valois. Henri III was assassinated by Jacques Clement, the Bourbon line succeeded in the person of Henri IV, who apostacised from the Protestant religion to secure a kingdom; and when Ravaillac had done away with that gallant king, young Louis XIII occupied the Tuileries. The child king had been married to Anne of Austria, but they were not allowed to live together, still she was permitted to go to the Tuileries occasionally to play in the garden with her little husband. He had been married twenty-seven years before he gave an heir to France. When Louis XIV became king, Countess Soissons lived for awhile at the Tuileries; she gave some notorious midnight suppers, and invented the *medianoche*, an orgie which included every excess that it was possible for the human mind to think of. The "Sun King," as Louis XIV was called, then built the Château of Versailles, after tiring of the Château of St. Germain, and seldom went to Paris; but the Tuileries still remained the scene of gay doings. One such event was the marriage of the king's brother, Philippe of Orleans, with Henriette of England. That Orleans prince was a man of uncommonly low tastes; when his wife died, he moved to the

Palais Royal and his orgies there are unmentionable. During his minority Louis XV resided at the Tuileries, but he too abandoned it for Versailles; the next occupant was the witty and gallant Abbe de Bernis. One night the Grand Opera, then located in the Palais Royal, was burned out, and the next day the stage was transferred to the Tuileries. That was in 1753, and the Opera remained there until 1770.

In October, 1790, a mob of women forced their way into the courtyard of the Tuileries to have an explanation with General de Lafayette, who had made it the headquarters of the Guard National. Fears for the Royal family induced him to abandon the palace for Versailles, and thither the mob followed. It compelled Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette to return to Paris. At the time the mob had their fight with the Swiss guard a part of the palace took fire and burned down. On the 27th of August, 1792, a festival in honour of the victory of the people was celebrated within its blackened and blood-stained walls. The palace was then left open and all were at liberty to wander through its deserted halls. In December of that year Louis XVI entered the Tuileries for the last time, a prisoner. The building was occupied for a

short while by the Directoire, then Bonaparte as First Consul restored the Tuileries to a courtly and splendid era.

Never was the palace more brilliant than during the First Empire, when there reigned a luxury, a brilliancy, and a beauty without precedent in its history. But Napoleon's occupancy of the Tuileries ended when he was exiled to Elba; for on his return from that island he resided in the Élysée. After Waterloo, Louis XVIII once more occupied the Tuileries; he was succeeded by Charles X, and he in turn by Louis Philippe. In 1848 the "Citizen King," was driven out of France, and the people retook possession of the Tuileries. Insurgent after insurgent rushed into the house to seat himself on the throne, shouting meanwhile "Vive la Republique!" Very little damage was done to the palace, however, and it was soon converted into a hospital.

When Prince Louis Napoleon was elected President of the Second Republic, he also went to reside at the Élysée, but he soon left that mansion for the Tuileries as Emperor. Napoleon III and Mademoiselle Eugenie de Montijo were married in the Tuileries, although the religious ceremony was celebrated the next day

at Notre Dame. It was in the Tuileries that nearly all the State ceremonies of the Second Empire took place, and among the guests of that palace may be mentioned Queen Victoria and her husband, Prince Albert. It was there that an heir to the Imperial throne was born; and it was from thence that the Empress Eugenie escaped in a public hack and rode to the private residence of an American dentist who afterward saw her safely out of France and into England.

During the siege of Paris by the Germans the Tuileries palace was a hospital, and then one day, when the troops of Versailles penetrated into the capital, the Communists burned it down, nothing being left of the structure but a heap of smoking and unsightly ruins. In July, 1882, the French Parliament appropriated ten thousand dollars to be expended in removing these ruins, and so well was this work done that to-day not one stone or brick is left standing upon another of the famous palace.

PALACE OF THE TUILERIES.

CHAPTER IX.

The Hôtel des Tournelles—Mansion wherein Louis XII died—Once it was both citadel and royal residence—A fatal tilting tournament—The château pulled down by a queen's command—Origin of the Place Royale—Duelling during the time of Cardinal Richelieu—A famous neighbourhood—An expensive beauty and a poor poet's wife—The rendezvous of gaiety and diplomacy—Anecdote of a love letter—The best French ever spoken—An exquisite Marchioness—The old mansion of de Lamoignon.

The fourteenth century was distinguished in Paris by the imposing order of its military constructions; the fifteenth and sixteenth, by the boldness and elegance of their religious and civil edifices. It was during this latter period that Gothic architecture, so ingenious in its conceptions, so minutely exquisite in its details, made its brilliant effects the best known. Such a structure was the Hôtel des Tournelles, situate *vis-a-vis* to the Palais St. Paul, and innumerable were the scandalous gallantries and saturnalia accomplished in that mansion. Pierre

d'Orgemont, Chancellor of France, erected the building in 1390, his son sold the place to the Duke de Berri, brother of Charles V, for fourteen thousand golden ecus, in turn the Duke traded it to the Duke of Orleans for some other property, and then, in 1417, the king became its owner. Charles VI, during his insanity, and the Duke of Bedford, regent in France for the King of England, resided at the Hôtel des Tournelles. Whenever he was in Paris Louis XI, occupied it, and it was there that Louis XII breathed his last. The square of this hôtel also contained the Marche aux Chevaux, which in 1578 was the scene of a violent struggle between the minions of Henri III and the favorites of the Duke de Guise. Both these establishments, house of the king and horse market, were finally made to give way for the Place Royale; but before that, the mansion was at once a citadel and a royal residence, a prison and a menagerie. The Tour de Nesle, of odious memory, was never worse than the Hôtel des Tournelles. Parisians hardly dared to lift their eyes and look at its windows while Bedford resided there; and when the English had been driven out of France, King Charles VII planted his triumphant banner within its parlours.

François I covered its walls with masterpieces of Italian art, and filled its rooms with the noise of festivals. Poetry and love entered into Paris with "le roi chevalier." Envious of the Medicis at Florence and of the Pope at Rome, François founded the College of France, and made the already old Louvre a fit place of sojourn for a guest who bore the title of Emperor and the name of Charles Quint. The Imprimerie Royale, or Royal Printing office, was established and its work put in charge of Robert Estienne; and it must have been a fine sight when the brilliant king went to call on the modest printer in the latter's own house.

Like a sovereign, the Duchess d Etampes reigned at the Hôtel des Tournelles: le Primatice, Leonardo da Vinci and Andrea del Sarto lodged there when they deigned to visit Paris; and it was there that Diane de Poitiers shone in all her glory.

Under Henri II the Château of Tournelles displayed extraordinary splendour, and even Guise and the Montmorenci joined with the crowd who paid court to the young and passionate sovereign. It was a nightly, almost an hourly gathering of gallant *gentil hommes* and

belles dames which enlivened the Court of his Royal Majesty. It was also a revolution in history, so to speak, for ever since the days of conquest and of pleasure had set in, history had been taking on quite a new form. It had become less serious, less sententious, and was seeking among the smallest causes to explain the greatest purposes. But if history was feeling this change, the more reason why art and poetry and love should admire the change thus produced. It would be easy to write of the statuary which was then introduced from Italy, or chiselled in France; of orangeries magnificent with flowers, fruits and sparkling waters; of famous cooks, and budding poets, of the profusion of diamonds and pearls, of laces and velvets, of ermine and embroidery; of tournaments at wit and gallantry in honour of those beautiful women, and of those who owned all this wealth.

Towards the end of June, 1559, a series of great festivals were given in Paris on the occasion of the marriage of Isabelle of France to Philip II of Spain. Among the entertainments a tournament was held in front of the Hôtel des Tournelles, which lasted four days. On the fourth day the king took it into his

head to have a tilt with Count Montgomery, Captain of the Scottish Guards, who tried to avoid the honour thus thrust on him. Henri II wore the colours of Diane de Poitiers, believing that they would render him invulnerable. At the first charge Montgomery's lance passed through an opening in the King's visor, penetrated one eye, and the wound proved mortal. His widow, Catherine de Medicis, at once left the Palace of Tournelles and ordered its demolition. When the house had been pulled down, the site was soon covered with hovels of every kind, the resort of the lowest and most dangerous classes in the capital. Numerous crimes were committed in that neighbourhood; and then while Henri IV was still sorrowing over the sudden death of beautiful Gabrielle d'Estrées, Sully suggested the turning of this site into a public square, and this plan, finally adopted in 1605 was the origin of the Place Royale.

The assassination of Henri IV prevented his seeing the completion of this project, but his instructions were faithfully carried out. He had already built a certain number of the houses which surround the vast Court, while several others were being erected by private per-

sons to whom he sold lots fronting on the square. The Place Royale was inaugurated in March, 1612, by a tilting tournament in the presence of Marie de Medicis, then Queen Regent, and twenty thousand spectators, and it at once became a fashionable neighbourhood. The houses round about were occupied by nobles and princes, the quarter became known as the "Marais," and splendid mansions, occupied either by members of the aristocracy, or by the wealthy middle classes—the *haute bourgeoisie* as they were called—were erected in that part of town. The exterior of the houses of the Place Royale are to-day precisely what they were at the commencement of the seventeenth century, while in the Marais there are still stately old mansions which belonged to that and the succeeding century. Indeed, here and there one could not very long ago run across old houses thereabouts that dated from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, as for instance the Hôtel de St. Paul, the Hôtel de Savoisi, Hôtel d'Angoulême, etc. There is a bijou of a *tourelle* at the corner of the Rues Francs-Bourgeois and Vieille-du-Temple, which used to ornament the Hôtel Barbette, a rich habitation discreetly placed in a garden near

the old ramparts and wherein the beautiful Queen Isabelle resided while her mad husband was pining away in the Royal Hôtel of Tournelles, and from whence the thoughtless and prodigal Louis of Orleans went the night when the servants of Duke Jean Sans Peur assassinated him.

During the reign of Louis XIII the Place Royale was the scene of an event which made a great stir in those days. In 1624 the Count de Boutteville, having killed the Count de Thorigny in an affair of honour, was condemned to be hung for violation of Richelieu's ordinance against duelling. He managed to escape, went to Brussels, and received a challenge from the Marquis de Beuvron, who had resolved to avenge the death of Thorigny. Notwithstanding the sentence that hung over his head, Boutteville returned to Paris, and in the presence of more than a thousand spectators he and Beuvron met in the Place Royale. After a few passes with their swords the two principals disarmed each other by arrangement and shook hands; but while they were still talking over their duel their seconds continued the fight, and one of the latter was killed. The three others attempted to escape, were

captured, and Count de Boutteville and one of his seconds, Count de Chapelles, were beheaded on the Place de Grève. The Baron de Chantal, who had furnished them with horses, was also obliged to fly, leaving behind him a little daughter born in the Place Royale. Later, she become the celebrated Madame de Sévigné, whom I have already spoken of.

Some of these days, when the reader is walking across the sonorous flagstones of the Place Royale, perhaps he will in imagination hear the footsteps of the heroes and heroines of those distant times; will perhaps find himself wondering why the servants of Monsieur de La Rochefoucauld, or of Gabrielle d'Estrees, or of Madame de Montespan, or of La Tremouille have not lit torches to brighten the way of their mistresses or their masters, and why the sometime mansions which still surround the statue and the silent square, are all so dark and still. Their names are not all known, but one house was occupied by the Rohans, another by the Rotrous, a third by Marion de Lorme, etc. Not very many years ago Mademoiselle Rachel, a great French actress, rented an apartment in the old Hôtel Rohan-Chabot, and it was there that her furniture and her wardrobe were all

put on exhibition, to the great enjoyment of Parisians, after her death in 1858.

The *gros péchés* of that new quarter were not committed by de Lorme alone, however; Ninon de l'Enclos was also one of the beauties of Satan then, though happily the seductive talents of these two women were fairly well balanced by the serious and worthy Mlle. d'Aubigny, who called herself Madame Scarron, of attractive, even royal memory. Better known perhaps, as Madame de Maintenon, that handsome woman used to demurely walk beside the sedan chair which carried her invalid husband in the Place Royale, little dreaming the day would come when she, a poor poet's wife, would herself be carried in a sedan chair in the presence of a great army, and escorted by his Majesty Louis XIV, now her royal husband. Marion de Lorme, who lived at No. 9 of the Place Royale, was the most expensive beauty in Paris. One day when Cardinal Richelieu had the audacity to offer her one thousand *pistoles* for a few minutes' private conversation she flung them back at him contemptuously. Still she did not always sell her favours: she offered them to Monsieur de Chavagnac, who was a Huguenot, on the simple condition that he would become a Catholic; but he refused.

One may still further be able to judge of the social importance of the Place Royale in those days when informed that not a prince or a *beau esprit* under Louis XIV ever missed going to that rendezvous of gaiety and diplomacy. Madame de Lafayette, the Duke de La Rochefoucauld, the Duchess de Lesdiguières, the Prince de Condé, Molière, St. Vincent de Paule, the great Corneille and his brother Thomas, La Fontaine, the Duke de Montpensier Monsieur de Cinq-Mars, who not else among the gallants, the braves, and the beauties of that remarkable period were then its frequenters. Even "Son Eminence, Monseigneur le Cardinal,"[1] resting on a red litter, was often brought in to one of the salons, for he too resided in the Place Royale until he built his own palace further to the west of town.

It is easy to recall the names of those who frequented its arcaded houses during those two long reigns; that of poor Marcelle, for instance, à beautiful demoiselle who danced splendidly, knew how to compose and play music, could write poetry, and who when abandoned by Monsieur de Guise, made a *chanson* to her fleeting lover which was soon being sung in

[1] Cardinal Richelieu.

every house around the square. There was the Connétable de Luynes, a man who stole his fortune and was himself a coward; Maréchal d'Estrées, the worthy brother of six sisters, one of whom was "la belle Gabrielle"; Chancellor de Bellièvre, who was never known to be angry or even vexed in all his life; Madame de Puysieux, whose comic songs used to make Cardinal Richelieu shriek with laughter; the Princes of Orange, the Duke de Mayenne, the Maréchal de Brézé, whose pleasure it was to obey his own servants; the Maréchal de la Meilleraie, a wonderful besieger of cities, but who knew nothing else whatever; and the King, Louis XIII, *bien entendu*. He was then a fine looking man who sat a horse well, and knew how to put an army in the field. His amours were strange enough, but he had his virtues. To a young woman, the daughter of a Duke, who resisted his attack he sent ten-thousand golden écus. Another day, Mademoiselle d'Hautefort hid a note which she had received in her bosom, and the King wanted it. So he took up a pair of tongs that stood at the fireplace, wiped them carefully with his lace handkerchief, and used them to lift out the suspected *billet-doux*. And the beautiful Marquise de Rambouillet—it

would hardly be polite to leave her unmentioned, as she certainly played a prominent role in this *monde à part* which was already called *le beau monde*. Madame de Rambouillet was a woman of exquisite taste, who possessed all the elegances of her charming sex. She, and she alone, produced a revolution in the art of arranging the interior of a house, and she was her own architect of the mansion which she built in that quarter of Paris. From it when finished, radiated health and good humour, and it was there that that great power called *la causerie*, was first established. The Maréchal de Grammont was one among a few of this chosen society, and he was a great story teller; Gombaut the poet, the poor Queen of Poland, and the Maréchal de Bassompierre, said to be the wittiest man at court, were there. So too was Pastal, as were Madame de Jeaucourt, most beautiful among women, as she was also a model mother, Cardinal de Retz, Madame de Corneul, etc. And we must not leave the neighbourhood of the Place Royale as it was in the olden days, without again giving a fleeting thought to the mansion from whence came forth, fully armed and equipped to conquer, the best French ever spoken in France.

Not far from the Place Royale, near a small quadrangular tower at the corner of the Rues Pavee and des Francs-Bourgeois, which stands on three united arches so as to form a *cul de lampe*, and looks, so to speak, like a sentinel box suspended there especially to overlook the square, is a plate with this inscription: "Guillaume de Lamoignon, Premier President du Parliament de Pairs, 1658." The ground on which his mansion was built originally formed a part of a vegetable garden, called "coulture Ste Catherine," because it belonged to the Priory of Ste Catherine du Val des Ecoliers, no trace of which remains now, however, the ground being covered by the little market of the Rue d'Ormesson.

Toward 1550, Henri II came into possession of this property, and constructed there a residence for his daughter, Diana of France, whose mother was believed to have been Diane de Poitiers. Souvenirs of that princess still exist in the "D's," which crown the windows, also in the heads of dogs and stags, and in the horns and crosses in the arches to the right and left of the grand hall. It was next occupied by Charles of Valois, natural son of Charles IX, and who, when his servants demanded

their wages, replied: "You must look out for yourselves; there are four streets in front of the Hôtel d'Angoulême; it is a capital neighbourhood; now profit by it."

After a while the hôtel came into possession of William de Lamoignon, the noblest and most illustrious of tenants it ever had, and then the house returned to its pristine glory and grandeur. The Lamoignons were magistrates for several generations, and they left a good record, but the last of the family who occupied the mansion was beheaded in 1794. Since then, the mansion has undergone the fate of most grand habitations, and has become the scene of various industries. A hosier now has his abode there; part of it is occupied by an optician; a druggist's shop is on the ground floor; and a Monsieur Piperaud keeps a modest school for boys in one of the upper rooms.

CHAPTER X.

A world by itself in Paris—The Cité, the Université and the Ville—Each a separate town or division—The days of Pierre Abailard—Upholding the philosophy of Aristotle—Letters, art, and theology—The work consecrated by Pope Urbain—Fighting students and peaceful citizens—Seeking knowledge while living in the open streets—One hundred thousand pupils—The faculty and its rules—Anecdote of Peter the Great—Power of the Sorbonne—Its theology and its crimes—The new University—Official ceremony of 1885—The College of France—A grand Institution of human knowledge—Free System of Education and open to everybody.

In the fifteenth century Paris was divided into three distinct towns, the *Cité*, the *Université*, and the *Ville*, so to speak. The Cité occupied the island; the town extended along the right shore of the Seine above and below the island; the University covered the plain and hills on the left of the river. Each of these divisions was a town *à part*, and each had its particular aspect. The Cité was rich-

est in churches, the Ville was richest in palaces, the Université was richest in colleges. Most of the schools, colleges and sanctuaries of the ancient university were enclosed in a space of country bounded by the Rues Mathurins, de la Harpe, des Gres and Saint Jacques. Almost all the houses have long since disappeared, but there are enough of fragments still standing to give that part of the Quartier Latin a singular physiognomy. There is a certain *hotel garni*, or cheap lodging-house, which was once a part of a college from whose window poor Pierre Ramus, the philosopher and grammarian, was thrown and killed the night of St. Bartholomew. A few historians have credited Charlemagne with founding the University of Paris, which seems to be an error, however. It is true the king who gave his name to the Carlovingian dynasty tried during the whole of his glorious reign to make letters and the sciences flourish in his states. He covered the newly born schools of Chalons and Tours with his distinguished protection, but it is doubtful if he established or supported a single public school at Paris.

The first persons to enter on the work of instruction in the capital were two monks from

Saint Germain d'Auxerre named Remi and Hucbald de Saint-Amand who opened a dialectic and theological class. These two were so successful that other professors came to Paris and soon their schools became famed throughout Europe. The names of Guillaume de Champeaux, of Pierre Abailard, of Robert de Melun, of Joscelin, of Pierre Lombard, etc., attracted so many students from every country in Europe to Paris that there were not enough houses to accommodate them, and they were compelled to bivouac in the suburbs like soldiers. Even the masters were obliged sometimes to give their lessons out of doors, and chroniclers inform us that Abailard, who was always followed by three thousand to four thousand disciples, established his camp on the summit of Mount Saint Geneviève, or out on the Pré aux Clercs.

That was the epoch when the philosophy of Aristotle was all the rage in Paris, and the opinions of the great Stagirites, even the most erroneous or the most curious, were considered as articles of faith in all the colleges of the University. This frenzy, this delirium was not for a day or a year only; during seven or eight centuries the work of Aristotle was con-

sidered that of an angel, which could not be touched or changed without committing sacrilege; and the wise but unfortunate Ramus just now referred to, was assassinated for having publicly declared "que tout ce qu'Aristole a enseigne n'est que fauseté et chimère." But more remarkable still, the Parliament of Paris, the Parliament of Louis XIV, in the century of Pascal, and of Cornielle, assembled one day at the request of the Sorbonne and condemned to banishment three chemists who had supported a thesis against Aristotle, adding that thereafter all those who presumed to attack the doctrines of that Greek philosopher would be put to death.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century, there was only one University in the whole world where letters and the arts were taught the same as theology, and it was located in the French capital. This was why young men eager to be instructed went to Paris from Germany, from Italy, from everywhere throughout the then civilised countries, including England. Already Gerbert, Fulherf, and Abailard had become famous; while the glory of the Cloître Notre Dame had attracted *clercs* from nearly every nation around, when Phil-

ippe Augustus issued an order, dated at Béthisy, in 1200, establishing the University of Paris with all its privileges. In 1208 Pope Innocent III, and then in 1261, Pope Urbain IV, gave consecration to this work.

We may perhaps imagine the appearance of the *clercs* of those other days, poorly dressed as a rule, and nearly always noisy, going from the cloisters of Saint Victor and of Notre Dame up to the mountain of Sainte Geneviève; and we may also recall the picturesque Paris of Philippe Augustus and of Saint Louis as the Paris of the *truands*, the framework of which is so masterly drawn by Victor Hugo, if we would know the *clercs* as they really were. The good bourgeois whose nights these students used to disturb so often, and the watch which they so frequently put to rout, could hardly have imagined that the time would come when their unwelcome visitors from the University would be completely pardoned; for these same students who passed with such astonishing quickness from prayers to rowdiness from mysticism to revolt, were the pioneers who opened to human thought new roads to unexpected horizons.

And as the whole of Europe thus hurried to

Paris in search of more light, so were the students divided into "nations," each directed by a "Procurator," with its masters and scholars under the controlling hand of a rector. Thus there were the "*très honorable*" nation of France, the "*très fidèle*" nation of Picardy, the "*très vénérable*" nation of Normandy, and, during the one hundred years war, the "*très constante*" nation of Germany, which had replaced the nation of England. There was no hesitation about giving themselves pompous titles at the University; but those who indulged in unpleasant words against Faculty and students also knew how to invent striking terms, and there was no thought of "*honorables*," or "*vénérables*," or "*constantes*" when it came to quarrelling. Then the French were denounced as "*très orgueilleux*," the Picards as "*très lourd*," the Normans as "*très vantard*," the English as "*très fourbe*," and the Germans as "*très ivrogne*," even "*très mal vetu*," in some instances. These amenities were of course launched forth as a sort of defiance and with very loud voices, in the street, or wherever the clashing clans happened to meet; sometimes these meetings turned out to be Homeric battles, where more than one

theologian of the future found himself "knocked out" early in the scrimmage. The rector was supposed to know nothing of all this so long as the noise of strife was not so loud as to prevent the king from sleeping; for the Church knew very well that even fighting students would some day settle down to become good preachers, hence moderation was observed whenever these bouts between *clercs* and *cits* were brought to the attention of the Procurators.

Truly it was a world by itself this University of Paris with its many pupils, and no wonder the students would recognise no other laws than those which they or their "masters" had created, for they really lived quite apart from society.

Usually, and as a rule, the students were as poor as Job; the Spanish *bachelor* who still goes about from town to town with a spoon and a fork stuck in his hat is a *grand seigneur* when compared with those poor *clercs* of Paris; while as for "working their way through," as so many sensible and serious young Americans are doing at this or that college or university, such a thing would have been utterly impossible at the Paris University of seven

hundred or eight hundred years ago. Those students lived in miserable lodgings; very often, not having the wherewithal to pay for lodgings, they were forced to quit its shelter and seek a night's rest in the fields, with the sky and the stars as their only cover. That was all very well until winter came, and snow had covered the meadows, and the river was frozen over.

It was not long however, until congregations, towns, charitable Princes, or Bishops who were also rich lords, began to occupy themselves with this pitiful state of affairs, and they undertook to assure at least a bed, if not a home to the poor scholars. Do not imagine however, that luxury was anywhere noticeable in such shelters. Misery still reigned everywhere; not a dismal misery, but a misery spangled with laughter, with gay *propos*, the secrets of which were never known to the public, because one would have to be of the *caeriaculum* at least to know what was going on within the limits of the University and the Sorbonne, to know how to laugh, fight and be gay while studying hard and while half starving. And when in their worst days "Messieurs les Clercs" went *à la pitance*,

that is to say, to seek for body nourishment,[1] they were glad to accept left-over vegetables on the Place Maubert, or broken bread and *bits of weak* soup now and then in payment of a prayer or of a chanson.

Back yonder in the thirteenth century they did not even have benches; and later, when it was proposed to put in stone seats, Cardinal d'Estouteville who had studied on straw, opposed it with might and main because it would encourage sybaritism. He gained his cause, and the straw remained. The scholars, grouped around masters, frequently younger than themselves—the master, dressed in a black robe and wearing a cowl or hood, respectable while in class, but perhaps quite as lively as his pupils at other moments—squatted in this straw and thus inhaled the knowledge of that period.

There is to-day an old street in Paris called the Rue du Fouarre, that is to say, the street of straw, and that name was attached to it in the old University days. Teaching still goes on in the Rue du Fouarre, but there is no longer straw in its schoolrooms. But primitive installation did not prevent the cultivation of

[1] The Principal and the Regents saw to it that their minds and souls were fed.

those letters and that grammar which prepared minds with the special sophistry of disputed doctrines, and which finished by giving birth in the "Facultes des Arts" to an impertinent tendency toward a scepticism that the theological faculty could hardly control—with loving energy, however.

All the hours of the many students were counted, and it would be a great mistake to suppose that they passed their time in outdoor mischief. They had their lessons "*ordinaires*" given by the licentiates and the doctors, and their lessons "*extraordinaires*" at which the bachelors took part; but if most of the classes began work at daybreak, very likely it was because the poor pupils were glad to quit their miserable beds for the college straw.

It was also in the thirteenth century when a reunion of those studies or faculties were designated for the first time under the name of Université. But while thus organising hierarchically, the University also determined to maintain its civil corporation, and the masters succeeded in obtaining from the king some special franchises, among others the freedom of students from ordinary jurisdiction; so that, under all circumstances, they could only be tried

and judged in accordance with canonical law by the Ecclesiastical tribune of the place where they were studying.

One can readily understand the power with which a population of one hundred thousand young men in a city of the Middle Ages was thus armed. They formed but one body, having the same occupations, the same tastes, the same habits, independent by character and by position, passionate, impatient against all authority, and of course natural enemies of the bourgeois who had a good fire, a good bed, and a good table, while they, depending mainly on the two *sous* per week which had been decreed to them by Saint Louis, went begging in the streets accompanied by *cagons* and *bohemiens*.

It must indeed have been a curious institution, the University of Paris in the Middle Ages! There is something of the same kind of independence, the same sort of passion and impatience, in that part of the capital to-day, and yet the noisy conduct of the students of the Latin Quarter now is but a pale reflect of the actions on the Pré aux Clercs—orgies accessible only to the initiated, and into which none but those who knew the *shibboleth* dared to venture.

"It was the poor," says an ancient author, "whom Robert Sorbonne intended to aid," and poverty was undoubtedly the main attribute of the Sorbonne in its early days. For a very long time it was really poor, and even after the liberalities of Cardinal Richelieu had enriched it, it retained the title of "poor" as among the noblest of its titles of nobility. From the beginning doctors, bachelors, beneficiaries and non-beneficiaries, as well as all poor students, were admitted free to the college of the Sorbonne. They were designated as guests or as associates, and they were received without regard to the country from whence they came. Later the associate beneficiaries took the title of Docteurs, or Bacheliers de la Maison et Societé de Sorbonne, while the others were simply called Bacheliers de la Maison de Sorbonne. The founder had directed its first buildings in the Rue Coupe-Gorge, afterwards called the Rue des Deux Portes. Soon all the other houses and land on the street as far as the Rue des Poirées were purchased and occupied. The chapel that had been dedicated to the Virgin, and which was rebuilt in 1326, was in the Rue des Cordiers.

This college was falling into ruins when

Cardinal Richelieu, who had studied theology there, and who was its *proviseur*, undertook to build it on a new plan. The Archbishop of Rouen laid the first stone of the grand salle in 1627, and on May 15, 1633, the Cardinal himself laid the first stone of the church which still exists and which was not completed until 1653. As may be supposed his Eminence did not fail to place inscriptions on it calculated to satisfy his vanity, and which even his undoubted merit will hardly prove excuse for. Such for instance as the one that still surmounts the door of the church.

DEO OPT. MAX-ARMANDUS, CARDINALIS DE RICHELIEU.

Still one cannot too highly admire the fine proportions that exist between the various parts of the building. Everything is well co-ordinated; the points of view are so well selected that, combining their mutual beauties, they form a harmonious whole. The dome which crowns the church is not very high; it has four towers ornamented by statues with bands of gilded lead, and is surmounted by a gold cross which forms the crowning point of the building.

Inside the church may still be seen a tomb of Richelieu, in white marble, which was erected in 1694. At the time of the Revolution it was removed to a Museum, where it remained until 1814, when it was carried back to the church. It was at the sight of this monument that Peter the Great exclaimed:

"Oh, great man! if you were only alive I would give you one-half of my Empire to teach me how to govern the other half."

The Abbé Duvernet gives the following account of how the degree of Doctor was to be obtained in his day at the Sorbonne. "It was necessary to have studied at the college, and for a period of ten years, to have argued, disputed and delivered in public certain theses which were divided into *minor*, *greetor*, *sabatine*, *tentative* and into the little and the great *sorbonique*. In this last the candidate for the degree of doctor had, without eating or drinking or leaving his place, to sustain and repel the attacks of twenty assailants called *ergoteurs*, who, relieving each other every half hour, argued with him from six o'clock A. M. to seven P. M."

If we now proceed to examine the spirit that nearly always governed the Faculty of the Sor-

bonne we shall find that those who may think that it was in agreement with the title of "poor house" (*pauvre maison*), which it had adopted, are mistaken. Its poor masters were not long in departing from their primitive humility. As member of a Theological faculty a master obtained the right to pass judgment without appeal on all works and on all opinions. He also assumed to submit to his jurisdiction, under certain circumstances, even the popes and the kings.

The following passage from *l'Etoile*, or journal of Henri III, will show how greatly the role of the Sorbonne had changed, and what would have been said about these masters had it not been for a wholesome fear of burning faggots: "Thereupon the Sorbonne, that is to say, thirty or forty pedants, masters of arts who after grace disposed of sceptres and crowns in their college, on the 16th of this month (December, 1587) delivered a secret decision to the effect that princes who were not as they should be, might lawfully be deprived of their governments."

Two years later the same journal says: "The Sorbonne declared that all the subjects of the King were absolved from the oath of obedience

and fidelity which they had sworn to Henri of Valois."

A good many other excesses marked the power of the Sorbonne and which on that account was nicknamed the *Sorbonne Bourguignonne* and the *Sorbonne Anglaise.* The first was given to it in 1407 when it took the part of the Duke of Burgundy against the Duke of Orleans, while those two Princes were disputing for the government of France. On the occasion of the death of Orleans, who was not without certain good qualities, Doctor Jean Petit delivered from the pulpit an eulogy of his assassin. The Sorbonne was nicknamed Anglaise after the misfortunes of King John and the invasion of France by the English, and it remained until the very last moment favourable to the cause of the enemies of France. It was the Faculty of the Sorbonne who wrote to the Duke Bourgogne, to the King of England, and to the Duke of Bedford, asking them to deliver Jeanne d'Arc over to Doctor Pierre Cauchon, who would judge and burn her. In a letter to Bedford the Sorbonne said: "You have used your noble power to apprehend this woman who calls herself *pucelle* . . . . and it would be an intolerable offence against

the Divine Majesty if she were set free." The letter to England's King was a bold demand that the Maid should be sent to judgment, so she was delivered over to a minister of God, who is known in history under the names of *indigne prêtre*, of *indigne evêque*, of *indigne français*.

Later, the Sorbonne was called *guizarde* and *espagnole*, the first because it attracted itself to the Guise faction, the second because it again sympathised with a foreign foe (Spanish) against France.

Finally, under Louis XIV and Louis XV, the Sorbonne was known as the *Ultramontaine*, and became in turn *Janseniste* and *Moliniste*, and at all times it was for persecuting those who did not agree with it in all things. But the history of its many crimes is too long to relate in these pages. What must be said, however, is that in all its earlier periods the Sorbonne had been the firm supporter of ignorance and fanaticism. Its gravest persecutions were: the burning of Jeanne d'Arc; the imprisonment of Marot, the poet; the death of Remus; the recantation of Doctor d'Espence, forced from him by torture; the condemnation of Charon; the deposing of Richer; the dis-

grace with which it covered Arnaud; the censures it passed on Descartes; the ridiculous process which it instituted against the Jesuits on account of the Chinese; and, finally, the persecutions that it attempted against Montesquieu, Helvétius, Rousseau, Buffon and Marmontel. It never stopped its acts of bigotry and oppression until the light of philosophy had dispelled barbarous darkness, had unveiled the intrigues of fanatics, had given to France the hope of more happy days.

There is this much to be said in favour of the Sorbonne, however. The credit of introducing printing into Paris belongs to it. In 1469, when Jean Heynlin was Prior, printers were brought from Mayence, and under the eyes of the Faculty books were printed.[1] The Sorbonne was suppressed by the Revolution in 1790, and in 1808 the entire edifice was given to the University.

In creating a new University, Napoleon I established at the Sorbonne the chief residence of the Academy at Paris, the three Faculties of letters, science, and theology. *En passant*, it

[1] It is true that Guillaume Fichet and Jean de La Pierre, the two doctors who brought in these printers, were honoured by being persecuted by their colleagues for having done so.

may be mentioned that two other Faculties, medicine and law, have now each their own building in that same part of town. In 1815 the church, which was then almost wholly occupied by sculptors as a studio, was restored to its original use, and for a time, when the celebrated Choron led the singing of the Sorbonne pupils, it was famous for the music of its religious services.

In January, 1885, the present writer witnessed the laying of the second "cornerstone" of the new Sorbonne. The first one had been placed during the Second Empire, several years before, when M. Fortoul was Minister of Public instruction. Then they celebrated the event in the language of Demosthenes and Cicero, and a brilliant future was predicted for the edifice which they were about to add to the one erected in the days of Richelieu. But the trowel had hardly got to work when the sceptre of majesty fell from Louis Napoleon's hand and a republic was proclaimed. It was not until three Presidents had been chosen by the people's representatives that this second stone was laid, and this time it was French not Latin that was spoken by those who were responsible for the eloquence of the occasion.

"Thence to the Sorbonne. The library very large: not in lattices, like the King's. Marbone and Durani: collection fourteen vols. The Prior and Librarian dined with us. Their garden pretty, with covered walks, but small. The Doctors of the Sorbonne are all equal: choose those who succeed to vacancies: Profit little. . . . 'Maître-ès-Arts,' 2y.; 'Licentiate,' 2y.; 'Bacc. Theol., 3y.; for the Doctorate, three disputations, Doctor, Major, Minor, Sorbonica. Several colleges suppressed and transferred to that which was the Jesuit's College." Such are the meagre and fragmentary notices found among the manuscripts of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and relating to the famous place of University education to which we were bidden eighteen years ago, and when M. Jules Ferry was Minister of Public Instruction and orator of the day. Dr. Johnson condescends to indulge in a little more detail when he tells us how he dined with the Benedictines, off herb soup, herrings, eels—both with sauce—and "lentils, tasteless in themselves;" but at the time of his visit to the French capital the great lexicographer was aged and sick and wearied, and he had no more to say about France than his fellow hypochondriac, Smollet,

had to say about Italy. Had it been otherwise what a noble theme for the Johnsonian pen might have been found in an establishment the decision of whose Faculty of Theology had in days gone by, almost Pontifical authority in the Gallican church!

It may be stated just here that the Paris Sorbonne is not at all like Oxford or Cambridge, although the contrary of this assertion is sometimes declared by English and American writers. The first named is the Alma Mater of many students belonging to a grade rarely to be found at England's great historic Universities. It is a teaching as well as an examining body, its lectures are public and gratuitous, including a faculty of secondary instruction for girls, founded in 1867, and the fees payable on admission to a doctor's degree do not amount to more than sixteen dollars. It has a Faculty of Theology, which, since 1854, has been followed with tolerable assiduity; but the vast majority of the French clergy pass from the Petit to the Grand Seminaire, and thence directly to the priesthood, without thinking of graduating at the Sorbonne, which at the present moment is the reverse either of a clerical or an aristocratic institution. The existing attitude of the old

French nobility toward the Republic is one of persistent opposition, and the sons of the greatest families in France are being educated either at home by clerical tutors or in Jesuit Colleges. On the other hand the great Lycees of Charlemagne and Louis le Grand, and the colleges both of the State and the municipality overflow with the children of the intelligent middle classes, who, when they have passed through the higher grades of the local schools, must go to the Sorbonne to pass their examinations for the degrees of the "Baccalaureat" or "Doctorat en Droit."

It would be untrue to say we heard no Latin at all spoken at the ceremony of 1885, for the traditional congratulatory speech was delivered in that classic tongue, but that was its last time. French scholars are, as a rule, excellent Latinists so far as fluency and accuracy of prose writing go, although in poetics they shine neither as writers nor as critics; and it was at first blush not easy to understand why on a momentous public occasion, and in the hall of an ancient Academy, the speech of old Rome was for the future to be banished from an academic celebration.

The University of Paris did not, of course,

intend to discontinue the teaching of Latin or to withold rewards for proficiency, in that learned language, but the simple truth was that the officials of the period had arrived at the conclusion that the Sorbonne had labored quite long enough under the imputation of excessive pedantry and scholastic long-windedness. Rabelais had laughed the "Doctores Sordonicae" to scorn nearly three centuries before; Molière's ridicule, although more oblique, was scarcely less scathing; and in our own times, not a year had passed without the Latin orations of the Sorbonne being derided and parodied by the incorrigible *persifleurs* of the Parisian press. It is, however, worthy of remark that the Professor of Rhetoric who delivered the customary harangue that afternoon seemed to have made up his mind that if there were to be no more Latin speeches at the Sorbonne the last should at all events be a good one; and he delivered a telling and eloquent dissertation on the theme, "In what the Republic should be Eminent and Excel," in which he, with much dexterity, eulogised a Republican form of government, alluded to the recent distribution of flags to the army, and wound up by fervently exhorting the youth of France to

work for her happiness and prosperity. Thus, amid enthusiastic applause, the curtain fell on a very clever exercitation, and with the utmost propriety the orator might have said to his audience, "Pladite—et valete," for they were to hear no more of that kind of thing at the Sorbonne.

Monsieur Jules Ferry's speech was in French, and it was a masterful exposition of what the Government of the Republic intended to do in the future for the youth of France. A system of thorough innovation and reform was thenceforth to be adopted in the different stages on school and University education. The study of the dead languages was to receive a fresh impetus on a totally new basis. Instead of boys living ten years by the side of antiquity without understanding it, they would learn to read Latin instead of writing it, and the ground lost by grammar would be won by the love of letters. Scholars in the elementary classes would receive instruction in a much more attractive form than that which had hitherto been imparted. French and other modern languages, object lessons, mental arithmetic, and the elements of science would take up a portion of the time hitherto devoted by younger pupils to the

study of the classics; and the University of France, instead of being, as theretofore, watched and disparaged by its rivals, ruled by its traducers, and half-heartedly defended by the State, would possess, under the remodelled Supreme Council, a dignity and independence which no order of government, save a Republican one, could give. This was the sum and substance of the promise made that afternoon by the French government, and in my opinion, the Republic has nobly kept its word in all things pertaining to public instruction. It did not completely succeed in this immediately, and it has taken years of hard work to make the change and to make the progress; but it has been done, as will be shown further along in this work.

As for the Sorbonne it is at present almost exclusively what the French call, "Une pepinière de Professeurs," or nursery for professors. In other days it was, as has been already stated, a theological *caeniaculum*, and its classes constituted a sort of permanent council. To-day it has its Doctors also—liacal Doctors for the Faculties of letters and sciences, Ecclesiastical Doctors for that of theology; but the doctrines which these profess are varied. However, the

instruction taught by all its Faculties in recent years has gained in force and seriousness; and each year sees a new lot of young Professors leaving the Sorbonne to go and take their places in the Lycees and Colleges of France to give the children of the Republic that healthy, wholesome knowledge which will enable them to march victoriously along the road of progress opened for them and for the whole world by their forebears.

The College of France was founded in 1530 by François I, as an institution outside of the University, and perhaps against it, in view of the gratuitous superior instruction which it was to give. The idea was that of Guillaume Budé and of Jean de Bellay, in favour of whom the chairs of Greek and Hebrew were founded. Soon a third chair was created for Latin, and hence the name, "College des Trois Langues," which the institution has always borne. Little by little the sciences were added to belles lettres, so that by 1545 there were eleven chairs occupied by Professors, that is to say, seven charged with Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, two with mathematics, and one each for medicine and philosophy. Doctor Vidus Vicius, the King's physician, occupied the chair of medicine.

Under succeeding kings the College of France continued its growth and excellence. Charles IX introduced surgery; Henri III, Arabic; Henri IV, Botany and Astronomy; under Louis XIII, instruction in law was introduced and the name of the institution became Collège Royal. Nothing of great importance occurred after that until in the reign of Louis XV, when the chair of French Literature was founded, its first occupant being Jean Louis Aubert, the fabulist.

It was called Collège National during the Revolution, and Collège Imperial during the Empire, when Napoleon I created a chair for the Turkish language and history. The Restoration showed less respect for its Professors than had the Convention, as the latter increased their pay, while the former not only reduced it again but dismissed many teachers from their chairs, and they were out until after the Revolution of July. Meanwhile two new chairs, Sanscrit and Chinese, had been founded. Finally it was called the Collège de France, the name it now bears. In its origin it had no special *local*, and its classes were conducted in the different colleges of the University; but in 1611 a house was built for it,

this was reconstructed in 1774, in 1831 the Institution was sensibly enlarged by order of Louis Philippe, and it then had twenty-two professors.

It is now a grand institution of learning, counting no fewer than forty-one or forty-two chairs. Modern French language and literature, the French language and literature of the Mediaeval Ages, ancient and modern history, Greek language and literature, Latin eloquence and Latin poesy, Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syrian, Arabic, Persian, and Turkish languages, the Sanscrit, Chinese, Tartar, Mandchoues, and Sclav literatures, the languages and literature of modern Europe, Greek and Latin philosophy, history and morals, natural laws and human rights, legislative histories, political economy, archaeology, mathematics, astronomy, mathematical and general physics, experimental and general physics, medicine, chemistry, natural history of organic and inorganic bodies, comparative embryology, etc., are all taught now in public classes, and which, with the lectures, are quite free to everybody. It does not depend in the slightest on the University, but is under the direction of the Minister of Public Instruction.

The late Ernest Renan was *administrateur* of the College of France during many years, and was occupying that high position when death removed him from this world. Then Professor Boissier was appointed Administrator of the College of France, and, if I mistake not, is still at the head of it.

The young men who attend its classes take thence large ideas independent of prejudices and free from narrowness. In a word, the College of France is an institution of human knowledge, but so large has it grown, so many the buildings which it now uses, so great the aid rendered by it in every direction, that it may be said of it, it is no longer a palace supported by a king, it is an Educational Town maintained wholly by the French Republic, and where everything is free to all the world. Unlike at the Sorbonne, where it is almost impossible to obtain permission to be present at any of the lectures, any one may profit by the large and intelligent instruction given at the Collège de France.

These two great establishments: the University with its auxiliaries,—the Faculty of Protestant theology, Faculty of Medicine, Faculty of Law, and Superior School of Phar-

macy—and the College of France with its auxiliaries—the Bureau of Longitudes, the Observatory, the Museum of Natural History, the Meteorological Bureau—these two, together with the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, the Conservatoire National de Musique et de Declamation, the École Centrale of Arts and Manufactures, the Beaux Arts, the National School of Decorative Arts, the French Academy at Rome, the National School of Chartes, the Superior Normal School, the National School of Roads and Bridges, the Superior School of Mines, the Special School of Architecture, the National Manufactory of Porcelains, the National Manufactury of the Gobelins, the National Manufactory of Mosaics, seventeen or eighteen Lycées, half a dozen Municipal Colleges, with some fourteen or fifteen Municipal Schools in Paris, where industrial and commercial problems, the application of the fine arts to industry, the preparation of girls for clerical work, or what not else that is useful and practical in daily life are being taught by competent men and women,—form the free system of education that is encouraged by the French Republic and its great capital; and over all is the Minister of Public Instruction, who is also Rector of the University.

PART TWO.

"Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?"

LORD BYRON.

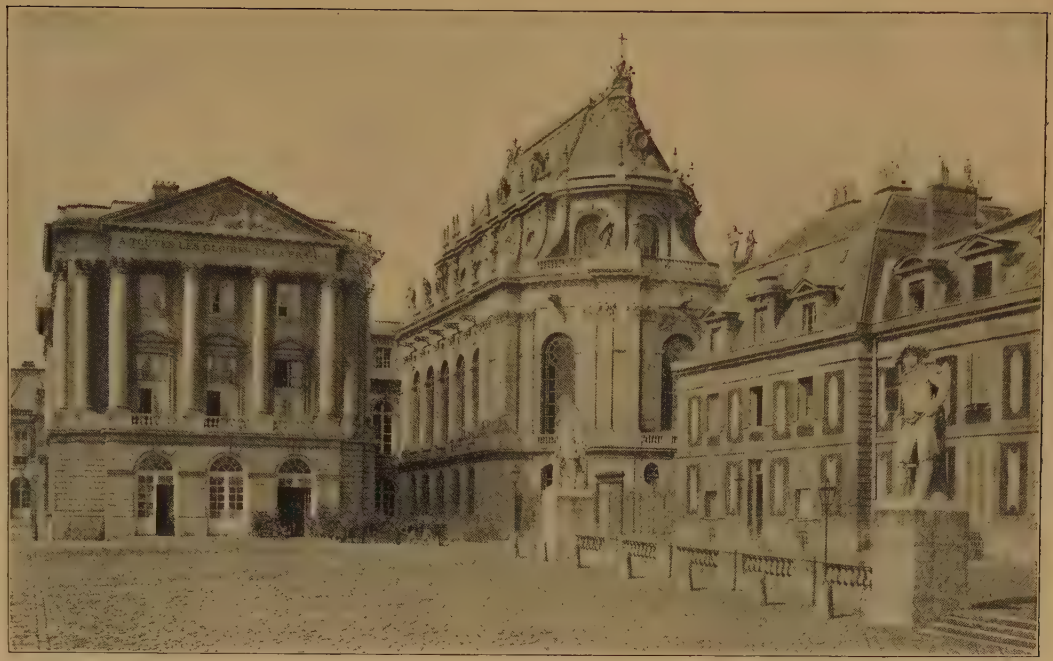
CHAPTER XI.

Le Grand Siècle—Why Louis XIV created Versailles—Its immense Château and magnificent gardens—The large courtyard and its monuments—An astonishing edifice which housed five thousand persons—The park, terrace, and fountains—Millions of money expended and thousands of lives sacrificed — His Majesty's vegetable grounds and orangery—Incidents of historical interest—The Château of Vincennes—Its notorious Donjon—Magnificent panorama of town and country.

With the coming on to the stage of that majestic figure in history known as Louis XIV begins what is sometimes called "Le Grand Siecle." In other words, and inasmuch as that monarch reigned for more than seventy years, the period has been designated as the century of the "Roi Soleil." No one will deny that it was a century of almost eternal festivals and of magnificence, all gold on one side of the shield, perhaps, but on the other one single word, *bankruptcy.*

Montesquieu, who knew Louis XIV, said of him: "Il a l'air d'un grand Roi," and yet

that great King was a very ignorant man who barely knew how to read and write. But he knew how to bring on wars, how to prolong the crimes of Saint Bartholomew, how to drive half a million of French people from their native land. In that almost unknown country called Thibet a man is god before whom millions on millions of adorers prostrate themselves as true believers in his quasi-divinity. In France, during the latter part of the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth century, there was a man who also believed in the quasi-divinity of one man, none other than himself, however, that is to say, Louis XIV. He believed that his birth was a miracle, that he was a gift of God to mortals here below, therefore he was called *Dieudonné* (*Dieu*, God; *donné*, give,) Louis Dieu donné. He pretended to believe that a spirit of God had descended on him and inspired him. "Je suis le lieutenant de Dieu," he once exclaimed. For his emblem he took the sun (*soleil*) and he adopted a device—*Nec Pluribus Impar*—which signified that he was quite enough for several worlds. Those who worshipped Louis XIV represented him as Apollo, the god of beauty, and he was immensely pleased by this. They



CHÂTEAU AND CHAPEL AT VERSAILLES.

represented him as Mars, the god of war, as Jupiter even, and he whispered to himself his personal satisfaction.

Meanwhile, and at first, the capital laughed at these Royal pretensions, but it was soon punished for its impertinence; for "Louis le Grand" detested his *bon ville de Paris* with all his kingly heart, and so hating her he created Versailles. Again, and this time for nearly a century, the Louvre was abandoned as a royal palace, the unfinished work on it was neglected, and the Tuileries was empty; but an immense Château, with splendid gardens, large fountains, marvellous and ingenious retreats, a whole city were created to take their place. And it is because Versailles is so close to Paris, is really one of the splendours, or side-shows, so to speak, of the capital, that we may be permitted to speak of that famous town and its almost ruined masterpieces of embellishment in this work.

The château and the city of Versailles are synonymous, and the place was long since dubbed the French Thebes. It is a town of almost deserted avenues, where every thoroughfare seems to converge toward the sometime residence of the "Roi Soleil," where nothing

existed once upon a time except for him, where houses and hôtels were only so many furnished apartments secondary to the majesty of his throne-room, and which is now little more than a soldiers' barracks or drill ground. There may be other towns in Europe more ancient than Versailles, but there are few, if any, so historical.

During our own generation a mighty Empire (the German) and a great Republic (the French) have sprung into existence within the walls of its château.

It was at Versailles that the French Revolution first showed its audacity. It was there that Marie Antoinette and the Du Barry woman held their heedless courts. It was there that the putrid Louis XV died; but, and above all else, it was there that the Absolute Monarchy of the "Sun King" had its origin and attained to its fullest development. In spite, however, of all the transformations, and these are many, which Versailles has undergone—from the feudal castle that became the favourite hunting box of Louis the Just to the Congress hall where Monsieur Loubet was chosen seventh President of the French Republic a few years back—it is still the château which was the

first conception and temporary realisation of the famous declaration, "l'etat c'est moi," that has remained to us.

There are two railway lines and a well kept national road leading from Paris to Versailles and the distance either way is only a few miles. The town is a dreary, wormeaten place, dotted with cheap cafés, where civilians in blouses mix with artillerymen in uniform, as they drink, smoke, and gossip together over politics and *la patrie.* There is some difference between the outer appearance of the soldiers and that of the *proletaire,* but there is none whatever in their intelligences, or in their voices, which are nearly always musical. Both classes, working men and military men, live peacefully together in a quiet town that is full of phantoms. There is a wide, open square to which all the main avenues lead, and whereon there are several gloomy barracks which house future food for gunpowder in the shape of sturdy conscripts. There is a tall fence of stout iron bars, round and close together, with spike-like points richly gilded, and a wide iron-barred gate topped by the same sham gold, and beyond this stout barrier profiles the old Chateau. We enter through this *porte* and cross a large

courtyard girded by pompous statues of more than heroic size, all looking toward the grandly plumed image of Louis XIV on horseback. There, on a pedestal green-stained by the dropping of rain on the bronze, and surrounded by his lieutenants, Prince Condé and Prince Turenne, by Molière and Corneille, by Bossuet and Madame Maintenon, the "Roi Soleil" holds his court undisturbed in the face of turbulent generations who now wander as they please about his old residence. His metallic glance contemplates forever a town that was the capital of his pride and glory, but is now only a listless country town.

Beyond the equestrian monument stands an astonishing edifice called the Château! What a mass of ambitions—obstinately pursued, reached after much effort, at enormous cost, and consecrated almost wholly to the vanity of one man,—does it not recall to us. It is now in a bad way, but it would be much worse if it were not constantly under repair. One after the other the old royal or imperial residences of France are tumbling into ruins, and it will not be many years before Fontainebleau, Compiègne, Rambouillet, and Blois will be as desolate as Loches, Chinon, and Malmaison. This is not the fault

of the Republic, for each century has a natural tendency to throw to the four winds the dust of all its tombs and temples; yet on the whole there is a tormenting and unceasing desire on our part to seek for and to find long lost and neglected things. One may ignore vain sentimentality, but to wipe off the earth all the great vestiges of the past is more than impious, it is illogical. Our epoch, embarrassed by traditions, and aching with researches, cannot possibly exit from the chaotic mass except by analysis, and this is why the work of erudites and historians among caves and ruins and ancient inscriptions is so useful to mankind. That immense archaeology wherein nothing dies is the oracle of modern thought, for it is history that presides over all engenderings whether one knows or whether one ignores.

The Château of Versailles does not belong to any architectural order, and is the last production of a degenerate Renaissance that had outlived itself. It is true the enormous, wide-spreading front on the garden side that is now so fatiguing to the eye, was formerly broken by trophies and vases which crowned the balustrade of the roof line; and we must also remember that it was to have been topped with a higher

roof, but these were at best only experiments, and they became defects rather than ornaments.

It is now and always has been an astonishing edifice, a palace house deeply marked in all its parts by the absorbing personality of a monarch before whom the haughty Republic of Venice humiliated itself, and of whom kingdoms begged that he would send sovereigns to rule over them. That monarch, in whom was despotically incarnated the majesties and vanities of his century, built this Château so well that it is still his souvenir, and yet there is really very little of his own residence in existence at the present time. Indeed there only remains the "grands appartements du Roi," the "Galerie des Glaces" and its two salons, some rooms belonging to the "grands appartements de la Reine," the Chapel, with here and there some portions of the decoration of rooms that underwent alteration or renovation during the reign of Louis XV, to meet the constantly increasing necessities of the Royal family, or that were arranged into "superior apartments" for the separate accommodation of certain "petites maitresses," among whom may be mentioned Madame Du Barry, Madame de Mailly, Madame

SLEEPING ROOM OF LOUIS XIV AT VERSAILLES.

de Chateauroux, La Pompadour, and other "reines de la main gauche" who have lived in the old Château.

But if there have been many and important changes in the edifice, not so of the park and gardens in which it stands. When strolling on the terrace at the rear of the Château on the days of the "grand eaux," that is to say, when all the fountains play; then, and surrounded by a crowd of globe trotters or of native sightseers, one often overhears speeches, doubtless learned in books and magazines, such as:—"Yes, it is very beautiful, but it is a very solemn style." "Look at it well, it is only geometry." "Certainly there is sculpture and architecture, but made especially with a view to the trees and verdure." "Walls and pyramids of foliage—really that is anything but natural." "I think it is very stiff and ungraceful," and so on. Still the picture from that terrace has to the writer always had a remarkably fine effect, and he has gazed on it very often. It is a scene which extends over forest, wooded slopes, a distant horizon fronted by lakes which reflect the sky in their clear waters, innumerable marble statues, and masses of trees which seem to be the falling of heavy

and colossal foliations. It must be acknowledged, however, that from its earliest days this Versailles park has had its detractors. St. Simon declared it the "saddest, the most ungrateful of places," but his words were unjust, as he doubtless intended them to be.

Louis XIV was not a Princely Monarch who did overmuch for the good of mankind, but he was a sovereign, who "directed" well, and after grumbling over the Louvre and the Tuileries, he determined one day to build himself, a new abiding-place. And that the miracle should be all the more complete, in order that it should be well proven that Nature as well as man obeyed his caprices, the imperious Cæsar chose a sterile spot in the environs of Paris, precisely where the sumptuous monument that he desired would have to overcome the greatest difficulties and would cost the most.

Versailles was then only a small village, hardly that even, but Louis XIV declared that his new home should be a structure larger than the Louvre and the Tuileries together, that the surrounding forest should be a great park, and that the small settlement which had sprung up about an old hunting-box should now become a royal city. His will and wishes

were accomplished, but at what a price! In 1661 Architect Levau began buildings which at his death were continued by Mansard. Meanwhile Le Notre, who had been given *carte-blanche*, designed the garden, although twenty odd years elapsed before the whole plan was terminated. The total amount expended in the creation of the Château and its park reached the enormous sum of one hundred and sixteen million livres, which is equivalent to at least thirty million dollars in our time. Add to this sum the prodigious mortality among the workmen—the dead were removed by cart-loads every night—and the cost of water. For the most extravagant part of the whole plan was the supplementary one for an aqueduct intended to bring the flow of the River Eure to the plateau of Versailles. Large sums of money and thousands of lives were lost in the attempt to construct this conduit, which, though it still exists in a ruined condition, was never completed.

On the sixteenth of May, 1682, Louis XIV fixed his residence at Versailles—according to the journal of Dangean thirty-six thousand men were still at work on the buildings and grounds—and it became the seat of his Gov-

ernment. Until then the nobles had for most part resided in their respective provinces or on their estates; but the king wanted to reduce the entire *noblesse* of France to the position of courtiers and lickspittles. He would not admit that a man whose birth gave him the right to approach the throne should absent himself from court, and as he compelled their attendance he had to provide them lodgings within his own Château. Hence the innumerable bed-closets—they were little more than closets most of them—which were arranged in the palace; and hence also the numerous offices that had to be created in order to enable these courtiers to meet the expenses entailed on them by an idle life. There was hardly a noble family in France but which depended on the sovereign's generosity. Thus it was that, either from the instinctive policy of despotism, or from the necessary development of existing institutions; or from the caprices of a prince who took pleasure in building; or, as is probable, from a combination of all these causes,—the government of France changed little by little until its original character had entirely disappeared. By abandoning the country for the Court, the nobles became separated from the rest of the nation;

and by consenting to live in this dependence they abdicated all sentiment of personal dignity and self-respect.

It is in this view of the social and political change which France underwent during the reign of Louis XIV that Versailles may be regarded as the monument of the transformation of the feudal monarchy of France into a monarchy fashioned after the oriental type of the personal absolutism of the King himself. And how were all these courtiers lodged? For that matter let us first see about the sovereign, who, according to Saint Simon, was poorly roomed. In those days comfort was unknown, architecture devoting all its attention to outward appearance, to display and to magnificence. Gilded salons, galleries, and grand stairways of marble were piled on top of each other without any general plan or arrangement. The King could only go to the apartments of the Queen by passing through a public antechamber known as the *Œil-de-Bœuf*,[1] which was always full of people, or else by making a long detour through the rear portion of the Château. Later on the *passage du Roi* was constructed, and to

[1] Some translate this term *œil-de-bœuf* into "bull's eye."

do this, a way had to be opened through a series of dark closets out of which courtiers and their wives were turned *sans cerémonie.* And how about Madame de Maintenon—in 1684 the King married the "Widow Scarron" —the morganatic queen? Her apartments had a small addition situated between the *Salle des Gardes* and the anteroom to her part of the house, in which there was a narrow alcove without light and with but little air where her bed stood. All the fireplaces were enormous, but as Madame de Maintenon was subject to rheumatism and suffered greatly from the cold, she used to sit in an armchair that resembled a sentry-box in order to protect herself from the draughts of her own rooms. If such was the way in which Master and Mistress were lodged, one may well wonder what their guests had to put up with. The Château alone contained about five thousand persons, and there were quite as many more in its various dependencies. The attics of the edifice, where we see to-day an extensive gallery of historical portraits, was divided and subdivided into a multitude of narrow cells which housed the highest and most powerful personages of the kingdom; indeed, the Château at Versailles was not only a town in the number

of its inhabitants, but also in the character and occupation of those people; for the need of servants and persons of every trade was rendered necessary by the presence of so many families. Shopkeepers sold their wares on all the stairs; beggars were scattered all over the Château; everybody could wander about the place at will, and not infrequently visitors were lost in its maze of corridors. It need hardly be added that the Château was as unclean as it was overcrowded, and that there was but little privacy anywhere.

Everything was magnificent in and about this rural masterpiece which had been created for the king and court, and everything was on a royal scale; but everything was horribly monotonous, for all was etiquette and methodic order, and gambling was the only real indoor amusement. The whole end of his reign closely resembled a lenten season following the carnival; and the court already seemed to be wearing mourning for a monarchy which was in reality carried to its tomb with the end of the succeeding reign. Sad was the old age of *le grand roi*, and then in 1715 he disappeared, leaving the throne to a great grandson, a child of five years.

With Louis XV began the *decadence* of Versailles, and the tumbling into ruins of the splendid Château. The palace was no longer adapted to the new manners of the day and to the desire for the comforts of life which had been introduced into France. It remained the official residence, but the young King liked it not; the etiquette of Court life became relaxed while the Court morals were much less vigorous than its etiquette. Unlike those of his predecessor, the irregularities of Louis XV were glaring vices. There were mistresses and *petites maitresses*.—Madame la Pompadour made way for Madame Du Barry, who cost the nation forty million *livres* in five years. The Château was given up to shameful amusements, and the town revelled in daily orgies. The Bourbon who on his accession to the crown had been named by his people *le bien aimé*—the well-beloved—died as hated and detested a monarch as ever sat on any throne.

The Court at Versailles again became brilliant while Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were there; and it also became respectable under the influence of the only Bourbon who had ever possessed domestic virtues. But the story of the events which took place at the Château

during his reign, and of those which inaugurated the Revolution, need not be repeated. With the removal of the King and Queen to Paris, Versailles was abandoned, and it has never since been a place of royal residence. Louis Philippe determined on restoring and repairing the Château, and he converted most of it into a museum for pictures and into showrooms. It is true the Château suffered greatly while undergoing these alterations and reconstructions; but if the work had not been done, the establishment would have been in complete ruins long ago.

As for the park, it has been more fortunate than the Château, being even now practically the same that it was when completed by Le Notre. If we place ourselves on the broad steps at the rear of the Château, between the two large water basins on the *parterre*, we see before us a most magnificent perspective. The slopes are bordered with yew trees and with stone steps descending to the central green; then comes the royal alley, with its long and lovely *tapis vert;* further off is the Bassin d'Apollon; then, as far as we can see, stretches the grand canal whereon gondolas and aquatic fowl sported during the reign of the Sun King.

In the hemicycle formed by hedges which entirely hide the walls of the slopes and of the stairways, is the Bassin de Latone.[1] Here Sculptor Marsy represented the mother of Apollo and of Diana when, pursued by the hatred of Juno, she sees herself exposed to the insults of Lycian peasants, whom the fury of Jupiter metamorphoses into frogs. The sub-basements of the basin are of party-coloured marble, as is the pedestal of the group of Latone and her two children, the group itself being in white marble. The peasants, the frogs and creatures—half men, half batrachians—that surround the goddess form seventy-four figures made of bronze lead, each of which throws forth a jet of water. Let us pass on, without stopping at the Bassin des Lézards which ornaments the two compartments of the central *parterre*, straight to the Bassin d'Apollon, which matches that of the Latone. This basin is three hundred and sixty feet in length by two hundred and seventy feet in width, and its form is really elegant. Between two perpendicular wheat-sheafs that spring from a sheet of water and

[1] Spelled in this way, bassin is the French word for basin; Bassin de Latone means therefore the basin of Latone; that is to say, the Latone fountain.

rise to a height of forty-seven feet, we perceive, in the midst of a thick jet of water fifty-seven feet in height which envelops him, the God of Day holding the reins of his chariot horses and coming out of the waves to begin his daily course. The horses, although half immersed, are clearly distinguished, while dolphins and tritons accompany Phœbus to the limits of the humid kingdom. All these figures are of lead, but this Apollo must not be confounded with one at his morning toilet, which we shall find, before quitting the dwelling of Thétis to spring into the Empyreum. There is a whole course of mythological studies to make when crossing the woods and pieces of water at Versailles, for no god of distinction seems lacking; and yet the true Master of this Olympia, he who with a frown made mortals tremble, sat in the Château on a throne of velvet with golden figures, and under a dais covered with *fleurs de lys.*

Neptune was long absent from the immense basin or amphitheatre that was consecrated to his name, and which is, beyond all doubt, the finest fountain piece in the entire park. The principal group, placed, not in the middle of the water, but, against a wall at the end most

elevated, represents the God of the Sea and his wife, Amphitrite, seated in an immense shell. Neptune, armed with his trident, has on his head the remains of a monster from whose mouth comes a sheet of water, while on his right a triton is mounted on a sea-horse. Amphitrite has a triton and a seal near her, a naiad presents her the treasures of the ocean; while on the right of this august couple sport animals confided to the care of Proteus, faithful servitor to the Ocean God. On the left old Ocean leans carelessly on a gigantic unicorn; while the attributes surrounding him are—an urn, a forest of reeds, and two fantastic fish. The table which surmounts the superior part of the basin is ornamented with twenty-two leaden vases of admirable workmanship. The border of the lower extremity, at its two angles, offers figures of dolphins mounted by cupids. We reach this Bassin de Neptune from the upper or Northern *parterre*, by the Water alley (*Allée d'eau*), called also Allée des Marmousets, because it is ornamented with a double row of seven small marble basins, in the midst of which are groups of children supporting cups of marble, although the children are of bronze. Eight other groups border the half moon that

overlooks the Bassin de Neptune, and surround a piece called "du Dragon," which dragon is the famous serpent Python that Apollo pierced with arrows. It also throws out an enormous jet of water, as indeed do all the other monsters, gods, and children in the garden of Versailles when the fountains play.

Coming back by the "Alley of the Little Boys" to the grand terrace, we stop a moment to consider the decoration of the two basins to the North and South which were left behind us a while ago. The first is of especially charming effect. The Rivers Garonne and Dordogne, the nymphs, the groups of children and figures, are quite suitable in a field where Art dominates Nature everywhere. In the other basin the figures of the Rivers Loire, Loiret, Saone, and Rhone, together with groups of nymphs and children, form an ensemble full of harmony.

At the Southern extremity of the terrace, two magnificent flights of marble stairs, of one hundred and three steps each, descend to the *parterre* of an Orangery that is divided into three galleries. One of these, the central, is five hundred and four feet long, forty feet wide, and forty in height; the two lateral galleries

are each three hundred and fifty feet in length, including the extremities, which are lower under the stairways. Exteriorly, this edifice owes its beauty to the fortunate effect of the balustrade that crowns it and the marble stairways already mentioned. The Orangery was terminated in 1686; to it the finest orange trees at Fontainebleau were brought, and in it delicious fruit is grown.

It would hardly do to pass in review all the groves, basins, and statuary, and flower beds distributed to the right and left of what is known as the "*tapis-vert*," and which is a splendid stretch of the most perfectly kept lawn possible to be imagined, but they are all beautiful and very expensive.

There are, however, two remarkable things which must be mentioned, the grand canal, and the Swiss piece of water, (*piece d'eau des Suisses*), and for this we need not quit the small park. By following the Royal alley to its end, and by going around the Apollo fountain, we will have before us a great basin of five hundred feet in diameter, which forms the head of the canal. This canal is more than five thousand feet long, and is terminated by a second basin which is seven hundred feet

across. Of the two secondary branches, which start for a third basin situated towards the middle, the one on the left ended in a menagerie that was suppressed in 1793; while the one on the right runs northward to the site of the ancient village of Trianon, where the little Château of that name now stands. In the time of Louis XIV, a fleet of gondolas and a group of gondoliers, all brought from Venice, were seen on this canal, to which the King, the Dauphin and the Princesses often went to take a ride; while nowadays the night fetes at Versailles usually end with a display of fireworks.

The Swiss piece, so called because a regiment of the Swiss guards were employed in digging it, is situated at the entrance of the grand park before the *parterre* of the Orangery. Nautical plays and jousts were given there in those other days, for then the sheet of water was fifteen hundred feet long by five hundred wide; but the stone border with which it was formerly surrounded has fallen into ruin, and there is no longer any real basin, only a sort of pond with muddy banks. The ground taken away to hollow out this "*piece d'eau des Suisses*" served to fill up a deep pond, where

Mansard established the vegetable garden of his majesty. This garden still exists, and its management has in all times been confided to skilled managers. It is now a National School of Horticulture, where excellent vegetables are cultivated, the greater part of which are consumed on the tables of cabinet officers and on that of the President.

What contributed especially to make Versailles a ruinous masterpiece was not, however, the buildings, or the park, or the fountains; it was not the statues, or the Orangery; it was not the paintings, or the extravagance of those within the Château; it was that which it would seem at first sight ought to have cost next to nothing,—the water. Not the water which was actually brought to the place, but that which they vainly and madly tried to bring to it. It is true that—after thousands on thousands of soldiers, working as labourers, had been decimated by pernicious fevers, and hundreds of millions of francs had been squandered—they did succeed in getting water there; not nearly so much as was desired, but sufficient to fill the basins and to have the cascades and the fountains play on gala days, and which, considering the multitude of the pieces,

was more than might have been reasonably expected.[1]

It appears that Louis XIV was hardly installed at Versailles when he began to fear the fatigue and weariness of the life of pomp it would be necessary for him to lead in this Olympia of marble, jasper, gold, and verdure; and so, wishing to have near the Château and its gardens a house and park where he could pass a day or two with his family and a few favourites, simply as a grand lord, whenever he desired to do so, he bought the fiefs and farms of the little village of Trianon from the monks of Sainte Geneviève, and then, at the extremity of one of the arms of the grand canal a "Palace of Flora" was erected for gallant purposes. First it was a house built of porcelain and was used for picnics; afterwards it was enlarged and made a sleeping-place; and, finally, it became a small chateau of marble and poryphry. This last pavilion was regarded by every one as an enchantment, but the King's fancy for it only lasted a few years. The house of marble and poryphry was torn down, and in its place

[1] These fountains usually play once every month during summer, and it costs the State about eight thousand dollars for their water alone, each day.

was erected the building now known as the Grand Trianon. After the year 1699, Louis XIV ceased to sleep at the Grand Trianon, and soon the place was wholly deserted.

Louis XV liked his ease. Pleasure was the greatest affair of his life, and as pleasure, especially as he understood it, did not accommodate itself to etiquette and ceremonial, he required, besides the several palaces which he had inherited, that houses where he could live in debauchery should be built.

Louis XIV had the first Trianon erected, diminutive of Versailles; Louis XV built the second Trianon, diminutive of the other, and this is the one which Louis XVI gave over to Queen Marie Antoinette. The garden was then entirely replanted, in accordance with the existing romantic and pastoral taste, and a hamlet with dairy, a chapel, and a curate's house were built on the banks of a pond and shallow stream. Her Majesty was very fond of her imitation farm, and often went there with her favourite lords and ladies, to exchange the pomp of Court for the innocent and childish play of field pursuits. The pleasure of wandering over the buildings of the hamlet, of milking cows, of fishing in the pond, enchanted "the Aus-

trian"; and on the stage of her small theatre at Trianon she played the *rôle* of Colette in the "Devin de Village," and that of Rosine in the "Barbier de Seville."

To-day the Petit Trianon could be made one of the most charming gardens in the neighbourhood of Paris, and yet it is a sadly neglected spot. Then, it was elegant, its vegetation was rich and vigorous; now, the waters are stagnant, troubled, and overcharged with cryptogamic vegetations which render their aspect disagreeable; while the walls are tumbling down, and the shrubbery in its garden grows wilder every year,—it is no longer a pleasure ground.

Another old residence of French kings stands at Vincennes, and as it, too, belongs in a way to Paris, it must be briefly described in these pages. The road out by carriage, is past the spot where the Bastille stood, past the Place du Trône, and so on to the Donjon of Vincennes, a colossal square castle, towering up an immense height, and over which centuries of wars and revolutions have swept without changing much of its mediaeval character.

Etymologists have wasted ink and paper and a great deal of their time in discussing the deri-

vation of the name of this town and château; but their discussions have not led to our knowing anything definite on the subject. Some get the name from two Latin words, *vita sana*—meaning a healthy life. Others say it was so-called because separated from the old Gallo-Roman city of Lutetia by a distance of *vigenti stadia*. As far back as the year 847 it was called Villecennde in a Royal patent, as it was again in a bull signed by Pope Benoit VII, in 980; while in a Royal charter of Henri II, of the year 1037, the same name was given to it.

The forest stretches away from near the fortifications of Paris, and, following the right bank of the River Seine, covers nearly the whole of the peninsula formed by the junction of the rivers Marne and Seine, and extends along the former river and around to the town after which it is named, forming an almost regular square, out of one side of which is taken the space occupied by the town, castle, and drill-ground.

Commenced by Philip of Valois in 1337, and completed by Charles le Sage, this castle, the only royal manor then outside the capital, occupies the site of a royal country palace—where Philippe Augustus went to hunt the deer and wild boars which filled the forest—placed there

originally by Clovis, after he had driven out the Pagan priests. When completed, it was a powerful citadel composed of a central or donjon tower, surrounded by eight flanking towers, united by heavy walls, and encircled with a wide moat.

Of this citadel the donjon tower alone is now standing; the rest have all vanished amidst the wars that have ebbed and flowed around it, and have been replaced by various other structures belonging to different and widely separated epochs. It is still a stout old fortress, enclosed by strong walls and a wide moat, defended by cannon, and comprising within its limits an arsenal, barracks, hospitals, a cannon foundry, a manufactory of small arms, repairing shops, a chapel, prisons, and large storehouses, containing the complete equipments for an army of sixty thousand men constantly kept ready for use, to say nothing of a garrison of some ten thousand soldiers.

We enter over a drawbridge thrown across a moat to the gate, and soon find ourselves in a large courtyard, with the façade in front of us of what was once the royal apartments. These were built by Louis XIII and Louis XIV; while the chapel to our left was commenced

back in the fourteenth century, when Charles V lived there.

It was in the old chapel, pulled down to make room for the present one, that the "Crown of Thorns," brought from the Holy Land was deposited over night on its arrival. Next morning Louis IX carried it to the capital, walking barefoot the entire distance. The present chapel is a Gothic structure, with delicate lace-like stone carvings, rose windows, and ogives. Architecturally speaking it is a noble piece of work, but the interior is devoid of ornamentation and shows numerous traces of having been sacked frequently.

On the same side of the courtyard is the armoury, and a small tower, while the frowning donjon tower looms up at the right of the courtyard. It is one hundred and seventy-four feet high, its ten-feet-thick walls have stood the wars of many centuries, and it is that part of the Château of Vincennes which most fascinates visitors. There is another drawbridge to cross before we reach the threshold of the Donjon, and many brave and unfortunate men have done so before us, with spirits subdued by oppression and hearts broken by injustice and tyranny.

Much of that chivalrous spirit which capti-

vates the imagination when reading French history expired in this grim old tower that we are about to enter. Sometimes it was quenched by violence and ignominious death, sometimes wasted away in slow, silent, life-wearing oblivion. So much of the bold, fearless genius of philosophy has here sustained persecution, through the harassing medium of promised liberty, protracted imprisonment, and all the wearying alternations of supense, that the tower is a monument of suffering, a stone chronicle of dates, events, and periods, as well as a mighty castle. There is not an ivy-twined loophole, not a time-tinted bastion belonging to this frowning dungeon—so long the terrific instrument of tyrannical caprice ingulfing any victim whom power, thwarted in some darling passion, might hurl into its noisome cells—but has a specific power to awaken sadness and to arouse indignation.

Each of the five floors has a lofty central room, surrounded by cells, in which many features still remain to recall the Princes of the blood, nobility, great writers and illustrious statesmen who at different periods have occupied them as prisoners. The great Condé was incarcerated here, and his original crime,

as it was also the cause of his many after errors, was his devotion to a beautiful wife, whom he refused to resign to the lust of a gray-headed king. But while many a man has sighed within the walls of the famous Donjon of Vincennes, numerous are the glories and the disasters that it has witnessed. It was once the favourite residence of the Kings of France, and a few of these spent their entire reign within the confines of the deep, wide moat surrounding it. Civil wars and foreign invasions long since beat in blood-red waves at the foot of its massive tower, while after the arrows of archers and the bolts of crossbowmen, the musket bullets and cannon balls of more modern troops scarred its thick walls and smashed its stained glass windows. It has been a military stronghold, a Royal residence, a State prison, and it is still an ancient pile.

A magnificent panorama of capital and country, of river fields and forests, of roads and scattered villages, can be seen from the top of it. In every direction the perspective is deep and distant, and there are few spots over the whole landscape which do not recall ancient history. All the roads and streets to be seen have been traversed by men who left deep

marks on the pages of Continental existence. Not a corner of that smiling country but has witnessed bloody combats. Roman and Gauls, Francs and Normans, French and English, Russians, Austrians, and Spaniards have all been there, as there have also been Catholics and Protestants fighting for the possession of Paris, emperors, kings, princes, constables, marshals have marched their men through all the surrounding hamlets or smiling villages, have bivouacked their troops under those trees, have manured those lands with the blood of heroes. The courtyard has rung with the tread of mail-clad knights, has echoed with the sound of muffled drums, has resounded with the din of hand-to-hand conflicts, with the blasts of trumpets proclaiming victories in battle, the clarion of heralds announcing the coming of a king or an emperor.

But there was love and beauty in those days as well as heroism. Under the trees of Vincennes still flit the shades of Gabrielle d'Estrées, Marguerite de Valys, Madame De Longueville, the Pompadour, and other beautiful women whom kings and princes loved, well if not wisely.

The River Marne winds its way beautifully

through those lands; and there is a tradition that Saint Louis used to administer justice in patriarchal fashion under those mighty oaks. Another story connected with the locality is that when General Daumesnil, commanding this same castle over which we are now lingering, when summoned in 1814 by the Allies to surrender, answered: "Certainly, I will do so—when you bring me back the leg I lost on the battlefield of Wagram." Ten years before that, the Duke of Enghien, last of the Condés, was brought to Vincennes, and the same night of his arrival he was interrogated, judged, condemned and shot, by command of Napoleon. For this act the Emperor has been harshly treated by some historians. But I always see Napoleon the Great, not Napoleon the Bad, when recalling the deeds of that wonderful genius.

CHAPTER XII.

The Colonnade of the Louvre—The Hôtel des Invalides, or Home for old Soldiers—Many strange scenes witnessed—Seeking for guns with which to take the Bastile — Breaking of Frederick the Great's sword—Mysterious vaults as burial places —The story of Monsieur de Sombreuil—Victims of the Reign of Terror—Their last repose in the Rue Picpus—Funeral service of Marshal MacMahon—A splendid military ceremony—Captured flags and standards — The artillery museum — Tomb of Napoleon—Anecdote of Queen Victoria—The Chapelle Expiatoire—Royal remains at Saint Denis.

Notwithstanding his hatred of Paris, Louis XIV did not utterly neglect it, and one of the great works which he accomplished was that of building the "Colonnade" of the Louvre at the north side of that immense structure. The disposition is fine and of noble simplicity, but it does not resemble in the least anything else that we can see in Paris of Renaissance architecture, as for instance, the Palais Royal, or the gracious Pavilion Henry IV, elsewhere mentioned. The architect's idea in this colonnade

seems to have been to purely and simply imitate, and in the closest possible way, the Romans and the Greeks, especially the latter. This was termed classic art; and yet this striking colonnade, even though it was constructed during the reign of Louis XIV, is merely a *façade*, and serves no useful purpose whatever. It is a front for show only, something to be seen from the outside, to please passers by; and in this respect nothing could better resemble the *grand règne*, which also was all *façade*, all for show purposes.

But, there is a monument in Paris that was built by the Sun King which is indeed praiseworthy, that of the Hôtel des Invalides; although the original idea of it belongs to Henri IV. The thought which impelled the construction of that mansion was worthy of any king. Until then the mutilated human debris of battle-fields were sometimes without bread or shelter. They were seen begging along the roads, living witnesses of the ingratitude of the State. Louis XIV wished to end this sad spectacle, and he gave to the Hôtel des Invalides a donation which was considerable for the time, when money had much greater value than in our days.

But although the hôtel could receive six thousand men it was too small for all the soldiers rendered infirm by the long wars caused by the ambition of a sovereign who wished to put his grandson on the Spanish throne; and so help in money was given those who could not be admitted. This was the origin of retiring pensions, which since the Revolution have become the right of all those whose blood has been poured out in the service of France, and who are no longer in a fit condition to work.

Under Napoleon I the organisation of the Invalides was modified and the donation rose to six million francs. This fact is not surprising on the part of a conqueror who traversed entire Europe on a war horse, leaving a line of blood behind him. The Emperor saw too much of the horrors of war not to think to attenuate as much as possible its cruel consequences. The number of old soldiers is much decreased at present, because it has been proven that with the sum required for his support a pensioner is much happier with his family, enjoying an annual revenue, than he would be at the Invalides. Those who live there are generally without relations and are consequently exposed to an unhappy existence delivered over to mercenary hands.

The Invalides has witnessed many strange scenes, and numerous personages have visited it. The year of his death, Louis XIV went there for the last time, to confirm the inmates in the privilege that they had energetically claimed, of serving him as *garde d'honneur* while he was in the interior of the place. The Royal bodyguard was not permitted to penetrate futher than the entrance gate, but there awaited the return of his majesty.

On the morning of July 14, 1789, the Curé of Saint Etienne du Mont, at the head of his parishioners, ran to seek arms at the Invalides. They met with the crowd which had come for the same purpose from different parts of Paris. All claimed the guns and cannon that were to serve them in taking the Bastile; and in vain the Governor tried to gain time, by demanding orders from Versailles. The multitude threw themselves into the ditches, scaled the walls, disarmed the sentinels, and reached the cellars where thirty thousand muskets were stored. Horses were hitched to the cannon in the front court; but meanwhile water had been turned into the vaults and frightful disorder followed. With shrieks and yells, their torches extinguished, men fought, each in the darkness, to

escape. Many were smothered to death, but the more robust succeeded in climbing the single stairs, presented their bayonets in the face of those who still insisted on descending, and thus saved hundreds, perhaps thousands.

Under the first Republic, the Royal Hôtel des Invalides became the Temple of Humanity, and then the Temple of Mars. On Sunday, the 10th of August, 1793, the cortége which crossed Paris to celebrate the acceptance of the constitution stopped in the middle of the Esplanade, where stood a colossal statue which represented "the French people striking Federalism with a club and throwing it into a muddy swamp." Napoleon I replaced this statue with one brought from Venice, but Austria in turn took it away in 1815.

On the 30th of March, 1814, at nine o'clock in the evening, in the Cour Royale, the Colonel-Major of the Invalides broke the sword of Frederick the Great which Napoleon had brought to Paris, and burned the fifteen-hundred foreign army flags suspended below the vaulted ceiling of the chapel, so that they should not fall into the hands of the allied forces who were about entering the capital.

There are some mysterious vaults under the

old structure, and one may see the tombs of distinguished persons beneath its floors. Descend the steps, cross the cold galleries, and, by the unsteady light of torches, read on bronze plates the names of more than a hundred heroes, from the first Governor of the Invalides, who was buried in the gloomy place Nov. 10, 1678, to that of General Lasalle, instantly killed at the Battle of Wagram, but whose remains were carefully brought back to Paris. Pass between the heavy columns surrounding funeral urns: one of them contains the heart of Kléber, who perished in Egypt; in another of gray stone, on which is a serpent of green bronze, lies the heart of Vauban; a third holds the heart of a young woman!

A few days after the 10th of August, 1792, Monsieur de Sombreuil, charged with having taken part in the defence of the Palais des Tuileries, was arrested and taken to the Abbaye. His daughter willingly followed him, and this act of devotion sufficed for her glory before posterity. The 4th of September, in the morning, he appeared before the tribunal of Maillard and his acolytes. The accusation was formal, but if he could prove that he had not put his foot inside the Tuileries on the 10th

of August then his life was safe. A national guardsman named Grappin generously offered to seek such proof. He ran to the Invalides and returned with a letter from the Major in charge attesting to the presence of the Governor on the date in question. This did not appear to be sufficient, however, so Grappin rushed back, gathered the old soldiers in the courtyard, and secured their testimony. Hastening to the Abbaye, this time he gained his cause, and Sombreuil was set free. The legend of the young girl being compelled to drink a glass of her father's blood fades before reality. The accused was not pardoned but was acquitted; on the jail book is written in Maillard's hand: "Judged by the people, and liberated."

It was not for long, however, as the unfortunate man was again arrested, to be locked up with his daughter and his eldest son in a prison derisively called Port Libre. What the Septembrists had not done, the Revolutionary tribunal did not hesitate to do. Monsieur de Sombreuil and his son were included in the charge of June 17, 1794, on which day fifty-four condemned persons, all wearing red blouses, left the Conciergerie in eight carts,

escorted by cavalry and cannon. It took them three hours to reach the barrier of the "Trône Renversé" where the scaffolding had been raised. There, with the two Sombreuils, perished many men, women, young girls, masters and servants together, all faithful to each other unto death: Madame de Saint Amaranthe, her son and daughter; M. and Mme. de Sartines; Montmorency-Lavat; Rohane-Rochefort; Mme. d' Espreménil; Ladmiral and the porter of his house; Cecile Renault, with her father, mother, and brothers; the actress Grandmaison and her servant; the little seamstress Nicolle, who was not yet sixteen, etc. These unhappy victims were all interred in a cemetery which still exists in the Rue Picpus; and this is why we shall not find the tomb of Monsieur de Sombreuil at the Invalides among those of former Governors. But in the Cemetery of the Rue Picpus, where his remains do lie, you will find the tomb of General de Lafayette, the friend of George Washington. The General lies buried there alongside of his sweet and noble wife, whose two sisters and whose duchess mother were also beheaded during the Reign of Terror.

The most remarkable funeral service which

MILITARY FUNERAL AT THE INVALIDES.

I beheld at the Invalides was that of Marshal MacMahon. Posterity will not place the Duke of Magenta among illustrious captains, perhaps, but he possessed many good qualities, and his interment was a grand affair. MacMahon, not as exPresident of the Republic, but as a Marshal of France, was given all the military and religious honours which could be paid to his remains. The spectacle was imposing in the extreme. To say that so far as the local society who have charge of all funerals at Paris was concerned, it was a burial service of the "first class," is to tell that the sacred edifice was heavily draped with black velvet outside and inside; that an immense catafalque was erected in the middle of the building; that the four figures of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Religion were set up at the four corners thereof; that the armorial bearings of the deceased Marshal, alternating with the names of the battles in which he had been engaged, were ranged in shields round the interior; and that the whole was dimly illumined by green lights flickering in tall silvern *lampadaires*.

But what cannot be imagined is the effect produced by the torn trophies of many campaigns hung from the ceiling of this chapel, and

by the grand music of the ceremony. A military band of sixty pieces was stationed in the gallery over the front doors, while near the organ loft was a small orchestra of wood and stringed instruments, and down by the altar, in front of the officiating clergymen, stood a score of drummers, old and young men, who at certain places in the solemn ceremony rolled their instruments. The contrast between the streaming melody that flowed down from the gallery and the small orchestra of violins was not more striking than was the sound of the roll of drums and the voices of men of God praying for the soul of the dead soldier. At the conclusion of the religious ceremony the coffin was carried out of the chapel and placed in position on the broad esplanade, where all the Army of Paris defiled before it, officers saluting, and flags being dipped as the body was passed; and there the Marshal held his last review before retiring to rest forever beneath the gilded dome which symbolises the gratitude of France to the defenders of her fame. The Republic had pardoned the faults of the political man because of the virtues of the soldier.

There are three great things to be seen at the Invalides: the Chapel, decorated with

many captured flags and standards which long since replaced those burned in 1814 to prevent their falling into the hands of the Allies; the Artillery Museum; and the Tomb of Napoleon under the gilded dome. The flags in the Artillery Museum and in the Chapel, those taken from an enemy, are not so numerous now as they were in 1814, when there were more than fifteen hundred. As has been already stated those were burned, but it was found necessary to repeat the order three times before the old soldiers would obey. Some other flags captured in the wars of the First Republic and of the First Empire were accidentally burned in 1851, and there are really no more than a hundred or so now hanging up over the Chapel nave. These were mostly taken from the enemy in Algeria, in the Crimea, in Italy, in China, in Mexico, and in the Tonkin. One flag came from Sebastopol; it is yellow and shows the double-headed eagle of Russia, while the white one opposite it once floated above the Tower of Malakoff. Among this choice lot is a Union Jack that was captured on board an English brig in 1813, also eight Pasha-tails taken in Egypt by General Bonaparte.

The Museum of Artillery harbours twelve

captured flags, and it also possesses a specimen of all French flags for the past century; but it only has four standards of the same origin anterior to the French Revolution. This collection would be enormous if it were not necessary to deduct those burned by ministerial decision with each change of government. There remain, however, nine flags of the Restoration, sixteen of the July Monarchy, nine ensigns of the Republic of 1848, and ninety-seven Imperial ensigns of the Second Empire, most of which made the campaigns of the Crimea and of Italy. Since the present Republic was founded, this Museum has received ten ensigns, or fragments thereof, which escaped the disasters of the fateful war of 1870–71.

The remains of Bonaparte were brought back from St. Helena by King Louis Philippe, but it was while Louis Napoleon was on the throne that the Invalides was made the Imperial tomb that it now is.

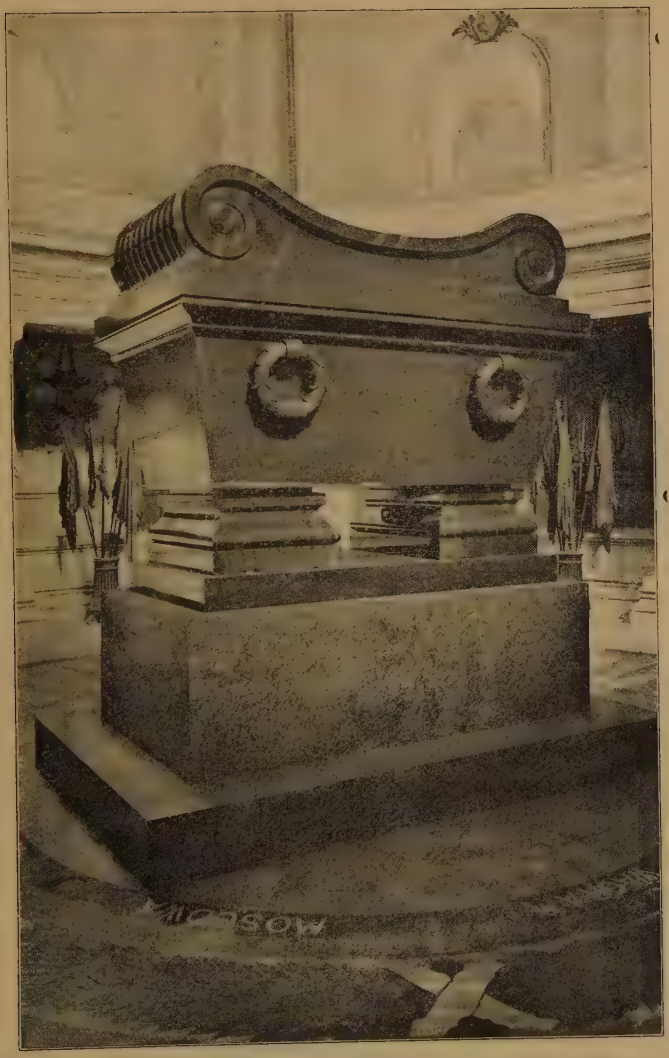
It is not generally known that there was quite a scandal in connection with the installation or inauguration of that mausoleum. Napoleon III, all his Ministers, Prince-Marshal Jerome and several Generals had assembled at the Tuileries to arrange the programme. Some

important details had been agreed upon, when one of the Generals observed that Napoleon I being the founder of, and having thus entered, with his posterity, into the series of French Sovereigns, the better way for them to do would be to follow the practice shown toward other French monarchs and bury the remains in two places, the body in the triumphal mausoleum under the dome of the Invalides, the heart at Saint Denis. Thereupon Prince Jerome sprang to his feet and most energetically declared that not so long as he lived should the remains of his glorious brother be thus mutilated. His remarks produced a profound sensation, and for a few moments not another word was spoken. Then the Emperor adjourned the meeting, and the inauguration was postponed.

Finally, however, all parties were satisfied, and the mortal remains of the great man who has written in his will, "Je veux reposer aux bords de la Seine, dans les lieux que j'ai tant aimés," were sealed up in a sarcophagus that weighs ninety thousand pounds and alone cost sixty thousand dollars. It was made from a single block of reddish Finland quartz, dotted all over with golden spots, and of such hardness that it could be cut only by multiplied

machinery. The block was quarried at Kostchoka, on the shore of Lake Onega, and was the gift of the Czar of Russia. It was brought to Paris by way of Lake Onega, the Koyr river, Lake Ladoga, the river Neva, Cronstadt, the Baltic Sea, the English Channel, the port of Havre, and thence up the River Seine to the Quai d'Orsay. It cost fifteen hundred dollars to remove the massive stone from that quay to the Invalides; and, strange to say, the contractor who had brought it from Russia was obliged to pay a Custom House duty of one thousand dollars before he was permitted to start with it from Havre.

The four chapels which surround the Emperor's resting-place are labeled St. Augustin, St. Ambroise, St. Gregoire and St. Jerome, this last in memory of Napoleon's brother. These chapels are all closed to the public by heavy iron-barred gates, and it is between them that the tombs of Turenne and of Vauban are placed, with Napoleon's crypt uncovered. There was a time, toward the end of his reign, when Louis Napoleon was for transforming the church where his uncle reposed into a family vault, destined exclusively for the Imperial Dynasty which he then represented. Each of the four



NAPOLEON'S RESTING-PLACE.

chapels were to contain a tomb of one of Napoleon's brothers, but as things happened Jerome alone secured this honour. After that Louis Napoleon had another notion; he was for transferring the remains of the Emperor as well as those of all other members of his family, to Saint Denis, but that project was never realised.

Apropos of this tomb of Napoleon, another great French soldier, Marshall Canrobert describes a touching incident of interest to all Anglo-Saxons in his "Memoirs," but recently published.[1] At the end of the Crimean war Queen Victoria, accompanied by her husband, and their two oldest children, visited Paris, and while there were taken to the Invalides to see the tomb which was then being erected. The remains of the great Emperor were already there, but not in the magnificent place they now occupy. After looking at it for a few moments in silence the Queen, placing her hand on the shoulder of the Prince of Wales—now King of England—said: "Kneel down before the tomb of the Great Napoleon," and young Albert Edward obeyed.

1 "Le Maréchel Canrobert;" Souvenirs d'un Siecle: Plon-Nouriet et Cie., Paris.

It may be added that France, which does not possess, as England does in Westminster, an illustrious necropolis for great men, is always undecided where their remains shall be placed. While Victor Hugo and President Carnot, with some few others, sleep their eternal rest in the vaults of the Panthéon, while Gambetta reposes in the land lighted by the smiling sun of the Mediterranean, only a few Generals have been interred at the Invalides; and yet it would seem that under the dome where lies the body of the greatest captain France has ever known would be the natural last resting-place of great soldiers.

Many years ago there was a royal place of burial within the limits of the capital, a spot lying between the Boulevard Haussmann and the Rue des Mathurins, in the very heart of Paris, and which a quarter of a century back presented a very different appearance from its present aspect. Then, surrounded by a large garden and shut in by high walls, it had the mournful and desolate character becoming to such a place of sepulchre. Willows, yews, firs, with other shrubbery of sombre foliage, bordered the outskirts of the place like a hedgerow, and gave those who passed the enclosure melancholy impressions.

But the opening of the Boulevard Haussmann changed all that, and the famous Baron-Préfet transferred the lugubrious hypogeum into a coquettish square, decorating in the style of the day the monument which commemorates one of the most frightful events in the history of Paris. There in the old kitchen garden of the Benedictines of La Ville l'Évêque, transformed into a cemetery, were buried the victims of the marriage festivities of the Dauphin, and there, too, were interred some of the Swiss killed on August 10 in the service of a king who did not wish them to fight. To this place, also, in January 21, 1793, as night was falling, an ash-cart, escorted by a rabble from the Place de la Revolution, brought the mutilated body of the descendant of a race of kings. On the day of his consecration, and according to old monarchical custom, Louis XVI reclined for a moment in a velvet burial robe, embroidered with golden *fleurs de lys*, and this robe had always accompanied the Kings of France during their lives. But now the unfortunate monarch, who had once borne this sumptuous funeral garb, was buried in a cheap shroud, like the poorest of his subjects. The Republicans of France showed little respect for the dead King;

they threw his body and head in a ditch dug the day before, covered it with quicklime, and that was all.

On October 16 following, another ash-cart stopped before the gate of the small cemetery; it carried, covered by a cheap black gown and petticoat, the bloody trunk and whitened head of a woman of thirty-eight—all that remained of the once triumphant beauty of Versailles and the petit Trianon; all that remained of the sovereign to whom the city of Nancy, on her arrival on French soil, had offered a bed of roses.

On the return of the Bourbons, the bodies of Louis XVI, of Marie Antoinette and of Madame Elizabeth were removed to Saint Denis, and a monument of doubtful taste, which has since been a place of pilgrimage for Royalists, without the faintest effort of the Republic to prevent it, was erected to commemorate their first burial ground.

As a matter of fact, however, the real Royal place of sepulchre was never within the fortifications of Paris. That place was out at Saint Denis, a village but a short distance from the capital, and where under the high vaults of a rural church, under recumbent stone statues representing themselves, nearly fifty Kings of

France and fifty Queens were once sleeping an eternal and everlasting sleep. From the time of Dagobert I, and passing by Hugues Capet, Saint Louis, François I, Henri IV, Louis XIII, and Louis XIV, up to the last Majesty cold in death and waiting in its Bourbon crypt, all of those who for fifteen hundred and more years had been, if not the glory at least the representation of France were reposing in the old church of Saint Denis, a few miles from Paris. The tombs, disseminated in the chapels, or stuffed into the crypt, had become so numerous that there was hardly room enough for another Royal corpse when the Revolution broke forth. Then the Convention first ordered the destruction of those tombs, and after that the violation of their coffins.

On the 6th of August, 1793, a crowd led by the Mayor of Saint Denis, rushed into the old church. This mayor had been a priest; now he stood up to shout, in half-drunken notes, the "Hymn to Mars" or "Cadet Roussille" where only a short while before he had preached the word of God. The crowd advanced to the altar, a little surprised, if not ashamed, at their own conduct, not having as yet lost all respect for holy places.

They entered one of the chapels where, alongside of Du Guesclin and Louis de Sancorne, reposed King Charles V and his wife, next Charles VI, and then Charles VII, to whom a child of the people had handed the royal crown. The crowd struck hard the "hated figures of these tyrants" with their hammers, and with cries of joy saluted each hideous break in the recumbent statues. They refused to destroy the tomb of Turenne because it had not been raised to the glory of a *ci-devant* King, but they were less sparing with the tomb of Du Guesclin, only the effigy of it being saved.

When they had tired of breaking off noses, fingers, feet and heads from statues, they opened a few coffins, because it had long been believed that most of them contained great treasures; but all they found was a little gold wire in that of Pepin and the signet ring of Castille. On each coffin was an inscription cut on a small slab of lead or copper, and these were torn off.

Inside of three days fifty-one royal graves were thus desecrated and destroyed; but as yet the mad people were not satisfied. They had broken the images of their kings, now they were determined to attack the mortal remains

of those majesties. First of all the "citizens" of Saint Denis, with whom were joined several *conventionnels* from Paris, stopped before the tomb of Turenne, and soon his coffin was torn open, the dried-up corpse was removed, put into an oaken box and deposited in the sacristy, where it was kept on exhibition for eight months. In the mean time all the teeth were pulled out and sold one by one as souvenirs. Finally, the remains were taken to the Jardin des Plantes, where they rested two years, after which they were solemnly deposited in the Temple of Mars, *ci-devant* church of the Invalides.

A short while after the mob had attacked Turenne's tomb they were joined by Robespierre, who insisted that the vault of the Bourbons should be found at once, and it was found, the secret entrance to it being just before and to the right of the high altar. This door was opened, a party descended into the crypt, and at the foot of the stone steps they came on the coffin of Louis XV. A little further along, side by side and ranged in the same line, were twenty tombs or graves on the left; while on the right were the tombs of Henri IV and of Marie de Medicis. As it was impossible to carry the coffin of that King up the narrow

steps, a hole was broken through the wall of the church, and thus the remains of Henri IV were raped from the spot where they had been resting during two centuries.

CHAPTER XIII.

Back again to the great century—Senseless adoration of Louis XIV—The Porte Saint Martin and Porte Saint Denis—Creation of the Place des Conquêtes—Equestrian Statue of the "Sun King"—The Vendôme Column—Its many incidents and happenings—Overthrown by the Communists—Anecdote of General Bonaparte—Effigy of the famous Captain at its top—Institut de France—Its five great academies—Their annual convention—The Forty Immortals.

Let us hark back again to the *Grand Siècle*, to the age of adulation of "Lui toujours, lui partout," him always, him everywhere, as was said of Louis XIV. In painting, in mosaics, in stone, in marble, in bronze, in literature, even in the pulpit, it was, under all aspects and in every form, the "Sun King" who was most in evidence. It was as if there were no other person under Heaven, no other thing on earth worth painting, worth sculpturing, worth singing or writing about, or worth talking of.

The Porte Saint Martin, in the boulevard, is a striking example of this senseless adoration.

It is a massive fabrication, but why should such an arch as that ever have been erected in the middle of a public street is more than any one can tell. True, it is not without artistic merit, and it would never do to pull it down, for it is a splendid historical monument, but the inscription, in golden letters, LUDOVICO MAGNO, put there while he was still living, is rather out of place in a busy thoroughfare.

The Porte Saint Denis, close by, is less heavy and more elegant, but it bears the same inscription, and is another chant of the same flattery. These two triumphal arches were not enough for the great conqueror, however. He erected the Porte Saint Antoine, near the Bastille; he built the Porte St. Bernard and placed on it the inscription, "A la Providence de Louis le Grand"; and he started another arch on the Place du Trône, but it was never finished.

Not yet satisfied, he created the Place des Victoires, and in the centre of this round space, on a marble pedestal enclosed by an iron fence, stood Louis XIV being crowned by Victory and stamping a monster, emblem of resistance to conquest, under his feet. Four kneeling slaves in chains represented humiliated nations, while at the four corners of the pedestal were

four lamps, and this inscription, VIRO IMMORTALI, was written over all. That statue was destroyed in 1792, however, and the equestrian one which now ornaments the Place des Victoires was put there in 1822.

Thirteen years passed, and the "Sun King" again began to crown himself with splendour. This time it was the creation of the Place des Conquêtes on the site of a vast and lordly mansion, together with the ruins of a monastery.

Cæsar de Vendôme, the natural son of Henri IV, became the owner of a mansion which the Duke de Retz had erected during the reign of Charles IX, with gardens extending on one side from the Tuileries to the boulevards, and on the other adjoined a Capucin convent. The estate remained in the hands of the Vendôme family until 1680, when Louvois purchased it in order to place there a private library for and an equestrian statue of Louis XIV by the King's command. The statue was inaugurated in August, 1699, with a display of splendour which recalled the most brilliant days of that reign.

Overwhelmed by the epidemic scourges of 1692 and 1693, France was hardly beginning to recover when a new scourge of famine appeared; but the mortality then raging among

the poor and working class did not cause the putting off of that ceremony. Of the entire Court one man only refused to assist at the display, and he was the Duke de Bourgogne, grandson of the King and pupil of the illustrious Fenelon.

The old convent with other houses were torn down, and the façades as they exist to-day were constructed. The place is an equilateral square with the corners cut off and whose sides are four hundred and thirty-six feet long, all the houses being uniform in their architecture.

Under the Regency, the Hotel Quinquampoix having become too small to hold all the speculators whom "Mississippi" Law was driving mad, stock gambling was transferred to the Place Vendôme, into the very presence of the King, and under the windows of the Minister of Justice. The revolution having come on, the bronze king on a bronze horse was overthrown, and the square was renamed, Place des Piques; but habit preserved its old name of Vendôme.

After the campaign of 1806, Napoleon I conceived the project of erecting a column to the glory of his army in the Place. That monument, finished in 1810, was cast out of the

bronze of 1200 cannons captured from Russians and Austrians, and it was intended to be a durable monument of success and glory, raised rather to the honour of a great nation than to that of a single man. It was one hundred and forty-eight feet high, and was built of cut stone covered over with four hundred and twenty-five bronze plates, representing in a continual spiral the memorable events of Napoleon's campaigns. One hundred and seventy steps inside the column led up to where, at the top, the Emperor stood, dressed in imperial robes, with a crown on his head and holding a sceptre.

Guy de Maupassant has left on record an agreeable anecdote of this column. Bonaparte, then only a major in the French artillery, had been dining at the house of General d'Angerville, brother-in-law to Berthier, and, with Madame Talien leaning on his arm, was walking through the Place des Piques. Berthier and d'Angerville, who lived in one of the houses surrounding the square, were also of the party. "Your square is quite lost, General," said the future Emperor to d'Angerville; "What it needs is something in the centre like a Trajan column, or a monumental tomb to hold

the remains of the bravest soldiers who have died for their country." Madame d'Angerville said she preferred a column to a tomb in front of her residence, whereupon Bonaparte laughingly remarked: "Well, my dear madame, some day when Berthier and I are also generals, you shall have your column." He kept his word after the battle of Austerlitz.

In 1814, when Paris was occupied by the Allies, the Russians wanted to overthrow this monument of their defeats, but they were only permitted to pull down the statue. From that time until 1830 the column was surmounted by a *fleurs de lys* nearly five feet high, and above that was a tall staff from which floated a white flag.

The year when Thiers and his French troops were at Versailles, and the Prussians were still on the soil of France, madmen perpetrated many inglorious acts, and one of them was the attempted destruction of this monument. A man whose wife kept a large millinery establishment, at the corner of the Place Vendôme and the Rue Castiglione, begged the mob not to tear it down; and his wife even offered them one million francs if they would leave it unmolested. But they demanded two million, and

that sum not being forthcoming, they accomplished their vandal act. The Communists were led by Courbet, a famous painter, who left a large fortune at his death, and, after a long lawsuit his heirs were forced to pay the cost of reconstructing the column. It was rebuilt in 1874.

The colossal image of Napoleon, which stands now at the summit of the Colonne Vendôme is not the original, however; and it is worth recording here that on the morrow of the entrance of the Allies into Paris the column itself would have been destroyed from top to bottom, but for the intervention of the foreigners. As it was the *drapeau fleur de lise*, which replaced the statue by Chaudet after the Emperor's exile to Elba, in turn disappeared during the One Hundred Days, to reappear, however, with the second Restoration. In 1832 a new statue of Napoleon, of a model quite different from that of Chaudet, replaced the white flag. Its sculptor, M. Seurre, represented the Emperor in his traditional costume of the "Little Corporal," that is to say, wearing a cocked hat and a long gray redingote. A reduction of this statue is in the museum at Versailles. Napoleon III, no doubt finding that the dynastic idea was in-

sufficiently symbolised in the Seurre figure, commanded that the Petit Caporal should make way for Cæsar, and then was seen—third avatar of the Napoleonic effigy on the Vendôme Column—an antique statue of nude legs, with a Victory in his hand and a chlamyde over his shoulders, in the place of the modern emperor and his long frock coat.

But the column and its colossal image was not yet at the end of its misfortunes. Six days before the troops from Versailles had retaken Paris, the Colonne Vendôme was overthrown by orders of the insurrectional government. And when it came down with a mighty crash an immense clamour of "Vive la Commune!" arose from the crowd, even as a great cry of "Vive le Roi!" had gone up when the statue of Napoleon fell the 8th of April, 1814.

Finally, the column and its crowning statue, as it now stands, was erected in 1874. At first it was a question of replacing the figure of the emperor with one of France, but that resolution was abandoned, and a statue of the great captain was put at the top of the glorious column.

It is not very far from this splendid Place Vendôme to the whereabouts of the French Academy.

There may be other countries which have Academies that rival, in illustrious membership and by the importance of their works, either one of the five which, combined, form the Institut de France, but in Paris alone is the one organisation where all the best efforts of the human mind are bound together: where the historian, the poet, the journalist, the playwright, the critic, the publicist, the philosopher, the philologist, the chemist, the botanist, the mathematician, the physician, the astronomer, the naturalist, the novelist, the economist, the juriconsulist, the sculptor, the painter, the musician and the engineer are under the same roof. It was the last but one day of the French convention (An 3 of the Revolution) when the law was passed that established the Institut de France, the object of which was the progress of science, literature, and art, as well as the general utility and glory of the First Republic. This institute is comprised of five academies — the French Academy, the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, the Academy of Sciences, and the Academy of Fine Arts. The first of these was founded in 1635 by Cardinal Richelieu, and has but forty

members. The second, also founded in 1635, but by Colbert, is, like the French Academy, composed of forty regular members, although it has in addition, ten honorary, fifty corresponding, and eight foreign members. The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences dates from 1666, but it was suppressed in 1803, to be re-established in 1832. As now organised, it is divided into eight sections — philosophy, ethics, legislation, political economy, jurisprudence, finance and statistics, general history, and an honorary section, in which there are ten members; while there are only eight, all of them regular members, in each of the other sections. The Academy of Sciences was founded in 1666, and its sixty-five members are divided into eleven sections, each of which is charged with a distinct branch of the natural sciences; ten honorary and one hundred corresponding members complete this, the most numerous branch of the institute. The Academy of Fine Arts was founded in 1819, and contains forty members, divided into five sections—painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving and music.

When the Institut de France was finally created it was necessary to find a shelter for the body of savants, literary men, and artists that its

membership included, and as there was a large edifice on the site of the famous Tour de Nesle, which Cardinal Mazarin had had built in 1661, it was resolved to establish the Institute in it, and since then his old palace has been called on to reign over intelligence, to impose its laws, and to distribute its rewards—pacific laurels not less noble, and much more useful, than all the warlike laurels that were ever wreathed.

Each of the five academies is independent of the other, and has the free disposal of its funds and its separate state appropriation, which it manages under the supervision of the Ministry of Public Instruction, but the library is common property. Each Academy holds a weekly meeting, and yearly, on the 25th of October, all five unite in an annual session, which is one of the great literary solemnities of the Paris year.

It has been remarked that no other country has so complete an organisation of all the best efforts of the human mind as the French Institute; but it is not pretended that that institution is perfect in every respect, or that it does not need reforming. Generally speaking, however, it is an Institution deserving of the highest praise, and it certainly is one of the essential

elements of intellectual labour in the French Republic.

It is undoubted that the intellectual *regîme* of France does not equal that of the United States, or of England, or of Germany. The political centralisation in France—that is to say, the reunion of all authority and of all the forces of the State in the hands of the government, does not permit of numerous and powerful Universities or Colleges like Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Princeton, Chicago, Columbia, etc., in the United States, like Oxford and Cambridge in England, or like Bonn and Heidelberg in Germany.

The late M. Renan is my authority for the assertion that with the French "science and education are distinct things, which are often jealous of and enemies of each other." This is, perhaps, not so true now as it was when he said it; but the distinction is still well preserved, and the *regîme* of pure intellectual liberty does not yet seem to agree with the French people. Still, it cannot be denied that, in the domains of physical sciences, in astronomy, in geography, in *belles-lettres*, in botany, in political and moral sciences, in medicine and surgery, and in the fine arts—espe-

cially music and painting—no other nation can make a better showing than France at the present time.

But if the five Academies which constitute the Institute are powerful bodies whose memberships are, in the main, made up of brainy men, one of them is perhaps more universally known than the others, I refer to the Academie Française. The great interest which attaches to that famous body in the choice of its members, its works, the awards it gives, its general *raison d'être* is not without considerable importance throughout the world. There is a sort of universal good feeling toward that Institution for the splendid examples it has furnished; it is remembered, too, that it has been the cradle of state's equality in Europe, and for a long while, its independence has been one of its greatest merits. It forms in itself a little republic, and it is, so to speak, the "honour of the French republic," for nowhere could the inscription, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," be written more apropos than on its walls.

The elections to membership among its illustrious body of men are without preliminary examination and discussion. The other Acade-

mies of the French Institute indulge in more of ceremony; they name committees and hear reports, which formalities cause delays that make the operation last during an entire month, sometimes two of them. But the French Academy never has special committees, it never has reports as to the comparative value of candidates, though, like the other Academies, it used to have a general discussion one week before the election. Twenty-five or thirty years ago Academicians discovered the inconvenience of such discussion, and they saw none in silence—this in itself included a great idea. It rests on the principle that no person will dare knock at the door of the French Academy unless he is already celebrated. For the same reason no public sign is manifested over an election. The Academy does not even write to the chosen one. The great idea is that an election at the French Academy is such an important event that no one can be ignorant of it, and the elected must learn of it, as everybody else does, by the press or public talk. An election is comprised of two operations: first, the candidate poses his candidature; secondly, the Academy, after having heard the reading of the letters of candidature, proceeds to vote.

A letter of candidature is required, for the Academy does not seek the candidate, the candidate seeks the Academy. There are never more than forty members; they need not be native born, but they must be French citizens, and they must live in Paris to be eligible.

The day when the French Academy became one of the Institutions of the monarchy, literary men had gained rank and position in society; and by right of commitimus, the forty academicians became the equals of Officers of the Crown, of Dukes and Peers, even of Royal Princes. Equality was raised to be an immovable principle, for the forty had no one person among them who dominated or effaced his fellows. Despite the liberty they had in choosing their officers, they did not even have a President. It is a Director elected for two months who represents the company on important occasions. The Secretary alone, guardian of traditions, and charged with everything, is perpetually in office, while their arm chairs, as with the collars of the Golden Fleece, are transmitted from predecessor to successor. And so the Academy is that Institution in the world toward which every man in France who is great or gifted has ambitious longings, while

only a few are chosen. It is an Institution of great merit, as are also the other four branches of the Institute, for that matter, and each deserves the high reputation which it universally enjoys.

As for the palace in which they meet, it is a large, cold, classic, severe structure on the left bank of the River Seine at the very beginning of the Latin Quarter. Everything is solemn, everything is silent about it. Pacific bronze lions guard access to the building and to its library. The public meeting-room contains about one thousand seats, and whenever there is a public function in the place this hall is crowded by those who are honoured with invitations to that event.

CHAPTER XIV.

Upon the hill of Sainte Geneviève—A land of church and university—The Shepherd girl of Nanterre—A patriotic and heroic saint—Vow of King Louis XV—An edifice topped with cross and dome called the Panthéon—Interments in its gloomy vaults—Burial-place of Victor Hugo—The Church of the Madeleine—Why Napoleon started its construction—Its destination changed—Death of the first architect—Like unto a Greek Temple, but really a House of God.

The Roman people and their Senators, a long way ahead of the advent of eclecticism, prided themselves on having conquered and confiscated all gods, even as they had conquered and confiscated nearly all the countries of the ancient world. Before the rotunda of Agrippa was erected, Rome had consecrated her altars to the unknown gods; for as religion with the ancients was little more than a glorification of the forces of Nature, represented by more or less fabulous personages, it is easy to understand why these Romans united all these figures within the same circle. They even deified their Emperors.

The time came when the French capital also determined to have its Pantheon, and the spot and buildings already existed for that purpose. The summit of the hill where the Paris Pantheon now raises its gigantic dome was occupied centuries before by the Abbey of Sainte Geneviève; the church of Saint Etienne du Mont and its cemetery; the colleges of Navarre, of Boucourt, of the Ave Maria, of Fortet, of Montaigne, of Sainte Barbe, of the Cholets, and of Lisieux; the little church of Saint Etienne des-Grés, and the Convent of the Jacobins.

It was a land of Church and University; while "afar off" the Abbey and the convent grounds touched the walls of King Philippe Augustus. The region, where silence reigned save when the many bells were ringing, became animated every year at the beginning of January when, "from twenty leagues around," pilgrims hurried up to Sainte Geneviève, and then a procession marched through the town. To prepare themselves for this solemnity, the hundred and fifty Canons fasted during three days; next they descended from "la montagne" and walked the streets with bare feet, the Abbot at their head, wearing his cross and mitre. These were

accompanied by a crowd of young girls from the seven parishes of Notre Dame, officers of the Grand Châtelet, members of Parliament in red robes, the Governor of Paris, the Prévôt of the Merchants and his Échêvins, goldsmiths carrying the chair of Saint Marcel, and twenty *bourgeois*, dressed in white, bearing Sainte Geneviève, sparkling with gold and pearls, rubies and emeralds.

Geneviève was a patriotic and heroic saint. It was she who reassured the Parisians when they were about to fly before the Huns. While the people were defending Paris against Clovis, she succeeded in reaching the capital with eleven boats from Champagne loaded with eatables. She would not open the gates of the city to the king until he had promised to respect the privileges of the old municipality, then being defended by the Nautes and Bishop Heraclius. So the legend runs.

King Clovis built a church on a hill, which was called the Church of Sainte Geneviève after the mortal remains of the Shepherd Girl of Nanterre had been buried there. It was destroyed by the Normans during one of their many invasions; then bye and bye the Abbey of Sainte Geneviève was constructed on the site.

In 1724 Louis XV, very sick at Metz, a city which then belonged to France, vowed that if he got well there should be another church erected on the hill of Sainte Geneviève, and Heaven seems to have helped the lover of Madame du Barry, for he was soon cured of his illness. Work on the sacred edifice was commenced at once, by a young architect named Soufflot. He had lived several years at Rome, and this was why he determined that the basilica which the king had commanded should be an example of the classic art, in the form of a Greek cross, and topped with a dome like that over St. Peter's. Work progressed rapidly, and already the stone base of this dome was being laid on the thirty-six columns which were to sustain it, when Soufflot saw the mass cracking and the edifice was threatening to tumble down. Rondelet saved the structure by substituting for the plastered and isolated columns a heavy massive masonry which may not have been very graceful to look on, but certainly was quite solid. Suddenly there was no money, and work ceased on the Basilica of Sainte Geneviève, which was intended to be a Catholic Church, for all at once great political changes occurred throughout France. The Tuileries,

palace of Louis XVI, lodged the Convention; the Luxembourg, palace of "Monsieur," became a prison; the Palais Bourbon was turned into a Polytechnic; the Church of the Petits Pères was the Bourse; the Cathedral of Notre Dame was the Temple of the Goddess of Reason; and a transformation of the Abbey of Sainte Geneviève was also brought about. Its cloistered buildings were transformed into a Lycée, the ancient church was demolished—all except its bell tower, which is now a part of the Lycée Henri IV—and a street called Rue Clovis was constructed through the square. The bones of Sainte Geneviève were burned on the Place de Grève where the Hôtel de Ville now stands; the reliquary was taken to the mint and melted; but the four statues of women which supported this shrine found grace with the destroyers and are to-day in the Louvre. The basilica of Louis XV, now empty and desolate, was awaiting its destiny when early one morning Paris heard of the death of Mirabeau. All the theatres were closed, the authorities put on mourning, and orations were improvised in the public squares. The Assemblé Nationale determined that Mirabeau should have a tomb worthy of his name

and reputation. It was decreed that he should be buried in the new church of Sainte Geneviève and that thereafter it should be the sepulchre of all citizens who should merit such interment of their country. On the *fronton* this inscription was engraved: "Aux Grands Hommes, La Patrie Reconnaissante," and the structure was called Panthéon.

Other apotheoses soon succeeded. The remains of Voltaire were dragged up out of their grave in the church of Romilly and brought to Paris to be placed in the new temple. In turn, Beaurepaire, an officer in the army who committed suicide to escape surrendering his forces, the Deputy Lepelletier, assassinated for having voted the death of Louis XVI, the two heroes Barra and Viala, also Marat and Jean Jacques Rousseau were buried there.

One day Mirabeau had exclaimed, "I know that it is only a short distance from the Capitol to the Tarpeian rock." Very like a prophesy, that; for at the very moment when the Conventionals, who two months before had immolated Robespierrre, were conducting the remains of Marat to the Pantheon, those of Mirabeau were being thrown out of the Temple to Great Men. This act was termed "*dépanthéonisa-*

tion" at the time; the word was not more barbaric than the thing itself. But Mirabeau's tomb was not the only one thus despoiled, for Marat's body was dragged out in February, 1795, and buried elsewhere.

A degree of Napoleon I, issued in 1804, restored the Pantheon to the Catholic church, but he also made it the place of sepulchre of those in the army and navy, or in civic administration who had rendered eminent services to the country.

The downfall of the Empire brought about another change. The inscription on its front was cut away, and a short while later some labourers, conducted by a nobleman of the King's chamber, went at night to the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau, put their remains in a sack, carried them away, and scattered them along the Bièvre rivulet hard by.

Louis Philippe, who was a "citizen king," and founder of the best of Republics, closed the church to re-open it as a temple, and with his own hands nailed up the four bronze plates which bore the names of the victims of 1830. When Napoleon III was well seated on the throne the building became once more the Church of Sainte Geneviève, and so it remained

until 1881, when all its priests were turned out, and once more it was set apart as a burial-place for great men. The interment of Victor Hugo in the Pantheon vaults was a grand ceremony; but that of President Carnot, who had been assassinated, was equally impressive.

Situated at the Western extremity of that splendid thoroughfare known in Paris as the Boulevard,[1] and facing the Place de la Concorde through the Rue Royale, with the Chamber of Deputies in the near distance but beyond the river, the Church of the Madeleine is one of the most striking objects in Paris, and before whose iron palings a great throng of people and vehicles are forever passing. It is not, however, because it is a church that it is mentioned now; churches will find their place further on. In the twelfth century the place where it stands, as well as a portion of the streets and lands surrounding it, were covered with fields and vineyards, distant somewhat from the capital. About that time the Bishops of Paris established near the spot a country residence and chapel, which was called Ville l'Évêque.[2]

[1] As a matter of fact this boulevard changes its name twelve or thirteen times between the Place de la Bastille and the Madeleine.

[2] An adjoining street still bears the name of Rue de la Ville de l'Évêque.

Two centuries later, the erection of numerous houses around the Episcopal property having made that suburb somewhat populous, Charles VIII had the old chapel pulled down and a much larger place of worship erected. He founded there the Order of the Confrèrie of the Madeleine, which gave name to the newly-constructed chapel. The King and Queen declared themselves members of this Brotherhood, and the Chapel was consecrated as the Sainte Madeleine de la Ville l'Évêque.

In less than two centuries more the population of the faubourg had so greatly increased that a church superceded the chapel, Mademoiselle de Montpensier laying the first stone of it in 1659. The increase in size which the capital underwent during the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV necessitated the taking in of that faubourg, and then, as soon as the Rue Royale was finished, the Court and Bishops began to think about reconstructing this Church on a more extensive plan, something that would be worthy to figure as a companion piece to the Palais Bourbon and the Place Louis XV, both of which were completed in 1754. The first stone of the new church was laid by the King in April, 1764, but the build-

ing was hardly fifteen feet above ground when the architect died, and his successor at once changed all his plans. If we may believe some contemporary writers, the new plan was no more or less than that of reproducing the Pantheon of Rome in Paris, and the work was progressing fairly well when the Revolution broke forth. In 1793 the unfinished structure was demolished; and it was in the cemetery of that unbuilt church that the mortal remains of Louis XVI and of Marie Antoinette were buried.

Between 1796 and 1799 several new projects were presented for the erection on the site of some monument that would be worthy of the Great Nation. Its destination was to be entirely changed; some proposed the erection of a Legislative Hall, others a National Museum, or a Public Library, others still a Theatre or a Market House. The architects of Paris were waiting the decision of the government, when a decree, dated at Posen, December 2, 1806, made known the intentions of the Emperor in the premises. That historical decree began with an article worded as follows: "There shall be established on the site of the Madeleine, in our good city of Paris, at the expense

of the Crown, a monument dedicated to the army and it shall have inscribed on its front: "THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE GRANDE ARMÉE." The rest of the decree provided for the erection of tablets in the interior of the monument inscribed with the names of all the men, arranged by army corps and by regiments, who had taken part in the battles of Ulm, Austerlitz and Jena, and of tablets of massive gold inscribed with the names of all who had died on the battlefield; while on tablets of silver were to be inscribed the names of all the soldiers who had been in the great army. Due provision was made for the further decoration of the monument with statues, bas-reliefs, etc., and for annual celebrations of the anniversaries of the three battles mentioned, and on which occasions, so it was expressly written in the decree, it was forbidden to make any mention whatever of the Emperor.

Out of ninety-two plans presented, four were selected and sent to Napoleon I, who was then at Tilsitt. The Institute, which had been directed by the decree to pass on the plans presented, had in its report selected that of M. Beaumont as being most in accordance with

the imposed conditions. The Emperor thought differently, however, and gave preference to the plans of Pierre Vignon, who was ordered to begin work at once. The work was going on well enough when it was interrupted again by another political event, the abdication of Napoleon and the return of the Bourbons. Again the monument changed its destination, being now restored to the Roman Catholic religion. M. Vignon continued the work with this latter end in view until his death in 1828, when the government appointed M. Huet, architect, and he completed the structure in 1843.

The Church of the Madeleine presents the shape of a large parallelogram surrounded by Corinthian columns sixty-two feet high. Its imposing appearance unites, in a very happy manner, elegance to richness and grace to majesty. The proportions are light and harmonious, and the ensemble is very striking. The anterior and posterior fronts have each eight columns; along the side fronts are eighteen columns on either side. The fluting of these massive columns produce a fine effect, owing to the fact that it is less deep in the lower part of the column than it is towards and at the top. The carving of the

Corinthian capitals is of a perfection that leaves nothing to be desired. The floor of the church is reached by a grand flight of stone steps divided into two parts by a landing, and these are separated from the street by a handsome iron railing.

Exteriorly the building is the exact reproduction of a Greek temple, more than one in fact, for it has two frontons, two prostyles, two emmanchements. There are no windows. The columns are Corinthian and grooved, but they are not monoliths, as they perhaps would have been in ancient Greece. Moreover the Greeks always posed an architrave of but a single stone; whereas, the Madeleine architraves are formed of several pieces assembled. The comparison between the imitation and the real could be continued if it were necessary, but, as has been already said, it is a magnificent building. It is a Temple within double rows of columns, but when you enter the *sella* no colossal statue of Jupiter Olympus, seated in all his majesty on a pedestal of white marble, will be visible; for the Greek Temple of the Madeleine is to-day a place of worship for the Christian religion and not a place of Pagan idolatry.

If it was not possible to make a House of God

out of a heathen temple, a church could be put inside of one, and this was done. This is why the interior of the Madeleine resembles in no way whatever its exterior, either in style nor disposition. The large room within the walls and columns is covered, so to speak, by three domes which are invisible from the outside. These pierced openings in the ceiling are covered with glass through which some daylight sifts, but never enough of it to do away with gas or electricity. Half the church is constantly in obscurity, and yet there are many splendid paintings and statuary in the place. Moreover there are columns and arcades, frontons, cornices, gilding, much display of gold; in fact, an unheard of luxury in decorative work. All this resembles nothing: neither a church nor a temple,—neither a house of prayer nor an art gallery,—neither a place where one may worship the one and Ever-living God, nor a templum to all the gods.

CHAPTER XV.

Good works by the First Republic—Establishment of different Institutions—Public education greatly improved—The Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers —Its location in an ancient Abbey—Church of Saint Martin without the walls—Building of a Monastery by Henri I—Its change to a Priory and its present condition—Free instruction to all workmen—Eleven Chairs established—Valuable collections at this Conservatory—Everything excellently arranged—The Paris Nautes of antiquity—Beginnings of the Municipality—Eighty members of the Common Council—The President and Syndic of the Board—Public and private sessions—Annual expenses of the Capital—State Control over appropriations—Police force and how governed.

MICHELET in his history says that the French Revolution has for its only monument the Champ de Mars—"le vide" (vacant space)—as he puts it. The observation is hardly correct, however. It is true that the Revolution had something else to do than build houses at a time when all the kings of Europe had ranged

themselves against the French, when the Vendeans uprose at the appeal of priests and nobility, when the whole country was in danger. There were cannon to be cast, pikes to be forged, powder to be made, muskets to be put together, the dead to be buried, the wounded cared for—there was no time or money with which to erect monuments. And yet, speaking now of Paris alone, no period in the history of the great capital has left so many useful, valuable and sensible monuments as were raised in the city by those first Republicans. The Louvre galleries of art were founded in 1793, and that same year saw the Museum of History and the Jardin des Plantes greatly increased in size and improved in every way. It was in 1793 that the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers was established, as was also the École des Mines. In 1794 the Republic gave to Paris the École Militaire on the south side of the Champs de Mars, and the more famous École Polytechnique.

Then in 1895, the National Archives, the Conservatoire de Musique, the École Normale, the Bureau of Longitude at the Observatory, and the Institute were established. During a thousand years kings and church had not done

half so much as all this to instruct the masses; for every one of the institutions just mentioned as founded within five years were, and still are, places of education. And, another thing in favour of the much-abused Revolution, public instruction, from the primary school up to the Institute of France, was its work; and no greater monument than that can be found elsewhere, or in any epoch.

It was but now remarked that these institutions are still in existence, and it may be added that their reputation for excellence is famed throughout the world. The Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers still occupies the same buildings in which it was originally located when the church of the old Abbey of Saint Martin des Champs (twelfth century) became a room for machinery, and the magnificent refectory of thirteenth century monks was transformed into a library for working men. The story of that ancient site may be told before we speak of the Conservatory itself.

North of the original Parisian city, but not very far from its walls, stood a sacred edifice erected in the sixth century and bearing the name of Church of Saint Martin. Thereabouts a faubourg sprang up, to be incorporated in

course of time into the capital, but before that the Normans had destroyed the church. When the country and the city had recovered somewhat from terrible invasions, the city wall was extended northward, and one of the new gates was called Porte Saint Martin. The old church was not rebuilt at once, however, but in 1060 King Henri I founded a monastery out in that direction, and it became celebrated under the name of Saint Martin des Champs.

In 1356, following the disastrous Battle of Poitiers, and because of enemies still being in the kingdom, fear was entertained for the safety of the capital, therefore the walls were again increased and strengthened. On part of the land thus taken in stood four large windmills; these were still in existence in 1620, but their site is now occupied by the Theâtre de la Porte Saint Martin.

In the monastery which he built, Henri I placed thirteen Canons under the government of a Prior, and he gave them many gifts, which were largely increased by his son Philippe I. In 1079 Saint Martin passed from the hands of these Canons into those of the Monks of Cluny, and the Abbey became a simple Priory, although it lost none of its riches or importance on that

account. Indeed it became so great a place that to be Prior of it was a position eagerly sought for, and it was nearly always occupied by some remarkable personage. Among the number was the Cardinal-Minister, Duke de Richelieu, who took the office in November, 1653, and held it to the end of his life.

I must pass over the incidents and events of that famous Priory, however, to come at once to its present condition. In 1793 a Committee of Public Instruction proposed to the National Convention the creation of a Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers; this proposition was adopted, and in May 1798, the old Priory of Saint Martin, which had been suppressed in 1791, was set apart for that institution. No one in going through the buildings can fail to be struck with the proportions of the chapel, the beautiful carving of the doorway, and the refectory, with its fine roof; but it is with the Institution itself, rather than with the building in which it happens to be located, that we are at present concerned.

It is commonly believed that Descartes was the first who conceived the idea of giving free instruction to workmen, who were then the persons most interested in the progress of phys-

ical science, on their work. His idea was to secure a building in which the mechanical instruments used in various trades could be grouped together, and that a competent Professor should be appointed to each group, whose business would be to give information to the workmen who sought it as to the principles on which their daily labour was founded. This idea was not put into execution, and although it is spoken of as the first recorded idea of the kind, it is by no means apparent that it had any real connection with what was subsequently done.

The Academy of Sciences had formed a collection of models of machines which was lodged at the Louvre. Quite independently of it, Vaucanson began about 1775 to form a collection of machines, instruments, and tools, especially for the instruction of workmen. He was a skilled mechanician himself, and many of his ingenious contrivances were treasured as curiosities by crowned heads. When he died it was found he had bequeathed the collection which he had formed to the government. The legacy was accepted, the Hôtel de Mortagne was acquired for its reception, a keeper was appointed, and a decision made that a model of all future inventions which should receive

national recompense should be added to the collection. Between 1785 and 1792 there were by this decision as many as five hundred new objects added. It was these things that really led to the founding of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers.

It was described at the time as a public *dépot* for machines, models, tools, designs, descriptions, and books of all arts and trades, whose construction and use should be explained by three demonstrators attached to the establishment. All the collections belonging to the State were to be included; and even while there was still hesitation as to the final site, many additions were made. The Committee under whose direction the habitation—its present one—was chosen put prominently forward the fact that the aim in view was the instruction of workmen, and they expressed their opinion that it would be better to do this by showing them things than by merely talking to them. Demonstrators were appointed whose business it was to give information to those seeking it, and in a short while the Conservatoire was being used for experiments to further the progress of agriculture and industries. But the interest taken was short lived, and a period of decline set in about 1812.

Under the First Empire efforts were made to keep up the interest in the collections, and some splendid additions in physical apparatus and horology were made. The managing body was rearranged in 1817, when, besides appointing a sub-director, a Conseil was appointed which consisted partly of the authorities of the Conservatoire and partly of men actually engaged in commerce, whose duty was to help the Administration with advice. Except from 1839 to 1853 this principle has been adhered to, although variations in number have occurred. But it was the change made in 1819 that gave fresh life to the Conservatoire, and gave birth to the present system. On the 25th of November of that year it was decided that the Institution should be made not only a place where apparatus and tools might be seen and demonstrated, but where courses of instruction should be given.

At first three chairs were founded—Mechanics, Chemistry, and Industrial Economy applied to the Arts, which last seems to have meant the principles of politics applied to industrial pursuits. At the same time the Conseil, a most important body, underwent modifications. It was divided into permanent and temporary

members: the permanent were the Director, sub-Director, and Professors, etc., of the Conservatoire; the temporary were twelve in number, six of them members of the Academy, the others being manufacturers and agriculturalists, chosen for three years, but eligible for re-election. In 1829 a fourth chair was added: Physics applied to the Arts.

No further change was made until 1839, when six more chairs were created and the Conseil was made to consist of the Professors alone, one of the number being placed at the head, with the title of Professeur-Administrateur. The office of demonstrator was abolished, and the best energies of the Professors were given to teaching.

In 1849 another chair, that of Agricultural Chemistry and Chemical Analysis, was added, bringing the number up to eleven. Then in 1853 a Conseil de Perfectionnement, to consist of a Director, the Professors, and a number (not to exceed the number of the Professors) of members of learned societies and those engaged in commerce, was created.

These members are appointed by the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, the position is without a stipend, and the Conseil has the

entire control of the Conservatoire under that Ministry. When a vacancy in a professorship occurs, the Conseil selects three names and submits them to the Minister, who makes the appointment; but beyond this the Conseil is left free to carry out its arrangements without any State interference.

Here, then, is what the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers essentially is—a National Institution which has developed into its present condition during an existence of more than one hundred years, supported by State aid; its aim all throughout, whether by demonstrations or by lectures, being the instruction of those who wish to have an intelligent appreciation of the applications of scientific principles to general industry. Everything is subservient to this instruction. There are three lecture amphitheatres. The largest will hold seven hundred, the second three hundred, and the smallest two hundred persons. At the back of the largest is a general laboratory, where the apparatus required for the lectures is prepared; and in cases where preparation at the last minute is needed it is handed in through an opening just when it is wanted. All apparatus is furnished by the Conservatoire and is the exclusive property of

the Institution. With the exception of a few reserved tickets for each Professor and which are distributed among special friends, all these lectures are free to everybody, without any restriction as to age, sex, or social position, and whether native or foreign born. There are no lectures on Sundays, but on other days there are four or five of them each evening, and so far as possible each lecture is made complete in itself.

As regards the collections at the Conservatoire, in addition to being used as lecture illustrations, they are open at certain times of the week, sometimes free, sometimes at the charge of one franc, for public inspection. There are, however, no arrangements for lighting the galleries, hence they are never open in the evening. There are altogether about fifteen thousand objects, some of which are relics of the time of Vaucanson. Additions are being constantly made to the collection, but nothing is asked for unless it can be utilised for teaching The munificence of private individuals and commercial firms supplies many objects free of cost, but no offer is accepted unless one of the Professors really wants it for teaching purposes.

Those who have carefully gone through the galleries are invariably struck by the excellence

of the arrangements, and the clearness with which everything is displayed. A staff of sixty does the whole of the work, and the annual cost to the State is about sixty thousand dollars.

Although in the midst of "Terror," and of civil and foreign wars, although threatened by its internal as well as by its external enemies, the Revolution also gave to Paris the election of its own Municipality. Among the historical monuments to-day in the Palais de Thermes is one which workmen, labouring in a vault in a choir of Notre Dame, had the good luck to dig up in 1710. On one of these stones is this inscription, in Latin: "During the reign of Tiberius the Nautes Parisiens erected this altar, at the expense of the Corporation, to the very good and the very great Jupiter." That Nautes, powerful enough thirty years after the birth of Jesus Christ to raise a temple dedicated to Jupiter at the Western extremity of the little island, was the germ of the first Municipality of Paris.

I have already told of the creation of the Parlouer aux Bourgeois and of the rise of the Prévot des Marchands; I have now to mention the existence of a City Council composed of twenty-four preudoumes or prud'hommes who

were paid for their services. After the shameful rout of Poitiers and the terrible defeat of King John, Prévôt Etienne Marcel not only installed himself and échêvins in the Maison aux Piliers on the Place de Grêve, but he obliged the inhabitants to man the walls, and to police the eight *quartiers* into which Paris was then divided.

Charles V left no real authority with any one but the Prévôt, and, after the revolt of the Maillotins, he abolished that office during twenty-nine years. It had hardly been re-established when the English occupied Paris. After the Fronde, and the active, energetic part taken by the Parisian Municipality, the man who exclaimed "L' Etat c'est moi!" was not for leaving the capital, its organisation, and its franchises to any other authority than his own.

It is true Louis XIV allowed the city an appearance of electing the prévôts, the échêvins and the *quarteniers*, but the procureurs-syndics and other officers were compelled to buy their places. Moreover, that King divided the administration of Paris up into Parliament, Bureau of Finances, Board of Public Works, Lieutenant-General of Police, and the City Bureau.

Finally, the degraded institution of the *échêvinage* disappeared the day that the Bastille was taken; and when Bailly was proclaimed Mayor by the assembly of electors, they cried aloud, repeating it a hundred times: "Plus de Prévôt de marchands! un Maire de Paris! Oui, oui, un Maire de Paris!"

The law of May, 1790, created an administration composed of a Mayor, sixteen aids, thirty Councillors, ninety-six Notables, a Procureur-Général of the Commune, and two substitutes. All the members of this Municipality were named by active citizens of Paris, from forty-eight districts, and their organisation lasted until August 10, 1790. That day the "Commissaires des Sections" to the number of 186, went to the Hôtel de Ville and suspended the Municipality. The legislative Assembly ordered that the forty-eight districts should each name a member to take charge of things, and thus was born the Paris Commune. In turn this arrangement was done away with after the ninth Thermidor, when Paris was managed by National Commissions appointed by the Convention.

The Directoire replaced these with a bureau of seven administrators, but they had soon to

give way for two Préfets, one for the Department of the Seine, the other for the Police; and with the coming in of these two functionaries disappeared the last vestiges of the municipal régime. The arrangement continued through the Empire and the Restoration, until the Revolution of 1830 in fact; but after that, a Municipal Council of thirty-six members was elected.

During the Second Empire all the members of the Municipal Commission were appointed by the State; but while the Commune was in power a Mayor and two aids administered the city affairs, and there was no thought of a Conseil Municipal. The Commune crushed, a Municipal law was voted by the National Assembly at Versailles, and it is that law which governs the city to-day.

The Conseil Municipale of Paris is composed of eighty members, elected in as many *quartiers*. The capital is divided into twenty arrondissements or wards, and each of these is subdivided into four *quartiers* or sections, bearing not numbers, but names. Thus, in the eighth arrondissement, and known generally as that of the Élysées, the names of these four *quartiers* are: Champs Élysées, Faubourg du Roule, Madeleine, and Europe; thus, in

the ninth arrondissement, that of the Opera, the *quartiers* are: Saint Georges, Chaussée d'Antin, Montmartre and Rochechouart. It is not necessary to mention more names to make the thing understood, and we will proceed with the plan of organisation. Unlike in the provinces—there are some thirty-six thousand communes in the French Republic, and each of these has its Mayor and Board of Aldermen—where the Councillors are elected for a term of four years, the Municipal Councillors of Paris are chosen for only three years, one from each *quartier*, and no matter how many inhabitants there may be in the sub-sections.

By reason of their election these men have also the right to sit as members of the Conseil-General of the Department of the Seine, which is equivalent to making Aldermen co-workers with County Commissioners, where there are such officials. When the ediles are chosen they meet at the Hôtel de Ville, and without being obliged to pass upon the validity of their own election, they proceed to elect their officers and commissions, that is to say, Committees. The law prescribes that the "Bureau," or board of officers, shall be a President, two Vice-Presidents and four Secretaries. Precedent has

added a Syndic, and the President and Syndic are the two principal persons of the Common Council, but the former office is of the most importance.

In fact, the function of President of the Paris Conseil Municipale is a very enviable position. It furnishes the titulary with a splendid office in the Hôtel de Ville—the most magnificent city hall in the world; he receives much more compensation, or salary, than his colleagues, being paid four thousand dollars annually; and the city gratuitously puts at his disposal a carriage and pair, with coachman, while he holds the office. Moreover, he is furnished with a private secretary to aid him in his work; and his door is guarded by "huissiers," or ushers in livery, with emblematic chains around their necks, who precede him when he marches from his office to the Council Chamber.

The Syndic regulates all the expenditures of the Council, which include a monthly allowance of one hundred dollars accorded to each Alderman to cover the expenses incurred by him in the performance of his official duties. The Syndic also has an office furnished him; but it is not so fine as that of the President of

the Council, and he has a clerk instead of a secretary. He organises all fêtes, banquets, or receptions given by the Municipality, and he is the much sought after dispensator of invitations to the two balls given annually in the magnificent salons of the City Hall. The Syndic is a busy, hard-working official, but he is not paid any more than his colleagues, although he is furnished with a carriage and one horse, with driver.

For all important discussions in the Council Chamber the President arranges the list of those who will be permitted to "take the floor"; and as, like many other parliamentary bodies, the Paris Board of Aldermen is not over-patient, there is a scramble to have one's name at the top, or near the top, of the list. It is customary to keep the President in office for one year, and he is eligible to re-election.

Ordinarily, three public sessions are held every week, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from three to seven o'clock, but there is not much room reserved for spectators. A member of the Municipal Council addresses the house, not from his seat, as in Vienna, Berlin, London, etc., but from a "tribune," precisely as is done in the Chamber of Deputies.

All speeches, be they long or short, all motions, etc., are printed in the *Bulletin Municipal Officiel.*

In addition to these public sessions, the number of which is regulated by law, and may not exceed one hundred and forty annually, there are also special sessions when the Councillors sit in Committee of the Whole, and to which outsiders are not admitted. Now the members speak from their seats, and now the State is not represented, as it is at the regular sessions, either by the Préfêt de la Seine or the Préfêt de la Police, sometimes by both. This is because Paris is the capital of the Republic, and the State has a certain control over some of the deliberations and acts of the Council.

Without counting this Committee of the Whole, the Municipal Council of Paris is divided, by election, into six large Standing Committees—not to mention several small subcommissions—each composed of sixteen members. The six are as follows: (1) Finances, Concessions, and Monopolies, Disputable Questions; (2) General Administration, Mairies (there is a Mayor for each arrondissement), Markets, Police; (2) Public Ways, Prome-

nades, Lighting; (4) Education, Fine Arts; (5) Public Assistance, Pawnbroking; (6) Water, Sewers, Sanitary, etc. The reports of Committees are all printed, and some of these are very valuable documents.

Paris is a city which has an area of only twenty thousand acres; still, it has about 2,600,000 inhabitants. If the area covered by the River Seine, the streets, squares, gardens, parks, cemeteries and other unbuilt-on surface be deducted, it will be found that these people live on not more than 13,500 acres. This shows that Paris is the most densely populated city on the Continent; it contains over one hundred persons to the acre, while Berlin has only ninety, and Vienna but fifty-five. There are hardly more than 88,500 houses in Paris, but, as most of these are what we call "flats," they contain more than a million lodgings or apartments. The yearly rental derived from them is $175,000,000.

The standing debt of the city is quite $400,000,000, and the largest item of the annual appropriations which the Aldermen have to raise annually is the interest on this city debt—a matter of something like $22,000,000. The other largest expenses are: Public Instruction,

$8,000,000; streets (paving, repairing, cleaning, etc.), $5,500,000; police, $5,400,000; public assistance, $5,400,000; sewers, $2,400,000; firemen, $1,600,000, apprentice schools, $1,400,000; public libraries, $1,000,000; lighting, $1,500,000, etc. It takes about $65,000,000 annually to meet all the city's requirements.

The most important item in the ordinary receipts comes from the *octroi*. This is a tariff or duty charged on articles which enter Paris; that is to say, on all portable liquids, food, fuel, forage, and building materials. This source yields about $32,000,000 on an average. The other principal sources of revenue are the tax on dogs, on bicycles, horses, carriages, etc., $6,650,000; market houses and public market-places, $2,000,000; slaughter houses, $700,000; wine warehouses, $700,000; cemeteries, $500,000; public carriages, $1,200,000; divers contributions for using the streets, architecture, paving, lighting private grounds, etc., $1,000,000; State assistance in keeping up and cleaning pavements, $800,000; tax for sweeping sidewalks, $600,000; State contribution toward support of police, $1,800,000; from the Gas Company, $3,800,000; water tax, $2,600,000, etc.

Every year the Paris Municipal Council votes an estimate of the receipts, and makes appropriations to meet the probable expenses of the following year, and this is called the Budget. But, like some other acts of the Council, this budget must be approved by the Government before it can go into effect. Usually in November or December the Council votes what is called the primitive budget, and in May, when the accounts for the preceding year are closed, the supplemental budget is voted, and this introduces whatever changes may be found necessary in the other one.

In 1900 the Budget of France was nearly $700,000,000, and that of the capital was nearly $65,000,000. On the basis of five per cent, which is believed to be the average yield of real estate investments in Paris, the built up represents a total value of about $3,400,000,000. This does not include public buildings, churches, monuments and other structures which have no rental value.

From the very fact that it is the capital of France, Paris has to submit to certain privations on privileges that are enjoyed by other Municipal Organisations. But if the Government does intervene in certain of the city's

affairs—that is, has something to say about the expense of paving the streets, maintaining the Police, the Municipal guards, etc.,—it also pays a part of the expenses thereof, besides doing all in its power to embellish Paris with handsome monuments. For several years past there has been a constant struggle on the part of the Paris Municipal Council to free themselves from this guardianship of the State, as expressed by the Prefect of the Seine, but the Government remembers the old saying, "To be Master of Paris is to be Master over France," and so maintains the State control over the annual appropriations.

Some historians give to Louis IX the honour of founding an institution of which the last of his race made such bad use; but it is probable that the first police force was organised by Hugues Caput. However, there is no straight account anywhere as regards the police, or *guet*, of those earlier centuries, and it is not until the reign of Louis XIV that we really learn something definite on that subject.

La Reynie was the first Lieutenant of Police; he took hold the 29th of March, 1667, and one of his earliest rules was to establish the use of lanterns. Before then obscurity was an aid to

all crimes; so it came about that every owner of a house was ordered to hang, after nine o'clock at night, and from a window of the second floor, a lantern with a lighted candle in it, and every person who was in the street after that hour was also obliged to carry a lighted lantern.

The second Lieutenant of Police, of whom there is any record, was the Marquis d' Argeuson. He was appointed in January, 1697, and remained in office until June, 1718; but he was re-appointed to the place in April, 1782. In the mean time the indecent morals and corruptions of the Regency, the debaucheries of noblemen, the libertineage of abbots, the prostitution of ladies, the scandals of stock jobbing, the encouragement of rapacity, cheating and intrigues, the thefts, murders and assassinations had become less frequent, still the police continued to authorise the opening of *tripôts*, or gambling houses, under the surveillance of detectives, however, and these *espions* were chosen from public women, cab-drivers, and a few of the better class of individuals who had lost all their money and were deep in debt. The reign of Louis XV began with religious excess and finished in an excess of debauchery;

the police force of Paris aiding the King materially at both extremities.

The fourteenth and last Lieutenant of Police was Thiroux de Crosue, who took charge when Louis XVI had been sovereign for eleven years. Under that Bourbon, and until the taking of the Bastille, the Paris police were about the same as they had been under his predecessor, which is equivalent to saying they were of little use as a preventive to crime.

The Revolution suppressed the office of Lieutenant of Police, and the force was put under the management of a permanent committee. Several changes occurred within a few years, until finally in February, 1800, (law of 28 pluviose an 8,) a Préfêt of Police was created. This is the title or designation of the official at the head of the Paris police force, but it was not retained always during those four distinct periods of history known as Republican, Consular, Imperial, and foreign Revolution, called Restoration. The conduct of the police during these fifteen years of "*restauration*" is so covered with infamy that it will never be forgotten. It co-operated in the secret mission given to Maulereuil for the assassination of Napoleon, his son and his brothers; it compelled the

celebration of Sunday, and it kept hired spies in every household. Then after the One Hundred Days, it took up again its work of anger and vengeance.

It is not to be wondered at that Parisians should finally have swept all the rascals out, have sent the last of the Bourbons into exile, or have crowned all edifices with the three-coloured flag of victory and of justice. It can hardly be said, however, that the police force of Louis Philippe was any better than its predecessors in many ways, while as for that of the Second Empire it was no more or less than a part of the system of espionage which Napoleon III. had hastened to establish all over France.

In the Third Republic the police force of Paris was again taken in hand, this time by the Municipal Council, although the State had its share of authority in the premises. If a good police force is necessary anywhere, it is necessary in a city which contains the Government of the State, the representatives of foreign powers, visitors from all parts of the world, and a population close on to three million souls! Paris is just such a capital, and there is good reason why a Government that has to

watch over so many diverse elements should have the police force in its own hands.

Nominally, the subordinate of the Minister of the Interior, the Préfêt of Police is appointed by that Minister; but his officers are organised by himself and on his own responsibility to the Minister; he makes such police ordinances as he deems best, without being under any legal necessity of referring the matter to the Municipal council; he is not even required to go before the Council, and he does so only when he feels like it, or under instruction from the Minister. He has nothing to ask from it but an appropriation, and although the city's portion amounts to $5,400,000, he can, under certain conditions, and in case of refusal on the part of the Council get even that. As for the remainder of the sum necessary to run the branches of the Paris police, it is furnished by the State, and is included in the annual budget.

The Préfêt of Police receives a large salary, house rent free, two carriages with horses and coachman, furniture, office expenses, a secret fund, a box in all the theatres and at the Grand Opera, and free passes on all railways.

After the Préfêt, there are three other important personages—the Chief Clerk, the Chief

of Police and the Auditor; there are also three distinct organisations—the bureaux, the commissaires of police, and the active force. The Commissaires of Police are magistrates named by the President of the Republic at the request of the Minister of the Interior, and placed under the orders of the Préfêt; their attributions are administrative as well as judiciary.

All the police who are in uniform are known as "*gardiens de la paix*," and all the police not in uniform are "*inspecteurs.*" They enter the force on the same conditions; they are subject to the same rules of advancement and retirement; the only real difference in their positions is in the perquisites which the *inspecteurs* manage to pick up.

The Chief of Police has also under his orders a "*chef de la surété*," or Chief of Detectives; also the following brigades, as they are called:

(1) "*Brigades des garnis*," that is to say, police having charge of the hotels and lodging houses; they have to see to it that all the registers of lodgers in the capital are exact, and to report the movements of all tenants and travellers. A traveller arrives; his name is demanded by the one in charge of the hotel or lodgings, and the name he gives, his residence,

profession, etc., are written and furnished to these police; it is a brigade of spies which occupy themselves more with politics and scandals than they do with the public security.

(2) "*Brigades des recherchés*," of which there are four. The duties of these police are to make inquiries about all strangers; the suppression of unlawful gambling; to keep watch of all clubs; to look after commercial and financial societies, balls, and concerts; to make inquiries in the interests of families, or of the police administration; to furnish interpreters; to look after the vegetable pedlars in the streets; to investigate the cases of individuals arrested *flagrante delicto*, under certain circumstances;—in brief, to "have a protecting oversight over all things." Under this elastic term, the Préfêt manages to make a good deal of use of the "*brigades de recherchés*" in the way of political police.

(3) "*Brigades centrales.*" Four of these brigades make each day the service of the Prefecture of Police at the theatres, at balls and concerts, and in the Bois de Boulogne; they also have to do with the horse races, military reviews, and publics fêtes or ceremonies. The fifth central brigade has charge of all vehicles;

the sixth, or "*brigades de halles*," looks after the free circulation in the neighbourhood of the large markets known as the Halles Centrales.

(4.) "*Brigades d'Arrondissements.*" There are twenty of these brigades, each with a captain at its head who commands, under the orders of the Chief of Police, three or four *brigadiers* or lieutenants, twenty-four *sous-brigadiers*, or sergeants, and a number of "*gardiens de la paix*," which varies according to the importance and size of the arrondissement or ward. The effective of each arrondissement is divided into three brigades, commanded each by one lieutenant and two sergeants, and each brigade is subdivided into four "*sous brigades*"; that is to say, one for each quarter of the city. These police have charge of all other market houses than those already mentioned, all cab stands, slaughtering houses, and the protection of the capital generally. There are 540 cab-stands, 44 markets, and 1280 "beats," or *ilots*, as they are called in Paris.

(5.) "*Controle Général.*" This service has charge of all ordinances concerning the publications of books and newspapers, of pedlars of literature, and bill posting. The policing of the river, the department of weights and meas-

ures, the city laboratory, the sanitary condition of the city, and all public dispensations are under the charge of this general control.

(6.) The "*sapeurs pompiers*," or fire department. This corps consists, in round numbers, of two thousand men; it is a regiment under the control of the Minister of War in all matters that relate to the recruiting, discipline and promotion of its members, for it is a part of the French army; but so far as relates to their services at fires, they are under the exclusive orders and management of the Prefect of Police.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Capital dotted with military barracks—An Empire represented by four monuments—The Place du Carrousel—A courtyard filled with ghastly souvenirs—Its paving stones stained with human blood—Scene of ancient tournaments—The grand fête given by Louis XIV its only carousal—Legend of the "Little Man in Red"—The many troubles which followed his appearance—Santerre and his rough rabble—Massacre of the Swiss Guard—Josephine as an hostess—A famous dance hall—White flag of the Bourbons—The Grand Arc de Triomphe—An imposing colossal edifice—Anecdote of a Prussian colonel and the children of Paris—The funeral obsequies of Victor Hugo.

THE First Republic having disappeared in the smoke of battle or despotic tumult, Napoleon the victorious came in and made an Empire of France, and very soon the capital was dotted with barracks for armed men. It is true that some works of public utility were undertaken, but the sound of cannon was more often heard than the sound of spade or hammer.

The First Empire is represented in Paris by four monuments only: one temple, two triumphal arches, and a column copied after that of Trajan. Of the Temple de la Victoire, better known as the Church of the Madeleine, and of the Column Vendôme, I have already written.

The arch in the Place du Carrousel, with its marble columns and its bronze capitals, is an exact reproduction of the arch of Septimus Severus at Rome; but the bas-reliefs and the antique statue of the model were replaced by modern subjects, to the glory of Napoleon. This Place du Carrousel is about as well known as any open square in Paris. Everybody has been in it, not particularly to visit it, for aside from the Gambetta monument, and a pretty little patch of shrubbery with a few flowers, surrounded by an iron fence, there is nothing whatever in the place worth mentioning. The buildings of the Louvre, of the Pavillon de Flore along the Seine, and of the Pavillon de Marsan along the Rue de Rivoli, where the Minister of Finance is to be found, present a good effect. Here and there are statues in niches of great men who once lived in France. Over some of the doors are emblems of royalty, while by the grand arcades through which all

sorts of vehicles are rushing into the Place de la Comédie Française, one sees the Napoleonic "N's" that have been left untouched by a people who do not seem to worry any now about things reminding them of empire or monarchy. At night electric lamps perched high up on slender poles cast powerful lights and dark shadows on a square courtyard filled with ghostly souvenirs of a past which was only too often terribly important. The Place du Carrousel is a large open space lying between the buildings of the old Louvre and the ground where the Palace of the Tuileries once stood. It is a square through which a dozen generations of kings—the old Monarchy, the First and Second Republics, two Empires, the Restoration, the July Monarchy—Bourbons, Orleanists, Revolutionists and Bonapartists, have in turn looked from palace windows and seen their power swept away by howling mobs. Many a time and oft, between the reign of Louis XII and that of Napoleon III, have its paving stones been stained with human blood; and if they could only speak, they might bear witness to many stirring events in French history.

The name "*Carrousel*" comes from the Italian word *caroselle*—"a little chariot." Origi-

nally the square was a stretch of open ground lying outside of the city walls, with a lane running through it from the farm of the Mathurins to the river. Tournaments were very common in France until after Montgomery killed Henry II, which accident led to their being done away with in favour of chariot races and equestrian exercises made up of allegorical representations of some famous event in the history of the Prince in whose honour they were given. These displays were called "*carrousels*," and the first one ever given came off in the courtyard of the Louvre, while Henry IV was King. The same monarch gave another on the Notre Dame bridge, while his successor, Louis XIII, gave at the time of his marriage a carousal which nearly bankrupted him and the entire Court.

When Louis XIV ascended the throne, all that part of the present Place du Carrousel which was not covered by a sort of "shanty town," lay along the outskirts of the city. Until the beginning of the seventeenth century it had been a marshy strip of ground belonging to nobody in particular, where the street scavengers emptied their garbage carts and where Courtiers went to fight duels. In the year

1620 it was enclosed with a wall and laid out as a garden for the use of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who occupied one wing of the Château des Tuileries. That wall was pulled down during the reign of Louis XIV, the garden became a public square, and a few years later the King gave here certain carousal *fêtes*, which lasted three days, and cost him one million, two hundred thousand livres. A frame structure was built around the square for the accommodation of spectators who gathered to witness the races, ballets, processions, and tilting matches. Three queens—the wife of Louis XIV, his mother, and the Queen of England—were present. On the last day there was a mounted ballet composed of five quadrilles, each representing a different nation. Louis XIV led the Romans; his brother was at the head of the Persians; the Prince de Condé led the Turks; his son, the Duc d'Enghien, the Hindoos, while the Duc de Guise led the American Indians. This Duke of Guise, grandson of the one who helped Marie de Medicis to plan and carry out the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, tried to make himself master of Naples. His long imprisonment, his many duels, his numerous love intrigues, his

lavishness, profligacy and wild exploits of all kinds, caused people, when they saw him taking part with Condé in the carousal, to exclaim, "There is the hero of History tilting with the hero of Fable." Such was the first and only "carousal" ever given in the place, and yet the name has always stuck to it.

There exists a tradition that the Louvre, this great square, and the Tuileries palace, when it existed, were haunted by a spectre called the *Petit Homme Rouge.* The appearance of this spectre was always followed by a National misfortune, civil commotion, Revolution, public disaster, or death of the head of State. When Catherine de Medicis built the Tuileries she took forcible possession of other people's property, including a butcher's shop, the owner of which was known among the neighbours as the "Little Man in Red," because of his bloody business. This butcher became the accidental witness of some of the amorous exploits which took place in the new Château, and to insure his silence the Queen's mother had him decoyed into a subterranean passageway which connected the Tuileries with the Louvre, where he was murdered. Thereupon the spirit of the poor fellow took up its abode in the

garret of the Tuileries, and ever since then he had been a herald of death or misfortune to its occupants.

In the latter days of the reign of the "Grand Monarque," the *Petit Homme Rouge* showed himself to Louis XIV. Followed ruinous and disastrous war, the death of the Duke de Bourgoyne and his wife within six days of each other, then the King's own death, leaving the crown to an infant, and the people to the mercy of a profligate regent during a long minority.

Louis XV was called by his people "Le Bien Aimée," when he first mounted the throne; but they came to hate him more than they had ever hated any of his predecessors before they were done with him. His reign was a long one, but one day, he met the "Little Man in Red," and soon afterward he caught the smallpox and was ere long carried to Saint Denis.

It may have been that Louis XVI, who had to pay with his head for all the tyrannical doings of his ancestors, also saw the butcher's ghost the first night after he slept in the Tuileries, when the mob had forced the Royal family to move into Paris from Versailles, but the legend does not tell us so.

REAR ENTRANCE TO THE TUILERIES PALACE DURING THIRD EMPIRE.

On the 20th of June, 1792, the *sans culottes* gathered in the Place du Carrousel and forced their way into the palace of the Tuileries. For six long hours the Royal family were forced to witness a defile of the vilest scum through their rich apartments. The King and the Queen were seated at the council table; while the Princess Elizabeth sat beside her sister-in-law, who held the young Dauphin in her arms and from time to time stood him on the table for the people to look at. One fellow, as he passed, took off his red cap and placed it on the head of the infant Prince, who began to laugh and amuse himself by peeping out from under it at the crowd; whereupon Santerre, noticing that this baby incident was putting the rabble into a good humour, brutally shouted: "Take off that cap! Don't you see it is stifling the child?"

Among the spectators of the extraordinary scene was a young lieutenant of artillery, who, as he walked away when all was over, quietly remarked, "With three cannon planted at the palace door I could sweep the Place du Carrousel of all this *canaille* in five minutes." That officer, Bonaparte by name, was destined to be the immediate successor of Louis XVI in the Tuileries, and only three years later he had

opportunity to show the effect of skilfully handled guns on a mob, when, from the steps of the church of Saint Roch, he cleared the same place and put an end to the Reign of Terror.

The event of the 20th of June was but a rehearsal for the tragedy of the 10th of August, when a Paris mob again attacked the palace. The gallant defence of the Swiss Guard, their massacre, and the flight of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette to seek safety at the bar of the convention, is an oft-told tale. A few days later a newly invented instrument, called the guillotine, was set up in the centre of the square, just about the spot where the small triumphal arch erected by Napoleon now stands, and began its work of cutting off the heads of those who displeased the Revolutionary leaders. All the executions of the earlier days of the Revolution took place there, but towards the end of 1792 the dread instrument was transferred to the Place de la Revolution.

Next the fanatics of the epoch built a strange monument in the Place du Carrousel. It was a little building, containing a plaster bust of the infamous Marat, also the washtub in which he was bathing when Charlotte Corday stabbed

him; his lamp, inkstand, pen, samples of his handwriting, and other souvenirs. Daily a soldier was stationed to guard the monument, but one morning the sentinel was found dead. Whether he was killed by the cold, or was frightened to death by the apparition of the *Petit Homme Rouge*, no one ever knew. The strange monument was pulled down in 1796, when Bonaparte removed from the Luxembourg to the Tuileries.

The Carrousel being densely packed with spectators, General Bonaparte drove into the square in an open carriage drawn by six white horses and surrounded by a brilliant staff. This was the first time that he publicly wore the little cocked hat which afterwards became so famous as his invariable head covering. In the Carrousel he left the carriage and mounted a horse, in order to pass in review the regiments which had been ordered out to do him military honours. A grand dinner inaugurated his taking possession of the Bourbon mansion, and it was followed by a diplomatic reception, at which Josephine played hostess in a way that showed her guests that she was well-bred.

Bonaparte made many changes, but even then the Place du Carrousel was nothing like

as large as it now is. There were several streets included within its limits; in one of these, the Rue de Chartres, was a ballroom called the Vauxhall d'Hiver, which seems to have been a rather lively place. Carriages could drive inside of it, and the ballroom was simply enormous. There were boxes all around like at an Opera house, while the upper gallery was used as a promenade. Here all the *petits maitresses* and *grisettes* of the day used to assemble to dance, to flirt and to arrange rendezvous. This eighteenth century "Mabille" was turned into a theatre in 1792, which was christened the Vaudeville, and thus became the ancestor of the theatre of that name that now stands on the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin.

After he became Emperor, Napoleon I was the hero of many splendid pageants which passed through the Place du Carrousel, such as the coronation, the divorce from Josephine, the marriage to Marie Louise, the birth of the King of Rome.

Then one morning the tricolour flag was hauled down from the Pavillon de l'Horlorge and the white flag of the Bourbons was hoisted in its place. A few days later Louis XVIII

entered the Tuileries and as he climbed the stairs he remarked that there was nothing changed in France, only there was one more Frenchman. A regiment of Cossacks bivouacked in the Place du Carrousel, sent there to protect from an angry populace certain workmen who were removing from the triumphal arch the horses of Saint Mark which Napoleon had brought from Venice. The famous bronze group was restored to the City of the Doges, and a statue of glory—the Glory of the Restoration—took its place. Conspiracies, riots, and disorders followed in succession; but the king finished his reign as no other French sovereign had done since Louis XV, for he died in his own bed.

With the exception of his funeral, also the rejoicings over the birth of Count de Chambord, and the pageant of the Coronation of Charles X, the quiet of the Palace du Carrousel was rarely disturbed during succeeding years.

The short revolution of 1830 made the place lively once more, but that "*carrousel*" ended with the enthroning of Louis Philippe, and soon he was visited by the spectre of *Le Petit Homme Rouge.* Talleyrand died; the Duke of Orleans, heir to the crown, was thrown out of his carriage and killed.

In 1848 another tidal wave swept through the Place du Carrousel, and Louis Philippe fled to England for safety. He never returned to France, but hardly was he out of the country when a man whom he had kept in exile returned to his native land and began to fish in the troubled waters of French politics. Louis Napoleon soon had the Imperial crown on his head, and he bore it for nearly twenty years. He embellished the Carrousel by giving it its present appearance and by restoring the Triumphal Arch as it now stands.

But in the midst of the "Glory" that was shed over France by this the last of the Bonapartes, the red spectre made another appearance: followed the disastrous war with Germany, the surrender of the Emperor, the flight of the Empress, the horrors of a siege, the terrors of a commune. But that last appearance of the *Petit Homme Rouge* was also followed by the establishment of the Third Republic, which grows stronger and better as it grows older, and which has brought peace and prosperity to the French Nation.

If, however, the Arch in the Carrousel is out of place, not so with the Arc de l'Étoile, as the great Triumphal Arch of Paris is rightly called.

The gigantic mass, its dominant position at the top of the beautiful avenue of the Champs Élysées, gives to the Arc de Triomphe that grand importance which such a monument should possess. It was Napoleon I who selected the site, and the first stone was put in place the fifteenth of August, 1806. The architect selected for this gigantic work was Monsieur Chalgrin, but he died in 1811, long before his task was finished. A pupil of his by the name of Goust succeeded, and he scrupulously tried to follow out the plans of his regretted master. In 1814 work on the arch was interrupted, and was not renewed until 1823, when it was taken up by an architect named Huyot. In 1833 still another architect took hold, and he constructed the attic; but it was not until 1836 that the arch was finally inaugurated.

It had served a purpose some time before that, however; for when Marie Louise made her entrance into Paris, Napoleon was for having her pass under the Arc de Triomphe, and the only question was how to do it. In a few hours, with painted canvas and the aid of carpenters, a construction was arranged to show what the monument would be like, and the young Empress passed through this imitation structure.

The early work on the arch was very difficult, as the soil offered no security for its foundations. It was necessary to dig to a depth of twenty-five feet, and to form an artificial base of heavy cut stones which would support without danger the enormous weight of the structure. The total cost of the edifice was $1,810,000, and for so much money perhaps a perfect work might have been erected, which, however, was not the case.

Still, if it is not exactly a masterpiece of architecture, if it lacks unity and style, the Arc de Triomphe certainly makes up in grandeur, even as it is far superior in dimensions to the greatest arches of antiquity. It rises to a total height of over one hundred and sixty feet, with a width of one hundred and forty-eight feet, the height of its principal arch being ninety-three feet above the pavement. It is an imposing, colossal edifice, one that can be seen from afar off, looming up above the capital. The sculptures with which it is adorned play only the simple *rôle* of ornament to a grand pile. They might all be cut away without hurting its architecture in the least, and seen from a distance, say a quarter of a mile or so, the effect would be the same without as with them.

This ornamentation consists of four groups, two on each *façade*, in allegorical figures resting in four tympans of the grand arch and in the four tympans of the lateral arches, in bas-relief, and in the frieze of high-relief which makes the circuit of the edifice above.

Strange to say, this magnificent triumphal arch has not yet been completely finished, so far as the architect's plans are concerned. It was intended that the platform at the top, and from whence a splendid view of the capital and its suburbs can be obtained, was to have been crowned with something or other, and no end of projects were submitted. One of the earlier architects proposed isolated figures, representing the leading cities of France ; the suggestion was refused, but it was made use of later when the Place de la Concorde was being beautified. A sculptor named Seurre was for having victorious France borne on a chariot drawn by six horses. This project was carried out in a painting which decorated the Arch during the *fêtes* of July, 1838.

In 1840, when Napoleon's remains were brought from the River Seine at Coubervoire to the Invalides, another picture was placed on top of the monument, which represented the

Emperor standing on a trophy of arms and surrounded by the attributes of Victory. Sculptor Rude also had his idea; he wanted a colossal figure of France standing on a sphere, holding in one hand the torch of Civilisation, the other hand resting on a lion that was intended to figure as Popular Force. This and other projects were all abandoned; but in more recent years we had the *quadriga* of Falguière, a mediocre imitation of the triumphal car of antiquity. It remained on high only a short while, however, and everybody in Paris was glad when it was finally taken down again. The grand edifice still awaits its crown.

From the base of this Triumphal Arch radiate no fewer than thirteen broad and splendid avenues, the Avenue of the Champs Élysées, the Avenue de la Grande Armée, the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, the Avenue Kléber, etc., being of the number. Moreover, a wide space of land surrounds the arch, a well-paved place over which omnibuses, street cars, carriages of every kind, and an ever countless multitude seem to be forever hurrying. It is a busy spot, a striking place, a "circular" square; a beautiful opening in the brilliant city where people from every country under the sun may be seen,

and particularly so, in the months of May and June, when Paris puts on her most charming toilet, and becomes, indeed, the capital of the world.

This Arch, and this open place, was the scene of a great public demonstration on the twentieth of April, 1848, when the Second Republic distributed flags to the National Guards and to the Army. It was a patriotic and moving ceremony; but quite different was the demonstration made by the children living in that part of Paris, when the Prussians entered in 1870. The enemy marched through Neuilly, entered the city at the iron gates close to where the Duke of Orleans was accidentally killed, and ascended the Avenue of the Grand Army. It was the German general's intention to march his force under the Arc de Triomphe; but at the head of the small advance column, rode a Colonel whose heart was too gentle and too susceptible to youthful clamour for this wish to be realised. Before the *façade*, which looks towards the Gates of Neuilly two thousand children had massed themselves in one solid group, and the boldest present advanced a few yards to tell this Colonel that his soldiers would have to ride over infants before

they could pass through the Arch. Whether the gallant officer had little ones of his own at home, whom he thought of just then, or whether he was moved by this powerful display of youthful patriotism—whatever it may have been that impelled him to do so, he turned his horse's head around the arch, and the rest of the army followed him.

In 1885 we had another never-to-be-forgotten solemnity in the Place de l'Étoile and about this colossal arch. The committee charged with the obsèquies of Victor Hugo selected the Arc de Triomphe as centre of that ceremony, and the coffin of the illustrious poet was exposed there during several days and nights.

A sarcophagus sixty feet high was placed under the main arch, on this rested the coffin, and the entire front of the massive structure facing toward the Champs Élysées was hung with an immense black veil, behind which funeral urns held blazing fires. It was an august, serene sight, that of a master of thought, a great writer, thus reposing, amidst the sound of cannon, the rolling of drums, and the tolling of bells, under the glorious arch which Napoleon I had consecrated to Marengo.

But the one whom we saw resting in the

Triumphal Arch was no captain whose name and glory had been won in battle. His was not the body of some conquering monarch, returned from many victories. No, it was only that of an old man, who had during all his long life laboured for truth, for justice, and for liberty. We were assisting at the capture of a monument raised to the Glory of War by one who was ever an Apostle of Peace. Napoleon had erected the splendid pile to perpetuate the spirit of greed and conquest; but as we walked slowly and silently about under its wide-spreading shadow, we now saw that it was the tomb of one who had ever dreamt of a humanity full of peace and concord.

The glory of France's armies is undying, but that glory has never been greater or more lasting than the glory of her literature, her arts, and her sciences, all of which are as free to the world as the air we breathe. But France knows, Paris knows, that the wealth which she thus gives away will ever be her own. Truly the Parisians might properly say, "Non nobis solum sed toto mundo nati," of themselves and of their wonderful city.

CHAPTER XVII.

Louis XVIII and his foreign friends—How they imposed on the nation—Another revolution—The crown on the head of Louis Philippe—Transformation of the capital—Egyptian obelisk and its history—The Colonne de Juillet—Increasing population of Paris—New streets and quarters—Sewers and fountains constructed—Gas introduced—A brilliantly illuminated city.

THE allied forces of Europe destroyed Napoleon's power, the Empire was beaten down and the *ancien régime* restored. It was an excellent moment to bring back to Paris all the old machinery that had been put to such bad use before 1789; that is to say, the clergy and nobility, with their feudal rights over others, the Gothic privileges, what not besides, and why not, so far back as François I or even Philippe Augustus, if necessary. The time was well chosen to "defaire la revolution," for France was low down in the dust, a vanquished nation.

Prussians, Austrians, Russians, and the English entered Paris as its masters; but they

brought with them a king who is known in history as Louis XVIII. That Sovereign was escorted to the Tuileries by German lancers, while Russian cossacks lined the roads to the palace, and British guards stood with him by the throne. Foreign armies were camped in and around Paris; foreign soldiers and officers were billeted on its inhabitants. The capital was forced to feed an enemy—now the allies of a French king and the French nobility. There was no other enemy then in France than the poor French people themselves, and oppression soon took the place of liberty. For that matter everybody was fatigued with wars, the country had had enough of glory, and the people were willing to support despotism if by doing so they could be assured of peace.

But that plan was not to the taste of the court, the nobles, and the clergy. First Louis XVIII, then Charles X imposed heavily on an already distressed nation. Titles and privileges were reëstablished, intolerable taxes were enforced, and one saw in Paris only processions, missions, and expiations,[1] performed publicly

[1] The only monuments raised in Paris during the restoration were three churches, two bridges, and a tomb called the Chapelle Expiatoire, and this tomb is empty, and always empty, of any trace of royalty.

by priests, monks, and bishops, seemingly without any love for human beings. The *émigrés*, those of the nobility and gentry who had deserted to the enemy and had served against France, were permitted to return; while as much as two hundred million dollars was given them—taken forcibly from the people—"in recompense"; yet when they were back in Paris they treated its population with insolence, even with intolerant tyranny. It was then that Charles X launched his famous "ordonnances bottées," and once again Paris was forced to buy with her blood the liberty of France. It was only an affair of three days, those famous "journées de Juillet," in 1830, but Paris won, and the "King of the Émigrés" took up once more the road leading to a foreign land.

The crown which had fallen was picked up and placed on the head of Louis Philippe d'Orleans, and all his reign was a period of peace. Paris profited by this fact to grow larger, to embellish itself, to take on the airs and fashions of a real capital. Considerable works, such as bridges, ports, quays, public squares, public fountains, houses, etc., were undertaken, and the result was a great trans-

formation of the city, although not so great as was the one that took place in after years.

Under Louis Philippe, the Hôtel de Ville was enlarged and finished; the Arc de Triomphe was completed; the remains of Napoleon I were brought from the dismal island of Saint Helena; the obelisk of pink granite, dating from the days of Rameses, was brought from the land of the Nile to the capital, to be erected where the dreadful guillotine had cut off so many heads during the Reign of Terror.

This Paris obelisk is not, however, one of "Cleopatra's needles," so called. It is one of two monoliths which Rameses—better known perhaps by his Greek title of Sesostris the Great—who reigned over Egypt fifteen or sixteen centuries before the birth of Christ, erected in front of the gate of the Temple that his great ancestor, Amenhotep III, had built in the Eastern suburbs of Thebes. Given to Louis Philippe by Mohammed Ali Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, a vessel was sent for it across the Mediterranean, and up the Nile to the place near where it stood, the poor village of Luxor. It was a difficult task to bring it from inland to the river's edge, then to load it on the vessel and thence to convey it safely to the Place de

la Concorde. But though it is one single piece of stone weighing two hundred and forty tons, the work of transfer was without accident, and the expense of the whole undertaking was not more than two hundred thousand dollars.

To Egyptologists the hieroglyphics cut in bas-relief on the four sides of that obelisk are as clearly understood as so many A B C's These hieroglyphics are inscriptions; that is to say, a short history, celebrating the glory of the two Kings Rameses II and III, their victories, their piety, etc., and recalling the fact that it was they who had erected this magnificent monument at Thebes in honour of that city's great god, to whom it was consecrated. This, indeed, was the real intention of all these singular monuments of Egyptian invention, colossal grandeur, and eternal duration.

All Egyptian obelisks are monoliths, a word signifying a single piece of stone. They were hewn in the famous quarries of Syene or Assouan, at the extreme Southern boundary of Egypt, the barrier between that country and Nubia, where the primitive rock forms a stony ledge through which the broad stream of the Nile bounds in a succession of boisterous rapids, called the First Cataract, into the placid valley

of Upper Egypt, and whence it is seven hundred and fifty miles to Alexandria, as the crow flies.

Time and space and bulk are bewildering when we contemplate these wonderful obelisks. The whole number ever produced, great and small, hardly exceeds fifty, and of these only fourteen of the standing monoliths exceed fifty feet in height. These fourteen are distributed between five countries as follows: five at Rome, two in France, one at Constantinople, one at London, one at New York, and the remaining four in Egypt.

The precedence in altitude belongs to what is known as Pharoah's needle, which stands before the church of St. John Lateran at Rome, which is one-hundred five feet, seven inches tall; the one at Paris measures seventy-six feet, six inches; the one on the Thames Embankment, sixty-eight feet, five inches; the one at New York, sixty-seven feet, two inches.

Straightway East, and about two miles from the Luxor monument in the Place de la Concorde, stands a monument of more actual significance, one more dear to the hearts of Parisians, and which was also erected during the reign of Louis Philippe. The Colonne de

Juillet stands where the Bastille once was, and it was raised in 1840. It bears on its face, in gilded letters graven deep on bronze, the names of those who perished in the cause of liberty in July, 1789.

The Bastille Saint Antoine, elsewhere referred to in these pages, and whose downfall opened the era of the French Revolution, was constructed between the years 1371 and 1383, inclusive. It had eight great round towers, double walls, and a moat eighty-three feet wide by twenty-six feet deep; nevertheless, that powerful prison fortress was captured and destroyed by the populace within a few short hours. One of its stones is now in the Carnavalet Museum; but much of its material served in building a bridge at the Place de la Concorde, and its key was given by Lafayette to George Washington. It now hangs in one of the rooms at Mt. Vernon.

The column on the site of the Bastille is of the Corinthian style with composite capitals. It rests on a massive sub-basement of white marble, circular in form, and its height is one hundred and fifty-three feet, not counting the colossal Genius of Liberty in gilded bronze which surmounts the top. There is a winding

stair inside, of two hundred and forty steps, leading up to a wide gallery, from whence a splendid view is obtained.

Meanwhile, and as the centuries rolled by, the population of the capital kept on increasing; but its increase of size in superficial area has not been comparatively so great as with other large cities.

During the reign of Henry IV there were about three hundred thousand inhabitants; under Louis XIV the population had increased to something like five hundred thousand; and when the Revolution occurred there were perhaps seven hundred thousand souls within the city. But the nineteenth century witnessed the capital's growth from eight hundred thousand souls to two million six hundred thousand, and yet there are fewer houses in Paris than in Philadelphia, a city which can hardly boast one-third so many inhabitants.

As the capital grew, it was necessary to create new streets and new *quartiers*. Under Louis XV Paris counted nearly five hundred rues, one hundred public places, and thirty-five thousand houses. Then the city walls were demolished, and the bastions disappeared, all except those on the Bastille, which remained

until the Revolution. The bastions on the northern and on the old walls to the south were torn down. Then the moats were filled in with earth, the new ground was planted with grass and flower seed, and the *quartiers* on the left bank were beautified. A circle of avenues around the University was planted with trees, and the boulevards of the Invalides, of Montparnesse, of Port Royal, of Saint Marcel and of l'Hôpital sprung into existence. The *enciente* of that side of town included the old Faubourgs of Saint Germain and of the Luxembourg, and for the first time since the Romans, Paris found itself deprived of all ramparts. It was now an open city, with a superficial area, all within its boulevards, of about two thousand five hundred acres.

In 1728 the names of streets were placed at all the corners, and houses were numbered for the first time. Some sewers were dug, but these, like the *grand égout*, which followed in a stream known as the Ménilmontant that no longer exists, were all uncovered. They were simply canals, *rivières d'ordures*, as they have been called since then. A few public fountains were constructed, notably the beautiful "fontaine de la Rue de Grenelle," new quays were

built on both sides of the river, and already the people began to think of lighting up their capital. In 1688, Louis XIV had established some lanterns lighted by tallow dips in many of the streets, but these flickering flames did not prevent nocturnal robberies and assassinations; the celebrated Cartouche manœuvered his band of thieves on the Pont Neuf, the very centre of Paris, and despite the lanterns and the police, so late as 1720. Fifty years later these insufficient lights were replaced by lamps supplied with reflectors, and these remained in use until gas was introduced.

The use of gas at Paris really began during the reign of Louis Philippe, although the lighting of the capital with it had been tried under the Restoration; but it was not until the time of the Citizen King that night was thus vanquished. The city was not then so brilliantly illuminated, however, as it is now, although a great deal was accomplished in that direction.

Paris is in most respects a unique city, and certainly one of the chief things which contributes especially to her glory is the intensity and the harmonious variety which preside over the lighting at night of her great open squares

and public thoroughfares. The need of artificial light is not a particularity of streets and avenues, however; we also want our apartments and houses to have such a profusion of it that our ancestors, who to illuminate their nights and their rooms only had the blaze of a smoky tallow dip, would be greatly astonished if they saw the gas jets and the electric lights, so intense and decorative, of the present day.

In matters of artificial lighting, Paris has maintained the advance guard of progress. Never have other capitals equalled it, and all foreigners visiting the city have unbounded admiration for the beautiful lines of light, and for the superb candelabra or lamp-posts, always cared for with such perfect neatness, which are to be see in every street.

This lighting up, which plays such a considerable *rôle* in the life of the great capital, has necessitated the construction of immense manufactories, wherein many trains of coal are used in a single day; while under ground immense canalisations have been constructed. One company alone employs ten thousand persons, possesses nine factories, distills per annum more than one million, two hundred thousand

tons of coal, and distributes its gas, in Paris and some few of the suburban communes, through a canalisation of mains and branch pipes which extend for over one thousand, eight hundred miles.

When this company was formed, the price of gas for public lighting was fixed at three cents, while private individuals paid six cents the metre; this is still the price paid for gas in Paris, and more than three hundred and twenty million of cubic metres are consumed annually. Every gas metre has to be verified and marked by city officials as often as possible, and about fifty thousand are thus examined annually. Only water gas metres are used, and the number of subscribers in the company referred to exceeds two hundred and sixty-five thousand to-day. This number would be greatly increased if the price of gas were lowered, and if the accessory expenses were brought down to reasonable figures.

In most cities at least half the burners are extinguished through economy at midnight, and sometimes when the moon is supposed to bring into street lighting the competition of its pale beams, only a few burners are left lighted. This system does not prevail in Paris, however,

and throughout the streets, avenues, boulevards, and other open spaces of the capital, more than sixty-five thousand lamps are burning the night long. Besides these gas lamps, there are a great many electric lights scattered over the city.

The Champs Élysées is naturally the most brilliantly illuminated of all, but the main boulevards and the principal avenues are also splendidly lighted, and on the whole the capital is undoubtedly the best-lighted city in the world. Gas is expensive, however, a matter of about $2.04 per thousand cubic feet in fact; while it is only about $1.25 in New York for the same amount. It is true the city of Paris gets all its gas for one-half the price, that is to say, about $1.02 per thousand cubic feet. Moreover, Paris shares the profits made by the companies which supply this gas, at least $3,000,000 going to the city under the terms of the concession.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The So-called walls of Paris—Their use and their uselessness — The era of Baron Haussmann — Birth and growth of the "Ville Lumière"—Beautiful public gardens and broad thoroughfares — The Buttes Chaumont—Description of a Paradise for the poorer classes — The Parc Monceau — Once known as "Philippe's Folly," now the sweetest playfield in existence—The trees of the Capital and their cultivation—Millions of flower plants set out in the Spring and early Summer.

Besides the credit of having inaugurated the first railway, of having had the nephew of an Emperor and son of a King tried for conspiracy against the State before a Court of Peers, of having brought Napoleon's remains from St. Helena, of having erected the Colonne de Juillet, of seizing and holding Algeria, and of lighting Paris with gas, to mention only a few of the more important events,—the "Citizen King" and his Government are also responsible for the fortifications which still surround the capital.

This wall, as it is called by most foreigners, is impassible only to peaceful people, for any army could get over it, or batter it down without much trouble. It was constructed at the instigation of Monsieur Thiers, who was then the King's advisor. Here and there are *portes* or gateways, in all thirty-two or three, through which teams, carriages, tramcars, and persons may come into or go out from the great city. For defensive purposes, as against an enemy, these ditches and works are really of no consequence; nevertheless, just outside of them is a military zone, which is as much under the control of the war department as any part of the French army.

The fortifications, or barriers, serve effectually for the *octroi* service of the city, but the necessity of the military zone is something not so easily understood. However, these dry moats and earth-covered walls are now and then threatened by the spades and picks of demolishers, for the talk every few years is that a bill is about being introduced into the French Parliament, the intent of which is to suppress the fortifications. Twelve or fifteen years ago it was a question of demolishing them, but the Deputies and the Government officials could

not agree as to the better way of going about it, and so it was permitted to rest in peace among the pigeon-holes of unfinished business.

The question is more complex than one would suppose, and it is difficult to decide it one way or the other. If it were only necessary to consider civil interests the thing would be all right and quickly attended to. Everybody in Paris is aware of the inconvenience which these fortifications create, not to speak of the great spaces of unprofitable land that serve only for the shanty habitation of the worst prowlers in Paris, a result of the dense overcrowding of the population, and which brings on, with the high price of land, an increase in rents, obstruction of streets, elevation of houses, deplorable *urbaine* hygiene, and, to crown all, continual troubles in the relation of the different quarters of Paris with the really large towns which are growing up just outside the city walls.

The surface occupied by the military grounds measures close on to one thousand and fifty-five acres, the zone itself is one thousand, nine hundred and fifty acres at the least; fortifications render useless more than four million square metres, and the military zone more than seven million square metres of land: counting

the average price at which land is sold in the city, it is easily seen that, owing to these barriers, a colossal fortune is not being used at all. This is an immense loss, especially for a population the density of which gives to each Parisian a superficial space of only about one hundred and forty feet. If we take into account the space occupied by the River Seine, the Champ de Mars, the Tuileries gardens, the Champs Élysées, and the other promenades, also the quays, streets, boulevards, railway stations, and government warehouses, this space is reduced by about half to the actual surface for each individual. There are parts of town where Parisians have no more land to live on than that accorded them for their last sleep, which is two metres.

Moreover, there is not another capital anywhere in the civilised world which is surrounded by walls or fortifications. London has none, nor Berlin, nor Vienna, nor has Paris always had them, although we read a good deal about them in her past history. Of that past enough has been already written; suffice it to say here that Louis XIV gave orders to have the walls pulled down, and their site was turned into boulevards.

But under Louis XVI, and in 1782, a new wall was constructed which enclosed not only the capital, but several suburban villages or faubourgs; however, that was done, not for defense, but to facilitate the collection of the *octroi*, or duties paid on all articles entering the capital. Then in 1840 a law was passed directing the construction of a continuous line of fortifications outside that wall, and consisting of ninety-four bastions with a wide ditch, the whole being a circumference of nearly twenty miles, and which cost twenty-eight million dollars.

The old *octroi* wall was pulled down in 1860, and the line of fortifications became the limit of the capital. But the war of 1870-71 demonstrated their uselessness, the detached forts which formed an important part of the system having alone stood the whole brunt of the siege. Since then the city has been surrounded by a second series of detached forts, at a distance of from ten to fifteen miles beyond the fortifications; hence these latter, beside being useless for defensive purposes, impede the growth of the city while occupying a space of land worth at least fifteen million dollars.

No changes were made in Paris during the Second Republic, but that *régime* gave univer-

sal suffrage to the whole of France, as it abolished slavery in all the French possessions. In one way universal suffrage was a mistake, for it enabled Louis Napoleon to assume the Presidential office; and then followed the *coup d'état.* The stroke delivered, "the Prince," as he was called, was acclaimed, a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted at Notre Dame, and the Second Empire was established. Then Baron Haussmann's reign as Prefect of the Seine began, and under his administration Paris was made the *ville lumière.*

The era of Expositions Universelles also opened, and has since continued, to the great good of everybody throughout the earth. In the mean time Paris was enjoying a richly gilded Court, no end of fêtes, a Coronation, an Imperial baptism, religious processions, and military celebrations after French victories in the Crimea and in Italy. That entire period in Paris might well be termed the stone age; for never before, or elsewhere, was seen so much building going on. The *fièvre de la truelle* had seized on the city, and in fifteen years the capital was transformed, one might even say made new. Everywhere new streets new avenues, new boulevards, new *quartiers.* Everywhere trees

implanted, beautiful squares opened, bridges and quays built, sewers constructed and fountains placed. In all parts of Paris new churches, new theatres, new barracks, new markets, new mansions, sumptuous hotels and great apartment houses sprang up. The Boulevard Saint Michel, on the left side of the river, and running thence South to the observatory; the Boulevard du Palais, on the Ile de la Cité, and on one side of which is an entrance to the Palace of Justice, on the other Police Headquarters; the Boulevards of Sebastopol and of Strasbourg on the right shore of the Seine—these were among the broad avenues laid out by Monsieur Haussmann.

Meanwhile an immense quarter was being created in the West of town. The Quartier des Champs Élysées, from the Church of the Madeleine to the Triumphal Arch, is the quarter of the rich; it is wide, full of trees and shrubbery, of splendid mansions, and elegant "flats." It quite throws in the shade the equally aristocratic and older *quartier* known as the Faubourg Saint Germain.

It would be impossible to mention all the transformations which Paris underwent during that Imperial period, although something must

be said of the public parks, the gardens and the squares, which were then created or remade, and which have since been maintained in all their beauty by the Paris authorities. As there are more than one hundred and thirty of these public places—not including boulevards and avenues, in themselves splendid promenades—we shall have to leave many of them undescribed, for the present at any rate. Their extent is quite considerable, there are two thousand acres in the Bois de Boulogne, and there are two thousand, two hundred acres in the Bois de Vincennes alone. There is not a quarter of the town which has not two or more of public gardens in it, and all are beautifully laid out and handsomely planted with trees, shrubbery and flowers. Most of this park and place adornment has been done within the past thirty years; still, Paris was always famous for its many landscape beauties.

Among the older spots is the little garden of the Tour Saint Jacques, already spoken of. The Jardin du Temple, on the street of that name, was laid out at almost the same period as the one of Saint Jacques. Like most Paris gardens, that of the Temple has its own peculiar class of habitués and it is one of the

handsomest of the smaller squares of the capital, even though it is located in an inferior part of town. Shut in by tall houses on three sides, and, on the fourth, by the long façade of the National Library, is an unpretentious square, with a few flower-beds, and a small stretch of green lawn, while in the centre of it is a handsome bronze fountain. This Place Louvois was formed by the pulling down of the Opera House in which the Duke du Berri was assassinated.

In front of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers is a large garden, with fine old horse-chestnuts and plenty of pretty flower-beds. The scions of the aristocratic families of the Faubourg Saint Germain have a favourite playground in front of the Church of Sainte Clothilde, a Gothic edifice with two spires, not far from the Palais Bourbon. But the opening of the Boulevard St. Germain greatly changed the aspect of that *quartier*, and many of its old eighteenth century houses disappeared before the picks and spades of the modern improvers. However, in the Rues de Grenelle, de Bellechasse, de l'Université, de Varennes, and other streets that could be named, there are fine mansions which are hidden from

public view by high walls that enclose parks and gardens of great size.

Between 1858 and 1865 a number of new squares and gardens were laid out by Baron Haussmann. Close to the Halles Centrales, or main market houses, is a pretty garden occupying in part the site of an old cemetery. The founding of the Church of Saints Innocents, in the Rue Saint Denis, near the corner of the Rue aux Fers, was due to the conduct of certain Jews in that neighbourhood. They had killed a young man who reviled their race and religion; after his death he performed miracles, whereupon the pious public erected a sacred edifice on the place toward the close of the twelfth century, and around this new church a cemetery was soon formed. Two centuries later a gallery called *les charniers*, a gloomy, damp gallery paved with funeral stones and filled with tombs, was constructed. Afterwards other galleries were made for this "Charnier des Innocents," and in these vaulted, dismal, subterranean halls many famous Parisians were laid away.

Before the Revolution the cemetery and *charniers* were destroyed, all the human bones which had been accumulating during five or

OLD FOUNTAIN DES INNOCENTS.

six hundred years were gathered up, and the Church itself was demolished. Meanwhile, however, indeed a long while before this, a fountain had been erected in the place; it was the joint work of Pierre Lescot and Jean Goujon.

When the cemetery was suppressed this delightful monument was carefully taken up and carried to the centre of the new marketplace, where it remained until the creation of the Boulevard de Sebastopol, and the enlarging of the market made it necessary to remove it once more. In 1788 the Marché des Innocents was fully established, and soon that quasi-aristocratic group of women known in the history of Paris as the "Dames de la Halle" had grown up to be another power in the capital.

The children of the rich had the Tuileries Garden and Parc Monceau in which to sport amidst the freshness of Nature; and so it became necessary that children of the poor should have their square on the Buttes of Chaumont.

Commenced in 1862 under the Empire, the Park of the Buttes Chaumont was not finished until at the time of the Exposition in 1867, but it has been greatly embellished since then. This promenade which occupies a superficial

area of forty acres is in the form of a crescent the two extremities of which terminate in the Rues de Crimée and de Puebla. In the space embraced between these two curves, the designers have made fine use of the rises of the ground; at one time in the form of soft mounds, at others covered with groups of emerald where trees, flowers, and clear water distribute shade and freshness in great profusion. A running stream passes under a bridge and loses itself in a grotto of Cyclopean proportions, the vaults of which measure seventy feet from base to summit; stalactites from twenty-four to twenty-seven feet long hang down from the top of this grotto; whilst elsewhere a cascade of considerable volume roars through large rocks and feeds the river which empties itself into a round lake. In the middle of the lake rises a real cliff which appears as though it had been carried away from some seashore, and which is united to the crater of the hill, whence gushes a cataract, by a stone bridge the only arch of which is more than sixty feet above the water. At the summit of this cliff stands an open rotunda, built in the Greek style, of an entablement and a crown supported by eight Corinthian columns.

A second bridge passes over the line of the Metropolitan Railway at a place where the park borders the Rue de Crimée. There is also another bridge established over a thoroughfare so as to give access to the Rue Fessart which passes through the *buttes*. A wonderful horizon unfolds itself when looking from the culminating points of this Park, hundreds of burghs and verdant villas ranging themselves one above the other in an endless circle.

Paris itself lies stretched out below ; and this is the Paradise of the poor people of the capital. One should see the little children in the arms of their mothers, in blue and black aprons, playing in the sun, which seems here to shine for everybody, and lying on the ground or rolling themselves in the sand with the remains of what had once been toy wheelbarrows. Older urchins speak to the pebbles in a simple language of their own. Those children do not yet know that the sand with which they are amusing themselves, or that the earth out of which they are making mud pies, was reddened with the blood of many victims in former days. For it was on that spot that the Gibbet of Montfauçon was erected.

First of all, in the year 855, the *Butte* of

Mont Chauve (*Calvus mons*) was the theatre of a fierce battle waged against the Norman invaders by Count Eudes, Governor of Paris. It was a terrible day; thousands of the enemy bestrewed the ground, while of the Paris militia almost as many fell.

Five centuries afterward, Enguerrand de Marigny, Minister of Philippe le Bel, set up the first Gibbet of Montfauçon, so-called from the name of Lord Falco who occupied a large residence at the summit of the knoll. Like Dr. Guillotin, and most inventors of capital punishment instruments, first Enguerrand, and then Pierre de Brosse and Pierre Remy, who had perfected the gibbet, were victims to their own machine. The three of them were hanged, and referring to the subject, Mezeray, the historian, says: "They had the honour of being placed on high, above all other thieves."

Living persons were also buried under the gallows, and it is related that in 1440, Jeannette, the *bonne* Valette, and three other women underwent the same chastisement for certain demerits, after which they were thrown into a hole seven feet long.

Despite these monstrous customs, religious pity did not give up its rights, and before be-

ing led to the scaffold, the unfortunate creatures were compelled to pass the Convent of the Filles Dieu, which stood on the site now occupied by the Passage de Caire. The condemned man alighted from the waggon at the door of the Monastery, the Superioress came to receive him candle in hand; then, after having given him the Crucifix to kiss, she handed him three pieces of bread and a glass of wine—this was called the "repas du patient." That convent, founded by William III, Bishop of Paris in the thirteenth Century, was suppressed at the time of the Revolution, on the grounds that it received no one into it unless the applicant should furnish proofs of moral weaknesses.

In 1527, the gibbet gathered in a noble prey, none other than Jacques de Samblançay, Superintendent of Finances under Charles VIII, Louis XII, and François I.

On August 28, 1572, Montfauçon saw a still more sinister drama enacted on its heights. Admiral de Coligni was hung up by his feet, having been beheaded the evening before, and Catherine de Medicis, accompanied by her son and all the court, went there to insult his corpse.

In 1761 the gallows was transferred to the

foot of the Buttes Chaumont, but there had been enough atrocities perpetrated. The victims cried out for vengeance, the Charnel House was full, and so the Revolution pulled the scaffold down.

On the 30th of March, 1814, a battle took place around the hill; that was when Napoleon's army was trying to repulse the allied forces, and were defeated, for Bonaparte was absent at the time.

The Buttes Chaumont is, undoubtedly, a beautiful park, arranged for the benefit of the poorer classes, and there is a similar but smaller park in another part of town, that of Mont Louis; however, the handsomest garden of all in Paris is the Parc Monceau. Originally laid out and planted by the Duc d'Orleans in 1778, it was long known as "Philippe's Folie"; it was larger then than it is now, and was the favourite promenade of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The property changed owners several times during and subsequent to the Revolution, but it was finally restored to the Orleans family, and Louis Philippe spent a large sum embellishing it.

In 1852 the park was confiscated, and about one-half of the land was sold for building lots,

on which were erected some of the finest private residences in the capital. The rest of the grounds became the property of the city, and it is to-day one of the most beautiful parks in existence. The grounds are rather those of a garden than a park; however, they are so delightfully varied in all their parts, so bright and green, so interesting with everchanging vegetation, so stored with new or rare, neglected, forgotten or curious plants, that I have always looked on the Parc Monceau as one of the fairest garden spots on earth, as it also is one of the sweetest playfields for young children in existence.

There are some curious legends connected with the lovely park of Monceau. Near a certain grotto is a kind of pyramid called the "gambler's grave." It is said that during a night of wild spreeing the Duke of Orleans quarrelled with one of his companions at play, and gave him such a blow that the man died immediately. The murder was kept secret, and the victim was buried where the pyramid now stands. This "gambler's grave," a graceful little bridge, here and there a few splendid statues, several large vases filled with flowers, and, above all, a delicious *naumachia*, whose

ivy-covered pillars with their finely wrought capitals are reflected in the waters of a small lake, are the principal ornaments of the park.

In all times trees have been subject to special cultivation on the part of the population of Paris. One of the most famous was an elm, which used to stand in front of the Church of St. Gervais; then there is the elm of the establishment for the Deaf and Dumb in the Rue St. Jacques, a veritable giant, whose head rises high above all the surrounding buildings. The chestnut tree of the 20th of March, in the garden of the Tuileries, may also be mentioned, while upon the hillock of the Jardin des Plantes rises the Cedar of Lebanon which the naturalist Jussieu is said to have brought to Paris in his travelling hat. Nor must it be forgotten that it was from one of the trees of the Palais Royal that Camille Desmoulins plucked the leaf which became a green cockade and rallying sign for the combatants of those who took the Bastille.

Outside of these venerable ancestors a real forest vegetates in Paris. Counting the plantations of the public streets, the communal establishments, and the cemeteries, there are

not less than 120,000 trees in line within the fortifications; this does not include the trees found in private gardens, so vast and numerous in certain aristocratic quarters, nor even those of the public gardens. And note this further fact that outside the public ways there exists inside the capital, in the form of parks, gardens and public squares, a total service of about four thousand acres. Nevertheless, it is not an easy thing to assure the life of trees in Paris. A soil impregnated with infiltrations of gas, and an air charged with the smoke of factories, are the surroundings in which those poor transplanted bits of vegetation pass a living death. The elms of the boulevards and of the public gardens readily fall victims to that terrible microbe, the scolyte, which furtively introduces itself between the trunk and the bark and devours the tree until death follows. This is why more durable kinds have been chosen, and the elm is being replaced by foreign species of vegetation.

It is not without enormous expense that the city of Paris forms and takes care of these plantations. A trench is dug, which is filled with vegetable earth, so as to create an artificial soil wherein the root can develop without

hindrance. Then comes the question of watering. At the foot of the tree a deep basin is made, this is covered with a grating so that the soil may always remain permeable; then when the roots are extended, water reaches them by a system of drains, which communicate with sewer branches, and which drains can be closed at will, by means of valves.

But the Parisian tree has still another enemy, that of gas, the leakage of which finishes it by emaciating it and causing it to die. Care has therefore been taken to envelop the gas pipes and branches in a sort of drainage which has communications with the outside air. Thanks to all these cares, it has been possible to endow Paris with plantations which contribute as much to its ornamentation as to its salubrity. These operations bring the price of each tree to the relatively high sum of forty dollars. Besides trees there are plants and flowers scattered profusely throughout the town. When it is time for Paris to take off her winter toilet and make her appearance in spring attire it requires nearly one million flower plants, and these are distributed by hundreds of gardeners and their assistants. The total number of plants often employed at one time for the

toilet of the capital is about two millions. The nurseries which produce them are situated in various parts of the city or its immediate suburbs. In the Bois de Boulogne, near the racecourse of Longchamp, are the nursery grounds of trees with caducous leaves.

At Auteuil, on the road to the village of Boulogne, in a sandy soil, excellent for their propagation, are placed a collection of resinous trees, plants with persistent leaves, and heath-mould plants. On the banks of the River Marne, at a village called Petit-Buy, the plane trees which are planted along the boulevards are cultivated; and, finally, out at Vincennes a large assignment of land is reserved for ornamental plants. The central establishment, near La Muette, at Passy, is one of the most considerable horticultural laboratories in the world, and has thirty conservatories. Immense cellars lit by gas form the depository of tubercular plants during the winter, and there are special hothouses for larger species. One is set aside for palm trees, while others are for plants with abundant foliage.

It is, of course, necessary to study the particular nature of the soil of each square or garden so as to plant those trees that are best suited

to it. Where the land is rich and deep, trees from Virginia, oaks from North Carolina, and trees with persistent leaves can be implanted successfully, while in a shady piece of land that is porous and filled with young roots, large resinous plants from the temperate zones of the globe will flourish best.

But the flora of Europe, Asia and temperate America are no longer sufficient, and delicate plants and trees from the torrid zones are used. These plants must be brought to forget their natal well-being, and by a sort of divination, as though they had not been seen, the site and soil where they were born has to be produced artificially; for as many of them must bud and flower in a climate different from their own, the sun and warm shade of the tropical forest is supplied to them by artificial means.

Paris: Past and Present

Volume II

PART ONE.

"And Statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons."

[TENNYSON.

VOLUME TWO.

CHAPTER I.

View from the Arc du Carrousel—Two pretty little gardens close to the Louvre—The Jardin des Tuileries—Place de la Concorde—The Champs Élysées—Its origin and present appearance—Why the Cours la Reine was constructed—Modern life in the Elysian fields—A vista without a rival—Flowering plants and playing fountains—An attractive promenade on Sundays—The Wide Avenue leading up to the Arch of Triumph—A field for philosophical observation.

A FINE spot from whence to obtain a first impression of Paris, especially of the capital between the old Louvre Palace and the great Arch of Triumph, is from the top of the Napoleonic arch in the Place du Carrousel. The view seen thence, full as it is of trees and statues, of mansions, art buildings, and splashing fountains, and stretching away for a mile or more, is indeed remarkable.

The outlook begins with two pretty little gardens in a narrow open space between those wings of the Louvre that are occupied on one side by the Ministry of Finances, on the other by the National Gallery of Fine Arts. Then comes the large square of the Carrousel; next, a handsome garden which covers the ground where the Palais des Tuileries once stood; after that it is the famous Jardin des Tuileries; and thence, seen across the Place de la Concorde, through the trees and promenade of the Champs Élysées, it is an immense perspective slowly rising and gloriously terminating with the Triumphal Arch. All the details of this wonderful picture are ravishing, the ensemble being of unequalled grace and grandeur.

In a unique position, near the River Seine, between the Tuileries Garden and the shaded promenades of the Champs Élysées, with the Navy Department, the Church of the Madeleine, and one of the finest Club houses in Paris on the right, and the Chamber of Deputies and the Speaker's Mansion on its other side, though across the river, opens out that open square of the capital known as the Place de la Concorde. It is the most admirable public place in Europe, but it is almost wholly a creation of compara-

ARC DU CARROUSEL.

tively recent years. Two centuries ago in the middle of the horseshoe-shaped termination of the Tuileries Garden there was a drawbridge, by means of which that park was placed in communication with the Cours la Reine and the Champs Élysées, and the space between this bridge and the broad avenue was a public resort for everybody. Then it was surrounded by ditches and a stone balustrade, while in the middle stood a bronze equestrian statue of Louis XV. The King was dressed in the Roman style, the figure was fifteen feet high from head to foot, that being also the length of the horse on which he was mounted. At each of the four corners of the square were two small pavilions which were intended to form pedestals for eight allegorical figures; many years afterward this project was completed by the erection of eight colossal figures, each emblematical of the larger cities of France. The equestrian statue soon disappeared, its place was taken by one of Liberty, and the latter witnessed some strange events before it too was torn down.

The Place de la Concorde was originally called the Place Louis XV, and after that the Place de la Revolution. The aim of its architects,

as it was also of the authorities who ordered its creation, was that everything should be avoided which might recall the terrible scenes of which the spot had been the theatre in past times. In its centre stands the obelisk which has already been described, midway between two very large and remarkably beautiful fountains; while at each of its four corners are two colossal figures emblematical of French cities. One of these, that of Strasbourg—for Strasbourg belonged to France when this statue was made—is always draped in mourning, and half buried under wreaths of immortelles.

In front of the obelisk, which stands where the guillotine cut off so many heads, stretches a wide piece of land, mainly a vista of trees, and which, unlike those in the Tuileries Garden, are not enclosed by thick stone walls and stout iron railings; and this vast open place, so justly called Champs Élysées, or Elysian Fields, is perhaps the one great feature to all newcomers of the splendid capital. It is not precisely a new thing in Paris, for its present form dates back several years, but it is always so fresh and genial and attractive that it seems born but yesterday. It is a large body of ground,

planted profusely with trees, shrubbery, and flowers, limited only on the south by the River Seine and the Cours la Reine, and on the north by the Avenue Gabrielle, on the other side of which are the park and mansion of the British Ambassador, the gardens and palace of the President of the Republic, and the private properties of two or three rich noblemen. To the east of it lies the Place de la Concorde; while on the west is the Rond Point, and different broad avenues.

From the Place de la Concorde and the marble horses of Marly, through the centre of these Elysian Fields runs the magnificent Avenue of the Champs Élysées, westward to the great Arc de l'Étoile. This great "Common," or public promenade and playground, was in olden times covered with vegetable gardens, meadows, rabbit warrens, and fields, with here and there a house, and thereby hangs a story.

In the year 1616, Marie de Medicis, seeking every means possible to lessen her griefs as a widow, and very fond of getting rid of the savings of Henri IV, had traced out and planted for herself and her courtiers a promenade between the river and the Champs Élysées to

which was given the name Cours la Reine that it still bears. To it the Dukes of Guise and of Nevers, the Concini, the Épernons, who not else of the aristocracy, came to surround the Regent, all of them robed in those brilliant costumes which had replaced the more sombre attire that had been *à la mode* during the preceding reign. Men wearing close-coats of satin, small clothes or trunks mostly of scarlet colour, velvet cloaks, large boots, and long spurs of gold, with their hair in rivulets, their moustaches well waxed, their felt hats shaded with fine feathers, their rich aiguilletes and their duelling swords; and women on litters in robes of silk embroidered with gold or silver, wearing large stiff collarettes, red ribbons called *assassines*, their lovely shoulders uncovered very low down, both back and front, and their pretty faces usually hidden behind black masques, —were in this aristocracy. Entrance to the Cours la Reine was forbidden to all those who wore woollen habits, or stockings of black worsted, or cloth hoods. In brief, the Regent's stroll was no place for the common people, who could "Allez vous promener" elsewhere—on the Pont Neuf, for instance. They might not enter the Jardin des Tuileries either, for that

matter, as there was an order posted up, "Les chiens et le peuple n'entrent pas," to prevent them. This garden and this *cours* was each an outdoor salon where the chosen few jested, flirted, talked of love, or gossiped the news of the fleeting hours. They criticised, disputed, and decided. They all tried to deceive each other, and in one way or another they probably had a very good time, from their point of view.

But awhile later there was no longer any need of the people confining themselves to the Pont Neuf, or elsewhere in the upper part of the city; for the Champs Élysées had been prepared for them by Louis XIV. A Cours du Peuple had come and planted itself alongside of the Cours la Reine, and it soon became a popular resort for middle-class Parisians. One was the rendezvous of the rich; the other, of the bourgeoise and poor. One was for idlers and noblemen; the other, for workers and artisans. One harboured *grande dames;* and the other, *grisettes*, and, so far as could be seen, the only difference between these two last mentioned classes was that one kind were afoot and the other in carriages.

The Champs Élysées, like the Tuileries

Garden, was still a part of the Crown's domain; but in 1792 it was transferred to the state, and in 1828 it was ceded to the city. Before the revolution these Elysian Fields were covered with quite a number of booths, stalls, cafés, and small public houses. Some of these stretched along the wide ditch which separated the new promenade from the Cours la Reine; while others stood on different *carrés* or little squares, and thence gained their names,—as, for instance, Carré des Ambassadeurs, Carré de Doyen—the Ledoyen of recent years. In the main, however, the history of the Champs Élysées hardly began before the Empire, although the famous marble horses were brought from Marly in 1794.

Napoleon I had great liking for this vast open spot as a place of show, and in 1806 he began the ornamentation of its western horizon by laying the first stone of the Arc de Triomphe. Nine years later, Cossacks bivouacked in the Champs Élysées, and their horses ruined nearly all the trees by biting them.

When the city came into possession of the grounds great changes were made in the place. From 1841 date the first concessions for the circus, the Café des Ambassadeurs, the Alcazar

d'Été (then Café Morel), the Pavillon Ledoyen, and the Pavillon de l'Horloge. That first circus of the Champs Élysées was managed by Franconi—"l'illustre Franconi"—who had been with Astley, the English showman in London.

In 1852 all the moats and ditches were filled in, and a part of the Champs Élysées was set apart for exhibitions and official purposes, the edifice known as the Palais de l'Industrie being built at that time. Then Baron Haussmann's plans were definitely adopted; the Place de la Concorde was completed as it now is, fountains were constructed at the Rond Point, and the Champs Élysées of to-day was in existence.

From the many booths, the summer circus, the theatre, the restaurants, the merry-go-rounds, the variety shows, the swings, and the arm-chairs, etc., all of which make the Elysian Fields so attractive to foreigners and Parisians alike, the city obtained an annual rental of about $60,000 until the grounds were somewhat changed to meet the requirements of the Exposition of 1900.

To-day this vista from the Tuileries Garden through the Place de la Concorde and up the Champs Élysées is without a rival. In it,

when night comes on, one hears no cries of "On ferme," or drum's tattoo warning people that all gates ajar are to be locked tightly till the coming of another day. The grand avenue, with its wooden pavement; the gravelled walks under chestnut trees; the splendid banks of earth, where plants are placed and fragrant flowers bloom,—are free to all, at all hours, to the poor as well as to the rich, to the foreigner as well as to those born within the capital. No police regulation here, as in Hyde Park, London, to exclude all vehicles below a certain rank, and the dirtiest, shabbiest *fiacre* that was ever drawn by an equine skeleton, and guided by the most brutal of men, may roll through the Champs Élysées as freely as does the carriage of a royal personage or the chariot of some great ambassador.

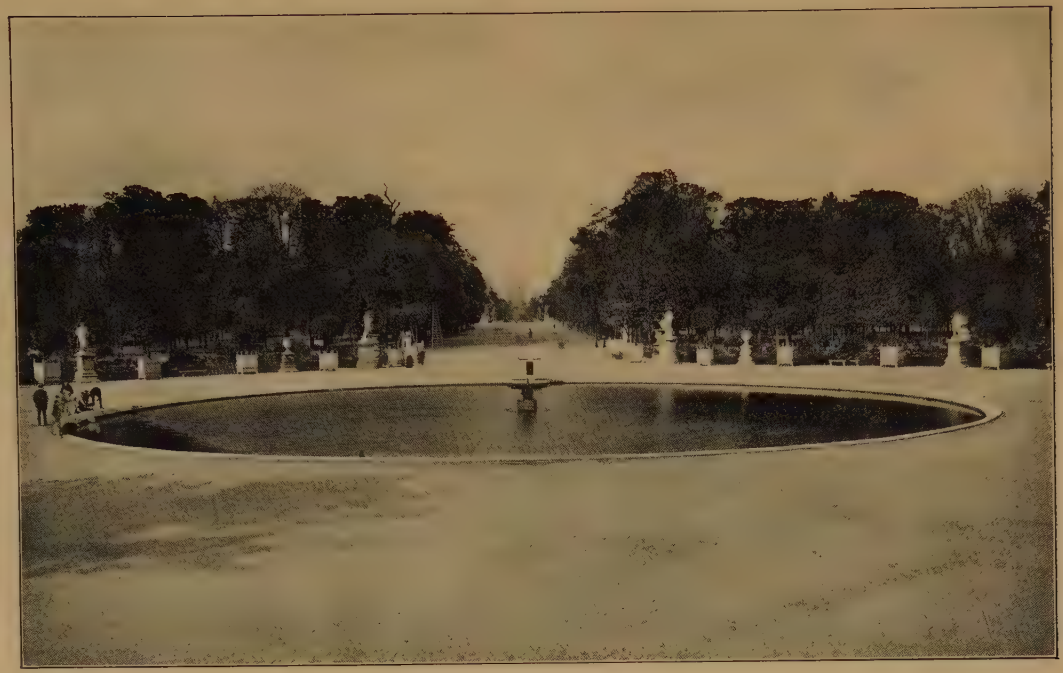
Early in spring the Champs Élysées begins to show its gay attire. From early forenoon until the going down of the sun it is crowded with people from many lands. The chestnuts are showing bits of buds, the earth beds are gay with early flowering plants, the sprays of the many fountains glow with rainbow colours. Crowds of children in pretty costumes, ever barelegged, and bedecked with red or with

blue ribbons, according to sex, play in gravelled paths. Inattentive dry-nurses give good eye to all passing soldiers; while the more mamillary sort are not ashamed to make "expositions de poitrines," which are almost as striking as those one sees at the drawing-rooms of crowned heads. The little goat-carts are crowded with customers, the merry-go-rounds are doing a thriving business, even the fellow with the weighing-machine has awakened for the day.

On Sunday this is certainly one of the most curious parts of Paris, a place where one is sure to meet all the different social sets mixed up in most amusing promiscuity. Persons who have been all the week on a tailor's bench, in a hat shop, at dressmaking, or what not of all the busy and honest pursuits of life, hasten thither then to look at those who wear better clothes than they, or who ride in carriages while they must walk, no matter how far away from the lovely stretch of trees and playing grounds may be their common homes. People go there to study human nature and take fresh air baths. All along the Avenue one comes across friendly groups of bourgeois folk; father dozing in his iron chair, mother holding her-

self very straight and stiff in her old silk gown, son sucking the head of his walking stick, daughter with pensive air poking holes into the earth with the ferruled point of her red parasol, as she meanwhile gives discreet glances at the men who happen to look in her direction. The wooden roadway rattles soberly with passing cabs and carriages, in which sit women nearly every one of whom has a pet dog curled up on the front seat opposite her noble self. There are thousands of iron chairs along this promenade, and as these can be occupied all day for two or three cents, none of them are long empty. All the world seems to be in the flood that ebbs and flows to and from the famous Rond Point.

The trees are budding; the Paris Punch and Judy show, called Guignol, has set up its miniature stage theatre, and as we pass, we can hear the shrill voice of the familiar little fellow, whose war on society and victory over the law, as represented by gendarmes and policemen, is the delight of old and young. Man is after all but a grown-up child, and even the gravest persons do not mind unbending themselves now and then down to lowly youth again.



JARDIN DES TUILERIES.

Here, by this Avenue Marigny, which leads off to the home of the President of the Republic, is a diorama in which was long the picture of a great battlefield. This round structure stands just where the Folies-Marigny stood, and that theatre was where Offenbach produced the first operas bouffé that he ever composed. Across the Champs Élysées long stood that other famous diorama, the "Siege of Paris," which half the world has seen, but which is now no longer in existence. And here was the Circus, open every evening and on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday afternoons, during the summer months.

The Rond Point is one of the loveliest spots in the capital, and from it we ascend the sloping avenue which leads to the Arc de Triomphe. There are no longer Elysian Fields, only a single row of trees on either hand, great broad sidewalks, tall stone houses, and a wide thoroughfare.

Let us sit here on this wooden bench at the corner of the Rue Marbœuf, and, while we are resting, watch the cavalcade of Parisian life which passes on its daily pilgrimage to and from the Bois de Bologne. It is a flood of social rank, or wealthy speculators, and of Bohemia;

it is a stream of successful vice and of successful talent and morality. Here, in the course of a single afternoon, when the air is balmy with the soft warmth of spring or early summer, you will see those who are the glory and those who are the shame of Paris. Under this arched stretch of blue sky, through this golden, hazy atmosphere, roll cabs and carriages in which are society queens, theatrical stars, leaders of the demi-monde, adventurers from abroad, actors from every stage, from the *Comédie humaine* as well as from the Comédie Française. It is a magnificent field for philosophical observation and reflection, this avenue of the Champs Élysées, flooded with air and sunshine, and as full of souvenirs as was the Appian Way of tombs and catacombs.

Time was when the neighbourhood had large gardens which were owned by Jansen, a learned man, who was also an English baronet. When he died, in 1780, Mme. de Marbœuf purchased his property. There was a weeping willow in one garden which measured eighty odd feet in circumference. Another curious tree which the grounds contained was a cedar of Lebanon that is still in existence, but now lives in the Jardin des Plantes. The Conven-

tion made that garden free to the public, and one of its attractions was a hippodrome. "Idalie," as it was called, continued to be a Paris park until the end of the Restoration, when houses began to be constructed, and in a few years the *quartier* was tolerably well sprinkled with buildings. Now it is so thickly built up that there is hardly a vacant lot in that part of town.

In the very centre of this splendid district stands the magnificent cathedral of the American Episcopal church, and close by that sacred edifice is the house where the present writer lived during many happy years.

CHAPTER II.

Boulevards of the Capital—The main one is nearly three miles long and bears many names—An admirable thoroughfare—It starts at the Bastille and ends at the Madeleine—Beaumarchais, the author-poet—Mansion of a once notorious lady—Little cafés, little restaurants and little stores—Scene of an intended assassination—Numerous theatres along the way—The moving centre of Paris—Famous Boulevard Montmartre, with its many joys and misfortunes—A passage named in honour of Robert Fulton—The street of mad pleasure—Place de l'Opera and the National Academy of Music—A most remarkable edifice outside and inside.

THERE are boulevards and boulevards in Paris; one could never describe the half of them. Nor is it necessary to more than merely mention the boulevard of 1761 which commenced at the Luxembourg and finished at the Esplanade des Invalides; the boulevards which encircle the city of Paris and traverse those quarters of the capital where were once the villages of Menilmontant, Belleville, Mont-

martre, Batignolles, Passy, Vaugirard, and Ivry; the Boulevards Voltaire, Diderot, Richard Lenoir, Magenta, Grenelle, Montparnasse, Saint Jacques, Haussmann, Malesherbes and Saint Germain. But one must do better than that by the real boulevards, the boulevards *par excellence*, the historical boulevards, wherein almost every house is a monument of past incidents, accidents and tragedies; those boulevards which extend under the form of a half-circle from the Place de la Bastille to the Place de la Madeleine, a distance of nearly three miles. This long and admirable promenade, this great artery, always teeming with people and animals, is divided into many names and many quarters, and we may stroll now through its entire length.

Following the road that the march of events has taken, the road that the Genius of Paris has pursued, coming from the shadow into the sunlight, from the dark corners of the Bastille into the clear spaces which shine out in the neighbourhood of the Champs Élysées, we start from the foot of that bronze mausoleum of heroes called the Column of July, and travel westward until we reach the Church of the Madeleine.

In other days, when people came into Paris by the Rue Saint Antoine, they saw, one after the other, the Bastille, the Arsenal, and then the house in which lived Beaumarchais, author of the "Marriage of Figaro." To-day the home of the poet is replaced by a third-rate theatre; white stones in the pavement mark the outlines of the state prison, with its Colonne de Juillet in the centre; the edifice embellished by Henry IV, Louis XIII, and Louis XIV, after being a grain warehouse, has become a public library.

The Boulevard Beaumarchais is so named in honour of the famous author; and near his house once resided the notorious Cagliostro. As strangely curious as it may have been, his house was as nothing compared with the one in which lived Ninon de l'Enclos. She was of that race of great courtesans whose mansions in the days of antiquity were frequented by artists, poets, and philosophers; and she was so beautiful and spirituelle that her own son fell madly in love with her and mourned himself to death. That notorious woman early recognised the genius of Voltaire, then a young man almost unknown, and when she died she left him all the works in her library.

The Boulevard Beaumarchais is succeeded by the Boulevard des Filles de Calvière, so called from a convent of that name, which once stood in the neighbourhood. There are houses in this part of the Boulevard which are white with plaster put on to hide frightful wounds received in civil wars, and their foundations were laid in earth that still smells of blood and gunpowder.

Next we have the Boulevard du Temple, a boulevard of little cafés, little restaurants, little shops and little stores of many kinds. Time was when it was called the "Boulevard du Crime," because there were so many theatres in it, where, every evening and on Sunday afternoons, melodramas were presented in which scenes of poisoning and assassination were the attractive elements. There is nothing except historical reminiscences left on the Boulevard du Temple however. It is noisy enough, but the eclat of the eighteenth century is missing. There are no more illuminations, concerts or balls attended by kings and courtesans; no more mysterious cabarets, wherein grandes dames give rendezvous to the lusty fellows of the faubourg; no longer a "Jardin de Paphos," a "Cadran Bleu," a "café d' Appollon," whose

merry frequenters were afterwards represented by waxwork figures. Love and pleasure were long since driven out of that quarter of Paris by revolutions, and the misery of an unemployed or a lazy people.

Next comes the Boulevard St. Martin, to reach which we pass through the Place de la Republique. Just off to the right is the Théâtre Château d'Eau, where operas are given at cheap prices; also, a large military barracks, and an immense structure built as a coöperative store, but which was a failure from the beginning. To the left is the Temple market of old clothes and shoddy new ones, that has already been described. Almost at the beginning of the Boulevard St. Martin stands a house, in the second story of which Fieschi planted the infernal machine which he intended should assassinate Louis Philippe. Just ahead of it on the right, is a theatre called the Folies Dramatiques, where Offenbach had his day. Further on is the Ambigu, home of the modern melodrama. In the same short block is the Porte St. Martin Theatre, which has its history, covering many years. Just before Louis XVI was beheaded it was burned down, to be rebuilt, however, in seventy days for the Grand

PORTE SAINT DENIS.

Opera. During the hand-to-hand fighting of the last days of the Commune, this theatre was again destroyed by fire, but it was soon rebuilt in a substantial manner. The very next door to the Porte St. Martin is the Renaissance Theatre. At the end of this boulevard is the Porte St. Martin, a triumphal arch erected in 1684, in honor of those victories of Louis XIV which added the Franche Comte to France.

The Boulevard St. Denis, which follows, is very short, not more than three hundred yards in length, perhaps. Outside the Porte St. Denis (a triumphal arch, erected by Louis XIV in honour of his victories in Flanders and Holland), there is nothing of particular interest in this boulevard.

Small tradespeople flourish in the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle; it is a street in which shrewd retailers grow rich, and shoemakers seek political preferment. The people of the neighborhood have great confidence in their own wisdom and believe themselves competent to rule over the destinies of France. The Gymnase Theatre in the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle is one of the best theatres of all the many in the capital, and No. 25 of that boulevard is a house which was riddled with bullets, and searched from top to

bottom by soldiers, in December, 1851. Its walls remained, all through the reign of Napoleon III, a sort of great poster, on which had been ineffaceably written the history of a terrible crime.

The Boulevard Montmartre comes next, as a sort of antechamber or vestibule to the Boulevard des Italiens. Where the Rue, the Faubourg and the Boulevard Montmartre cross each other, there is a moving mass of horses, vehicles, and humanity, such as cannot be found in any other city in the world. Good health and the sickness of the social evil, happiness and misery, honest workers and rascally loafers, men of genius and sharpers of all sorts, respectable women and painted outcasts, all kinds and classes meet there to swell a stream in which there is iron and gold and nasty mud. "One may trace the progress of liberty by the purple drops that Paris had shed along its path," once wrote an English historian referring to the Boulevard Montmartre. It is in this boulevard that so many misfortunes show themselves. Its pavements are absolutely crowded, day and night, and with curious people. Journalism thrives in this quarter. On the right and on the left printing presses are groaning, and at all the

little tables of the numerous cafés, editors and reporters, with politicians and actors, are seated, sipping their black coffee, or their lemonade, or their absinthe.

Close by is the Passage des Panoramas, which owes its name to the spectacle of that sort introduced into France in February, 1799, by an American. It was that same American, who, when Napoleon was arranging for a descent upon England, presented the Emperor with a memorandum on the immediate application of steam to the navy. But French *savans* prevailed on the Emperor not to take any notice of the offer, and our countryman returned to the United States. Before Napoleon died, at St. Helena, he referred with regret to this refusal; and he had a right to regret it, for the name of that man was Robert Fulton. Close at hand used to exist the Frascati, with its splendid gardens and gambling rooms. The spot is now occupied —back by a club-house, with its entrance in the Rue Vivienne; in front by a shop where one can get cakes and ices. All the blood of Paris seems rushing toward this spot; and from these contrasts and their minglings, from these vices and virtues, from this mixed crowd, arises a warm perfume of irony and of passion, of ego-

tism and of ignorance, of riches and of poverty, which has been fitly described as "the true fragrance of the French nation."

Now we have the Boulevard des Italiens, in all its glittering brilliancy. Along with its legend of unpopularity, it has its legend of Byronic elegance and of mad pleasure. Time and revolutions have passed along it since then, and one can no longer find on its blocks the prints left by the hoofs of horses which Cossacks rode. The nights are far gone when men and women poured champagne from the windows of the Maison Doré on all passers-by; when Duchesses and Marchionesses threw high-heeled slippers filled with money to a shouting crowd; when an English nobleman, founder of the French Jockey-Club, boxed in the streets with roughs, and cut off the ears of a man because he was a worse blackguard than himself; when another young gentleman, afterward son-in-law to a French President, won a heavy wager by sending his mistress naked across the boulevard and back.

The shops, the bookstores, the cake bakeries, are all fine along this boulevard. The Credit Lyonnaise has its main bank here, while only a few steps away, in the Rue Laffitte, is where

the Rothschilds keep their money boxes. There are theatres, newspaper offices, and a few jewelry stores; and then the Boulevard des Italiens ends finally at the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, which, ever so long ago, was the road leading through the Gaillon gate to the village of Clichy. That rue crossed, we reach the Boulevard des Capucines, at the very corner of which stands the Vaudeville Theatre. Soon we are in the Place de l'Opera, where the National Academy of Music lifts its magnificent front and dome above everything. On the left run three great streets—the Rue du Quatre Septembre, the Avenue de l'Opera, and the Rue de la Paix, all reaching down toward the Louvre and the garden of the Tuileries. The Opera House itself is surrounded with streets bearing the names of great composers, but we shall return to that institution presently. Safely across this square we continue our promenade to the Boulevard des Capucines. There is an enormous hotel on our right whose southern front takes up the entire block, while opposite the side of it, across the Rue Scribe—a street full of American stores and banks, and Atlantic steamship offices—is the Jockey Club. But it stands in the Boulevard de la Madeleine, the

last of the boulevards par excellence, and so named after the Church of the Madeleine. We glance at a house standing at the corner of the Rue Caumartin where Mirabeau came to die; we pass the church just mentioned, and, seated at the Café Durand, we finish our stroll from the Place de la Bastille to the Rue Royale with a bottle of wine and a beefsteak (Chateaubriand) such as one can get at no other restaurant.

Among the many remarkable edifices standing in Paris, one of the most prominent has to do with Lyric Art. It is that magnificent edifice which we passed but now, and which was commenced in the reign of Napoleon III, completed by the third Republic, and opened for the first time early in 1875.

A site being chosen, the land was purchased for two million two hundred thousand dollars in 1860, but from the start Architect Charles Garnier had to encounter an obstacle, the existence of which was known, though not to its full extent. It was known that Paris was traversed by a subterranean stream of water, and as a portion of the foundation of the Opera would have to be laid deeper than those of any building in that neighbourhood, there was no accurate data as

to this stream s depth. As it was intended that the stage cellars should meet every possible requirement of the most complicated scenic work, and as it was necessary to so arrange them that scenes fifty feet high could be lowered into them without their taken apart, the plant called for a depth of sixty-five feet from the level of the stage. This necessitated lay ing the foundations of the building at a depth of fifty-five feet, and as they had to carry a weight of at least ten million pounds, it was necessary that their solidity should be beyond question. It was necessary that they should be perfectly dry, for the cellars were destined to hold valuable stage properties, also canvases painted by master artists; and so, the work, amidst all these difficulties, was pushed on, until it was finally completed at the end of December, 1874.

The materials which entered into its construction came from many lands. Sweden sent green marble; Scotland, Aberdeen granite; Italy, violet breche, white altissimo, and Sienna yellow; Algeria, onyx; Finland, red porphyry; Spain, brocatelle; and Belgium, black dinant. France supplied jaspers from Mont Blanc; the Vosges, granite; and many other costly stones

and marbles. The building when finished had cost nearly twelve million dollars.

The front of this Academy of Music and the Dance is familiar to all who have ever visited Paris, as it also is to many others, thanks to photographs and engravings; but what no photograph or engraving can convey is a correct idea of the harmonious blending of colours in the wonderful pile. Above steps which came from Saint Ilie, rises a portico ornamented with groups and statues; while above that is the *loggia*, formed of sixteen monolith columns of Bavarian stone standing out against a background of red granite from the Jura. Between each pair of columns are balconies of polished stone supporting balustrades of Swedish green, and these are accompanied by eighteen columns with gilt bronze capitals, between which are placed the busts of distinguished musicians. Resting on Bavarian stone columns, the façade is completed by an attic which is decorated with sculptures standing against a Mosaic ground. The whole of the roof line is bordered with a gilt bronze cornice representing antique masks, and at the corners are gilt bronzes of Harmony and Poetry. The effect is completed by the cupola of the auditorium, capped by a

rich dome of gilded bronze; and behind which, equal in height to the towers of Notre Dame, rises the gable roof over the stage, supporting at each end a bronze Pegasus, and in the centre a group representing Apollo, holding up over his head his golden lyre, with two of the Muses seated at his feet. The sculptures on the attic represent Architecture, Industry, Painting, and Sculpture; the bronze busts are those of Mozart, Beethoven, Spontini, Auber, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Halévy, Quinault, and Scribe. Lower down are medallions of Bach, Haydn, Pergolese and Cimarosa. Between the main front doors are four statues representing the Drama, Singing, Idyl, and Cantata; while on either side of the entrance to the galleries which run along the building are white marble groups, representing Music, Lyric Poetry, Lyric Drama, and Dancing. It may be mentioned further that this front is lit up by four ornamental bronze candelabras, of great size, and when the gas and the electric lights in the *loggia* are turned on full blaze the appearance of the façade is indeed brilliant and attractive.

Let us enter the building. After going up the ten steps which extend along the entire front, we pass under arches, go through double

doors, and find ourselves in an enormous vestibule lit by several groups of lanterns resting on marble vases. Here also are seated statues of male representatives of Italian, French, German, and English schools of music, the last mentioned "school" being represented by Handel.

Ten steps of Swedish green give access to a second vestibule, where four or five different ticket takers are seated at as many different places, and where the light is supplied by ten graceful candelabras, each supplied with gas and electricity; and then, in front of us, rises the Grand Staircase. By reason of the originality of its design, the skilful arrangement of all its parts, the richness of its materials, and the splendour of its appearance, this stairway of the Paris Opera House is simply magnificent. From the vestibule at its foot we have before us the most elegant, most picturesquely decorated ensemble that was perhaps ever created in a structure of modern times. The vaults of the central flight and the columns which sustain them are of Echailion stone, covered with delicately carved arabesques; the steps are of white Serrovezza marble, bordered by a balustrade of antique red marble, the

columns resting in Swedish green marble sockets and supporting a handrail of onyx, and at the top are Venetian mosaics. Half way up this grand stairway breaks, a flight to the right and a flight to the left, both leading to the first tier of boxes, while straight ahead is the road to the orchestra stalls and the pit seats.

On the first tier floor, which we have reached by either of the two upper flights of steps, rise thirty monolith columns of Sarrancolin marble with white marble bases and capitals. Since the days of Louis XIV no architect had attempted to use columns of such dimension—each is eighteen feet high—and to procure them it was necessary to quarry fifty blocks, twenty being found defective. In the tympans of the arcades of the vaulted top of the stair-well twelve medallions of light yellow marble are surrounded by cherubs' heads and other ornaments, and the entablature is entirely encrusted with various coloured marbles harmoniously arranged. The vaulted roof is pierced by twelve openings forming arcades, which correspond to those below, and the ceiling is decorated with panels, fifteen by twenty feet in size each, on which are painted allegorical

subjects. Between the columns on three of the sides, are balconies of onyx and jasper, which allow spectators from all parts of the house to enjoy the aspect of these majestic stairs from all points of view, and here those who occupy places in the cheapest galleries at the top are fond of coming between acts to watch the arrival and departure of the more showy public.

On the second and third tier the balconies are of bronze, while on the fourth and fifth they are of marble. The effect produced when this grand stairway is filled with an ascending or a descending throng of handsomely dressed ladies and gentlemen, and when all the balconies are crowded with spectators of nearly every class, is indescribably brilliant and animated. The floods of light, the moving mass of costumes, the brilliant surroundings, the smiling faces, the greeting of friends, the noisy happiness,—all this forms a grand picture which recalls to mind some of those vast canvases on which Paul Veronese painted scenes of festivities.

At the head of the first flight of stairs, steps lead up into the *avant foyer*, which communicates at each end through an open salon with

the corridors of the grand-floor of the auditorium. This *avant foyer* is a gallery sixty-five feet long, one side opening or looking on to the grand stairs; the other communicating, through three lofty doors, with the *grand foyer*. These doors are twenty-three feet high, the upper panels being mirrors; the lower ones are decorated with bronze gilt medallions representing the musical instruments of Egypt, Greece, Italy, and France, and are surrounded by wreaths of leaves and flowers. The vaulted ceiling of this *avant foyer* is a brilliant specimen of decorative art, being entirely covered with mosaics of vitrified enamels of most gorgeous colours, and producing those warm tones, which can only be obtained with this species of decoration.

But the *Grand Foyer* is the real place of magnificence. It is one hundred and seventy-six feet long by forty-five feet wide; the ceiling is sixty feet above the well-polished floor, and it is this loftiness which most impresses one when entering the room for the first time. There is a lavish use of gold in its decoration; not a bright new gold, but that shade called old gold, which produces soft rich tones and reflections. There are large monumental re-

cesses flanked with twenty accoupled columns, supporting a massive entablature, from which springs the vaulted ceiling, and at the angles of which are seated figures of children, nine feet high, these all standing out in relief and forming connection between the cornices. Above each column is a gilded statue representing the various qualities necessary to make an artist: imagination, hope, etc. The vaulted ceiling is divided into eight compartments, in each of which is a painting by Paul Baudry; and between them are eight large figures representing so many of the Muses, the ninth Muse, Philosophy, having a statue elsewhere in the *foyer*. Mirrors twenty-four feet high, half a dozen large arm-chairs, richly covered with coloured velvet, several enormous and richly gilded chandeliers, and a splendidly waxed floor complete this vast hall, which is certainly one of the greatest attractions of the Paris Opera House.

All around the auditorium there is on each tier a wide *couloir*, or hall, from which doors give access to the private boxes, and, clear away at the top, to the galleries.

Many persons are disappointed in not finding the theatre as large as the exterior of the

building had led them to suppose it would be. In reality, however, it is about the same size as the theatre of La Scala at Milan, or that of San Carlo at Naples, which are the two largest opera auditoriums in Europe.

The ceiling of the theatre is decorated with a large painting on copper, representing the twenty-four hours, the sun, moon and stars. The entablature which supports this ceiling is furnished with a row of glass globes lighted by electricity, and forming, so to speak, a belt of pearls. A second series of openings in the friezes are closed by coloured glass also lighted in a way to make them look like a diadem of topazes and emeralds. This original way of lighting the auditorium is completed by a massive chandelier which hangs from the centre of the ceiling and floods the hall with illumination from five hundred electric jets. Eight large columns of polished stone, partially gilded, support the upper portion of the auditorium and form the skeleton, so to speak, of the theatre. Between these columns are ranged the balconies and boxes, all rich with gilding and crimson velvet.

The prices of these boxes and of the orchestra stalls are not excessive, never being more than

$3.40 for the stalls or for seats in the first tier boxes, and ranging down from that to $1.60 for places in the fourth tier of boxes; while seats in the upper gallery, of which there are six hundred, cost no more than two francs, which is less than half a dollar. The maximum receipts of the Paris Opera are not more than $4,500; but to this "take" must be added the share of the annual state subvention of $160,000, besides which the management pays no rent, while all the gas is obtained at half price.

CHAPTER III.

The divine art of music—First Opera House in the capital—Development of the ballet—Arrival in Paris of Gluck and Piccini—"Ramists" and "Lullists"—The famous Vestris—A theatre built in sixty days—Assassination of the Duc de Berri—Debuts in Paris of Taglioni and Fanny Elssler—More about the Opera House—A peep behind the curtain—Stage hands, musicians, dancers, and singers—One hundred and twenty-five dressing-rooms—Several green rooms—the foyer de la danse—A most luxurious hall for the ballet stars—Portraits of distinguished dancers.

The claim was long since made by a great thinker that it is their Belles Lettres, their Sciences, their Arts, that is to say their Morals, which show the civilisation of a people.

Music is one of the most delightful and best of Arts, as indeed it is a Science in some ways; this being admitted, we may well concern ourselves further with that monument in Paris which has to do with this Divine Art. Among the Ancients, Musical Art began to decline the

moment when civilisation began its first decadence, and during the time of the barbarians, in what is known as the Dark Ages, it was neglected if not forgotten completely. But Music as an Art was born again during the fifteenth century, and then in Italy, with all the other arts. It was from Italy that Cardinal Mazarin brought a troupe of actors to Paris, where they first played and sang an Italian pastoral in five acts.

But the first Opera House the capital ever had was situated in front of a street named Guenegaud, on the site of houses which now bear the numbers forty-three in the Rue de Seine and forty-two in the Rue Mazarin; and the first "comédie française de musique" ever presented was "Pomone," a pastorale in five acts and a prologue. The words were by the Abbé Perrin, music by Combert, organist in the Church of St. Honoré. Perrin obtained the right to present this work in 1669, and took into partnership with him the Marquis de Sourdeac, who was considered the most skilful theatrical machinist of the time. The hall, built in five months, was in reality a tennis court, and was altered into a theatre. "Pomone" was a great success, so De Sourdeac tried to get rid of

Perrin, whereupon the latter sold his work and the royal patent to Sully, to whom the King granted the privilege of calling his theatre the "Académie Royale de Musique."

Sully selected a tennis court in the Rue Vaugirard, between the Palais du Luxembourg and the Rue des Francs Bourgeois, as his theatre, and he opened it Nov. 15, 1672; but soon an opportunity presented itself for him to secure a much better house. On the death of Molière, Sully asked for the Palais Royal Theatre, hitherto occupied by that actor-author and his company, and the King granted this request.

The Opera remained in these quarters ninety years, and would have remained there still longer, perhaps, had not a fire destroyed the theatre and a part of the Palais Royal. Sully made money and retired in favour of his son-in-law, Françine, who, after managing the house for eleven years, was forced to take a hanger-on at Court, named Dumont, into partnership. In 1728 they retired, and Destouches was placed at the head of the Académie Royale de Musique. Two years later he sold his privilege for three hundred thousand francs to a banker named Gruer, a protégé of Cardinal Fleury.

He soon got sick of his bargain and the Count de Saint Gille and a judge named Lebœuf were selected by the King for the privilege of ruining themselves. They were succeeded by an army captain, the Chevalier de Picardie, who proved a brilliant manager during the eleven years that he remained at the head of the Opera. A financier named Berger succeeded, and left the establishment in debt four hundred thousand francs, a fact which helped to bankrupt his successor, Trifontaine; after which Louis XV determined to get rid of a musical pleasure that was costing so much money, and handed the control of the concern over to the city of Paris.

Thus in 1749 the Opera became a musical institution under the supervision of the Marquis d'Argenson. Four years later two musicians, Rebel and Francœur, were placed at the head of the house, and in 1757 they assumed the risks and perils of the enterprise in return for a thirty years' concession. Before that term expired, they sold out to Berton and Triat, who later took Dauvergne and Joliveau into the partnership, and that firm was running matters at the time of the fire just now referred to.

Measures were taken to keep the company together, and they gave concerts in that part of the Tuileries known as the Pavillon de Flore.

In another wing of the palace there was a theatre constructed by Louis XIV, where ballets were given for the amusement of Louis XV during his minority, but which since 1716 had remained unused. The king ordered Architect Soufflot—he who started to build the Pantheon—to arrange this as a provisional opera-house, and he utilised the old stage for the new hall, which had about the same proportions as the one that was burned, but was much handsomer. Inaugurated the fifth of January, 1764, the opera remained there until January 23, 1770, and it was in that hall that the National Convention held its stormy meetings.

During this period of seven years a new theatre for the Opera, was being built on the site of the one destroyed by fire at the Palais Royal, and it was the first building of importance especially constructed in Paris for opera purposes. On Friday, June 8, 1781, at 8:30 o'clock in the evening, just as the performance was about to begin, the scenery of that theatre caught fire. The ballet-master, first to per-

ceive it, had the curtain lowered without alarming the audience, and the building was emptied before any one in front suspected what was happening on the stage. Fourteen dancers and machinists perished in the conflagration.

The period between the inauguration of this theatre and its destruction is remarkable in many ways. The ballet acquired more grace and expression than had hitherto characterised it, while the musical department was completely reformed by the arrival in Paris of Gluck, Piccini, and a company of Italian buffo singers. Gluck not only enriched the lyric stage with his "Iphigenie en Aulide," "Orphée," etc., but he imparted vigour, energy and precision to the orchestra. He also taught the performers to sing in time, and to declaim the recitative with animation. The "Ramists," or partisans of Rameau, who had triumphed over the "Lullists," or advocates of Lulli, were in their turn conquered, and the ancient French music was utterly annihilated.

Then, in 1776, the Chevalier de Saint Georges, a creole famed as a fencer and musician, offered, in conjunction with a company of capitalists, to undertake the management of the Opera; and his offer would probably have

been accepted had not Mesdames Sophie Arnould, Giumard, and others addressed a petition to the Queen, praying her Majesty to represent to the King that their honour would not allow them to submit to be managed by a mulatto; in consequence of this appeal, Monsieur de Saint Georges was not appointed.

In those days, and among the men of the ballet, there flourished a person named Vestris who modestly called himself "le *Diou* de la Danse." His son far surpassed him in talent, however; but then he had the ballet genius in him on both sides, for his mother was a danseuse. Of this younger Vestris the father once exclaimed, after watching him in a *pas-de-deux*, "If my son does not spring higher, it is because he is unwilling to humble his comrades too much, for were he to mount so high as he can, he would be *ennuié* while in the air for want of conversation."

Next the Opera had to content itself with a little hall belonging to the buildings of the Ménus Plaisirs of the King in the Rue Bergère, and now known as the Paris Conservatoire, where the stage was so small that little or no scenery could be used, and only works calling for a small number of artistes were given.

The Opera remained there only a short time, and until the new building in the Boulevard Saint Martin was ready, which house, often cited as a wonder of rapid architectural work, was built in sixty days. It was not a very extensive building, however, this Théâtre de la Pôrte Saint Martin; but the architect had guaranteed to build a place which would last for thirty years, and it lasted ninety, and then was only destroyed by an intentional fire started by the Communists for the purpose of checking the advance of the Versailles troops.

The Opera remained at the Porte Saint Martin only a short while as those at the head of it formed the project of securing a newly erected building which they thought more suitable to their purposes. In one of the finest quarters of the city, in the Rue Richelieu, then called Rue de la Loix, a woman had erected the Théâtre National, and to get possession of it the Opera Committee accused Citoyenne Montansier with having built it in front of the National Library with the intention of destroying that *depôt* of human knowledge. She was arrested, her theatre was closed, and very soon afterward the Opera took possession of it; its name was changed to Théâtre des Arts, and it

was the first house in Paris where pit seats were provided for the spectators.

Very likely the Opera would have remained as long in the Rue Richelieu as it had in any of its previous homes except for an occurrence which sealed the doom of the building in the most unexpected manner. On the night of the 13th of February, 1820, the Duc de Berri was stabbed by Louvel; carried into the manager's office, the heir to the crown died in a few hours, and the Government decided that not only should there be no more operas given in the house but that the building itself should be razed to the ground to make room for an expiatory monument.

At that time the Salle Favart, built in 1781 for the Italian Comedians, and which was afterward the Opera Comique, was vacant, and in it the Opera gave performances until in May, 1821, when it moved to a house which has since been pulled down. Meanwhile a provisional theatre was building in the Rue Lepeletier, which was inaugurated the 16th of August, 1821, under the management of the Chief of the Orchestra.

It was while the Opera was in the Rue Lepeletier that Paris first knew Marie Taglioni.

She made her début in July, 1827, and her last appearance was in the summer of 1844; but she danced in London afterward. Another great danseuse of that same company and period was Fanny Elssler. These queens of the ballet were equally great, yet quite unlike, and both are famous in the annals of the modern stage.

The great singers of that time were Ad. Nourrét, Cornelia Falcon, Mme. Dorus-Gras, Monsieur Duprez, Mademoiselle Rosinie Stoltz, etc. The Opera remained in the Rue Lepeletier until fire (October 28, 1873,) reduced the place to ashes in a very few hours, when it was installed in the Salle Vendatour, which, after having been successfully occupied by the Opera Comique, the Théâtre Nautique, the Italian Theatre, and the Paris Grand Opera, was finally turned into a banking house. Here the Opera remained until the completion of the new building described in the previous chapter.

The Paris Opera House is the largest theatre of its kind in the world, while its dependencies, especially those behind the curtain, are the most important to be found anywhere. It is no easy matter however, to get behind that curtain, except in one way, and that is by a

door which communicates between the stage and the auditorium. But this door is open only to those who are subscribers; that is to say, to gentlemen who have taken seats for three nights in the week for the season, to diplomats, to distinguished guests of France, and to certain members of the press. A subscriber for one night has no right to pass this door, although he may do so with permission of the management, or the secretary. Now and then, however, an outsider is permitted to go in at the stage door, at the other end of the building after passing through great iron gates at the bottom of the Administration court, a gate which admits hundreds of artistes and employés at every performance. By placing ourselves at this gate before the entertainment begins, we may gradually see pass before our eyes the whole of the staff of this wonderful house of music, where the works of Gounod, Massenet, Verdi, Meyerbeer, Thomas, Wagner, etc., are given by the best of singers.

First of all come the machinists to look after the scenery; there are no fewer than two hundred of these, and sometimes the number is greatly increased. In the opera of "L'Africaine," in the scene where the ship appears and

changes its course on the stage, the manœuvring underneath requires the additional co-operation of at least fifty men. With the machinists come the *tapissiers*, whose special duty it is to see to the placing and arranging of the carpets, draperies, and furniture; next are the gas-lighters and lampists, who spread themselves all over the stage and throng out into the hall to light the thousands of gas jets which are dimly burning, even though there are electric lights everywhere. Then the local firemen are told off for duty during the performance, and when these have verified the apparatus in good condition, each and every employé is supposed to be at his post for the evening.

By this time strange-looking men are presenting themselves at the porter's door, and they pass in, ticket in hand, under the supervision of a person known as the *chef de claque*. These *claquers* are let into the theatre long before the public, and occupy seats in the centre of the *parterre*, a body of the house between the Stalls and the Amphitheatre. Except for the fact that these *parterre* seats are not quite so wide as the orchestra chairs, there is no difference whatever between these places and the places in front which are supposed to be the best in the house.

Next comes the *avertisseurs*, or call boys, of whom there are a dozen, and who go to the rooms of artistes to inform them when it is their turn to sing or dance during the evening.

After this arrive the property men, and these have plenty of properties to take care of, as all sorts of accessories are believed in at the Paris Grand Opera.

Then come the dressers, tailors, and coiffers, who go up to the artistes' rooms, or to the places reserved for their special work. During the daytime the *mise en loge* has been attended to, that is to say, all the parts of the costume or dress which each person has to wear, from the leading prima donna or tenor, down to the smallest supernumerary, are placed in their respective cabinets, so that they can be found immediately when the time comes for dressing. This is a matter of much importance, because it is rare that an opera is sung twice in succession. Wigs, beards, moustaches, trunks, tights, slippers, wearing apparel of all sorts, and armour, not to mention the many other articles needed, are placed methodically, and taken out only when required for the performance.

Next the "supers" appear, most of them

wearing blouses, workingmen or labourers engaged for the evening there; but some are paid an annual salary. Women are a part of them, of course, but the mass are men recruited at the last moment. Their day's work over, they are glad to earn a little something extra by strutting their brief moments on the Lyric stage. They know the requirements of each piece, and follow the information given by the street posters. Some operas want a few soldiers or a few peasants; they know the work by heart, and present themselves accordingly. When the "Juive" is to be performed, they come in a mob to the chief who chooses from them to enlarge the ranks of the grand *cortége*. They enter, and go through the manœuvres under the direction of the heads of the various groups of men who know what is required for each scene. Now and then, on the occasion of a first night, a few gentlemen succeed in slipping in as supernumeraries, and thus hear the *première* of a new work, something that would be impossible otherwise.

All the staff of choruses—men, women and children—arrive in their turn and go upstairs to dress, accompanied in some instances by mothers, who have the right to enter with their

daughters, in other instances by maidservants, and in many cases alone. A few of the faster kind arrive in their private carriages.

Meanwhile, the singing artistes have slipped in and gone to their rooms to dress. Some arrive early, so as to attire themselves at their leisure, or to pose their voice and conveniently exercise it before going on the stage. They even receive company before the performance begins, as well as during entr'acts; and meanwhile their private dresser is getting them ready for the stage.

The musicians arrive, take their instruments in hand, put on white neckties and go down into the orchestra. It is not obligatory that they shall be in swallow-tailed coats, but they must wear a black one and a white necktie while in the house.

Thus all the "people" put in an appearance, until by the time the curtain is ready to go up there is a small army of almost one thousand individuals behind the scenes. But none of these men and these women do any other work than their own assignment. The fellow who prepares the conflagration in "Le Prophete," or the flames of the burning pile of Azucema, or the arranging of the crackers for the catastrophe

in "Les Huguenots," would never deign to lend a hand to a hydraulician or a scene shifter. This is true also of the man who prepares the cup for Mephisto, wherein the liquor turns to flame. It is he who, in "La Favorita," gives Fernand the sword that breaks in pieces at the foot of the King, but it is another man who, in ballets where dancers are dressed like bees, birds or insects, adjusts the transparent wings to their delightful waists. But greatest of all are those singers who are required in making the execution of the composer's work as realistic to the public as possible.

There are one hundred and twenty-five dressing-rooms for the dancers and the singing people. The rooms for the principals are each composed of a small antechamber, a toilet cabinet, and the dressing-room proper. Each room has two looking-glasses, one of which allows the artiste to see herself or himself from head to foot with the aid of gas jets or electric lights on each side, while others are adjusted by a rubber tube, so that they can be placed at any height or position desired. There is a stove and a fireplace, and the occupant of each room may choose whether dry or humid heat is needed. There are several larger rooms with

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stalls in them and chests for putting clothes, and these are for the choruses. Then there is a room for those who sing minor rôles, and another room for the children. The male members of the ballet dress in rooms fitted up for a dozen persons, and there are large rooms for the dancers of the "first quadrille." The other members of the ballet dress themselves in a public room which will hold twenty to thirty persons, and finally there is one room in which two hundred supernumeraries may prepare themselves at the same time. In all there is dressing-room for seven hundred persons, and this can be increased so that a thousand individuals may be costumed in a short space of time.

The Grand Opera House has several *foyers*. There is the magnificent room at the front end of the building, facing the Place de l'Opera, which is for the paying public and has already been described, but behind the curtain there are several more "green rooms," as they are called in England and America.

There is a *foyer des rôles*, which is made use of for studies; and where, under the direction of singing masters, the first rehearsals of a new work take place. Later on, when the parts are

known, rehearsals are held on the main stage. A piano replaces the orchestra, and only such scenery as will indicate entrances and exits forms the *mise-en-scene*. Here singing artistes rehearse alone at first, then the choruses join them, after that the ballet takes its turn. Night rehearsals succeed the day ones, supernumeraries come to lend their aid to the anticipated performance, and orchestra rehearsals take place, as the musicians are generally occupied during the day in giving lessons. All the rehearsals, up to the last, or *répétition générale*, are gone through without costumes. Instead of choruses brandishing swords, pikes and battle axes, they wave sticks and umbrellas. A *cortège* passes; later on people will wonder at its brilliancy, but now it is made up of men in faded blouses, or machinists wearing greasy jackets. It is a rule at the Grand Opera that when a singing artiste is carried in on a palanquin or other sort of stretcher, it must be done by machinists; they are supposed to be more careful than other men, and for doing this work they receive a *feu*, that is to say, extra compensation. The corps de ballet are in ordinary street dress, and in the midst of this uniformity of long skirts, some who are experienced in

such matters can recognise the pages by the, manner in which their arms are folded. Finally the evening arrives when everything is ready, and then the costumes are put on. A general rehearsal hardly differs from the first performance except by the length of its entr'acts.

The *foyer de la danse* plays an important part at the Paris Opera House. It is a meeting place where a certain portion of the public are admitted, and that portion are all gentlemen in evening dress. In other theatres the door leading to this *foyer* is open only to the management, or to members of the press, but at the Grand Opera subscribers for three nights in the week have a right to go into this green room. This is a custom that dates back to 1770, when opera was sung in the Palais Royal. The *foyer de la danse* is, next to the public *foyer*, the most luxurious room in the building. All over the stage one is permitted to wear his hat, but it must be removed as soon as he enters into the sacred room of the ballet dancers. They tell the story of King Edward, when still the Prince of Wales, going into this *foyer* once upon a time, with his hat on, whereupon one of the charming young ladies said to him that while she would never dare ask him to remove

his crown, she would venture to request him to take off his hat.

The wall at the far end of the room is all mirror. The largest sheet of glass that has ever been made stands in place at that end of the room, and yet it is not half large enough to cover the space required. There are three of these mirrors, and in them are reflected a gilded lustre which has one hundred and sixty lights.

Each side of the room is ornamented with spiral fluted columns of rich marble, surmounted by gilded capitals, whereon are butterflies with outspread wings, that replace the opening of acanthus leaves. In the ceiling are sunken panels, surrounded with garlands of flowers, including bluebells; and beyond this a ceiling representing a summer sky, in which winged children are chasing birds.

This ceiling, and the other paintings here, are the work of Boulanger. Some time before he died he painted the portraits of twenty of the most celebrated dancers the Opera has ever known. The dates that accompany these portraits are those of their entrance on the stage and of their retirement. It is a historical gallery, displaying the costumes of different epochs, a gallery wherein women are wearing the patches

of black taffeta of two hundred years ago, the boas of the Restoration, and the dresses of the present day. There are various physiognomies which recall minuets, gavottes, tarentelles, waltzes, mazourkas, and contre dances. Dancing is a fugitive art, and a step cannot be written like a poem, or a *pas-de-deux* be composed like a couplet. The score will not give us the accent of a singer or the charm of her voice; another singer may take it and interpret it as well, or even better. Painting can reproduce the grace of an attitude, but not the vivacity of a step, and thus we lose much of the past. But we like to know how those others looked, and so portraiture has its usefulness. Under these portraits Boulanger painted four large pictures representing a dance of war, a country dance, a love dance, and a Bacchanalian dance; in medallions placed above these panels are inscribed the names of those who have composed the most successful ballets for the Grand Opera.

It is to this *foyer* that all the dancers come just before going on the stage to do their graceful work before the public. It is a brief but necessary rehearsal, a sort of limbering up of all joints preparatory to a dance which may make

or mar. The *premières danseuses* have bars in their dressing-rooms which permit them to get this exercise, and this they take as they are dressing, but almost invariably they also take a final turn or bend in the *foyer de la danse* before going on the stage. Except at performances, the dancer exercises with stockings that have already been well used, but as she is going on the stage these are usually changed for a new pair. She wears light gaiters made of cloth, and into the tip of her little slipper is put a bit of white cotton that gives firmness to the silk and keeps the big toe resting on a softer point than it would otherwise. A few drops of gum put on with a brush make the tights adhere to the heel; the strings of the slippers are well tied and knotted with care; a final hitch is given somewhere in the neighbourhood of the waist; and on she bounds to make her *pirouettes*. Not, however, until she has tried a few attitudes before these three large mirrors, so as to be sure that her muslin skirts are not creased and that there are no rips anywhere.

There is a *foyer du chant*, also, on the same floor as that of the dancers, but on the Rue Scribe side of the building. It is a large

room, and the principal decoration is formed by thirty panels, in which are portraits of some of the great artistes who have sung at the Opera. Different from the *foyer de la danse*, the *foyer du chant* is very little frequented. Dancers habituated from childhood to walk about the stage very slightly dressed do not fear the currents of air. On the contrary, singers know that the least variation in the temperature of a room may change their voices. They only leave the dressing-room at the last moment, and up to the time of their entrance on the stage, they go muffled about with necks wrapped up in handkerchiefs or flannel shawls. They practice their scales in their rooms, and from this point of view also, there is a great difference between them and the dancers. Twenty ballet girls will execute or imitate their steps at the same moment without any noise whatever. Half a dozen singers, practising their scales or running over an air before going on the stage, will produce a cacophony, which would make a sawmill seem as quiet as a country cemetery.

CHAPTER IV.

The Stage a part of life to all Parisians—History of the Drama in the Capital—Appearance of the Troubadours—The first theatre—Brothers of the Passion troupe–Satire a favourite weapon with some actors—Their troubles with the Clergy—Arrival of foreign artistes—Farcical plays predominant—Cardinal Richelieu's support of the drama—Corneille and Molière—Origin of the Opera Comique—Founding of the "first theatre in the world"—State recognition of dramatic instruction—The Comédie Française a part and parcel of the National glory—Anecdotes of Napoleon and the Stage.

It has been frequently observed that a Parisian can discuss everything, that there is no object which does not furnish him with a topic of conversation. But it is not on his knowledge of the Arts or the Sciences that he holds himself most secure; it is only when it is a question of the drama that he admits of no rival. The Stage is to him a part of life; not gossip of players, but Dramatic Works, and the manner in which they are written and in

which they are interpreted—this is his peculiar province. Parisians looks on the Drama as being the most popular walk of Literature, and as it affords the best test of their taste as a Nation, it also supplies more striking examples of that taste than even their novels or their poetry, both of which are particularly strong. The reason for this is clear; they hold that of all the Arts the Dramatic or Scenic Art has exercised the largest direct influence on modern civilisation. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the history of the Stage in the capital is both old and interesting.

Even as the first tragedies of Italy were composed in honour of the god of the vintage, and as the actors sang or spoke their parts from the top of a cart in the public road; so too the first shows played at Paris were in honour of the saints, while the actors passed through the streets on a cart—always followed by an idle throng—stopping now and then in some public square to give their performances. But after some while, the obscene plays became so numerous and so revolting in Paris that Bishop Eudes induced the King to issue a decree forbidding them; little or no attention was paid to the royal mandate, however, and they were

continued for several centuries longer, when finally the Theological Faculty, aided by the police, suppressed the shameful spectacles in 1444.

It was about the middle of the fifteenth century when those amiable poets known as *trouvères* or Troubadours came up to the capital from the provinces, with their songs, tenzons, stories and comedies. But as there was not enough of Troubadours to supply the demand, they engaged other persons to present their compositions, and these aids were in turn known as *chanteurs*, *jongleurs*, *joueurs*, and *bateleurs*. Unfortunately, however, the Troubadours were so successful that they grew vain and ambitious, and sought to add to their glory by writing and appearing in satirical poems in which they mocked high and powerful personages. For this they were prosecuted and compelled to quit the streets of Paris; the poets disappeared, but the *chanteurs* and the *jongleurs* remained, and in spite of an occasional row with the police of Philippe le Bel, they continued to play pieces, mainly Latin tragedies, the subjects of which were always taken from saintly history.

Before that, toward the end of the fourteenth

century and after the Crusades of Saint Louis, so many Pilgrims made their appearance in Paris, singing and telling the story of their voyages and dangers, that a few rich bourgeois hired a house where these men could perform in rainy or cold weather, and that was the first theatre known of in the capital. Recognising this valuable help, the Pilgrims redoubled their efforts to become worthy of such support, and for the first time began to act their discourses. Their success was so certain that they struck out for greater things, and first of all put on the stage the life of Christ, from His birth to His death, but cutting the piece into several days. They also judged it necessary, in order to better hold the attention of their audiences, to make the spectators laugh as well as cry, so they placed buffoons alongside of their most serious actors. In this one respect at least we do not seem to have improved any on the poor Pilgrim players of six hundred years ago.

The Prévôt of Paris closed the theatre of the Pilgrims in 1398, whereupon they pled so earnestly with King Charles VI, that he organised the actors into a regular society called the "Confrères de la Passion," and soon after gave them Trinity Hospital, situated outside of the

Porte Saint Denis, for their performances. Soon afterward these Brothers of the Passion associated themselves with the "Enfans Sans-Souci," and they used to play together; but their theatre was not the only one then open in Paris. The Clercs de la Basoche also had a large hall at the Palais in which to play *farces* or *moralités*. Those sort of pieces, which always had a good moral for aim, were called *moralités* and in them all the vices as well as all the virtues were acted and personified; they, were however, allowed to perform but thrice a year, and then only on occasions of public rejoicing. The farces were divided into such things as *fabuleuses*, *histrioniques* and *enfarinées*. The *enfarinées* were so called because they powdered their face with flour (*farine*), after the manner of English clowns in modern pantomimes. Very soon the Basochiens, with whom satire was a favourite weapon, went so far as to attack those who governed Paris. Louis XII did not mind this in the least, but his successors looked at things differently, and in January, 1516, it was forbidden them to play any farce or comedy in which Princes or Princesses of the Court were mentioned. The same prohibition also extended to the theatres of the Colleges of

Navarre, of Bourgogne, of the Bons Enfans, of Cardinal Lemoine, of Boncour, and of Justice.

As will be seen, the taste of the theatre had become general, for not only were there "places of amusements" in the city, but each college had one, and here the Professors shared the acting *rôles* with their pupils.

Despite all orders, this multitude of actors, drawn from almost every class in the social scale, continued to criticise Government and persons; but when the sister of François I, a woman famous for her many virtues, was represented as a Fury in one of the comedies played at the College of Navarre, the King promptly threw the entire company into prison.

Meanwhile the Brothers of the Passion continued to be honoured with Royal protection, their privileges having been re-confirmed by King François in 1518. In 1540 those players were installed in the Hôtel de Flandre, where they remained five years, when they were given a place in the Hôtel de Bourgogne. But now Parliament interfered with the "freedom of the stage," by decreeing that these *confrères* should no longer represent the Passion or other sacred mysteries. Thereupon they took up with the

romances of chivalry, and Jean de Pontalais, their principal actor, became widely celebrated.

The trials and tribulations of this particular troupe were not yet ended; they fell into trouble with the Curé of Saint Eustache; Parliament was appealed to; remonstrances against them reached Henri III, and their theatre was closed for a year, but they were then permitted to "open up" again. It seemed, however, as if the more they were opposed the more the number of theatres increased; although most of the companies thus formed were forced to leave the capital in due course of time. However, in 1595, other foreign comedians arrived in Paris, and after looking carefully over the field, they built themselves a theatre at the Fair of Saint Laurent. In vain the Enfans-Sans-Souci, who had been located at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, protested to Parliament the presence of these foreigners; they were not only permitted to remain, but very soon a company of actors came from Spain to increase their numbers.

A police order issued in 1609 compelled theatres to finish their performance by half past four o'clock in the afternoon; it also fixed the prices, and directed that every play should be submitted to the King's attorney before being

produced. At that time the Théâtre des Italiens was established in the Rue de la Poterie, and its actors were receiving money from Henri IV.

During the reign of Louis XIII and the administration of Richelieu, Arts and Letters, especially the Drama, and thanks to two men of genius living at that period, took on high importance; but as we are not yet completely freed of the barbarians, it is perhaps better to continue this imperfect review by saying something more of the Théâtre de l'Hôtel de Bourgogne where the "Prince de Sots"[1] was all-powerful. Ordinary buffooneries began to give way to a better kind of comedies, but farcical pieces still dominated. The more famous actors of that period were Turlutin, Gautier Garguille, Gross-Guillaume, St. Jacques, Bruscambille, and the distinguished Scaramouche. The success of these Turlutinades, as they were called in course of time, alarmed the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, and the latter laid their complaints before Richelieu. The Cardinal resolved on judging for himself as to their merits, so he ordered them to appear before

[1] The manager under Henri IV was Nicholas Joubert, known publicly as "Seigneur d'Engoulevent," and as "Chef de la Sottise," or Prince of Fools.

him, and their drolleries were so amusing that he made the complainants admit the Turlutinades into their company. By this time heroes in farce abounded throughout Paris and new theatres were constructed for their use. That of Tarbarin stood on the Place du Pont Neuf, near the bridge, for seven or eight years. Then Cardinal Richelieu built the Théâtre du Palais Royal because he was determined to have a fit place wherein to produce his tragedy of "Miranne"; but works by Pierre Corneille, Rotrou, Bois-Rolent, Colletet, etc., were also played in the new theatre.

Pierre Corneille had installed modern tragedy at Paris, but it was Molière who placed comedy higher than it had ever been before, even with the ancients. Molière, like William Shakespeare, was author, actor, and manager, and Richelieu put him at the head of a company of comedians in 1650. After having played at the *Jeu de Paume* of the White Cross in the Rue de Bussi for three years, the troupe made a provincial tour, and then returned to Paris, Molière having been assigned to the Theâtre du Petit Bourbon, where Louis XIV, still very young, came to dance in public. But Molière and company did not remain there a long

while; in 1660 they were given the Palais Royal Theatre, and there they remained until Molière's death, when they were dispossessed, at the instigation of Sully who wanted it for an Opera House. Soon afterward the old theatre at the Hôtel Bourgogne was closed, and the troupe joined with the comedians at the Palais Royal, for whom a hall had been built in the Rue des Fosses-Saint Germain (subsequently named Rue de l'Ancien Comédie, and still so-called), where they remained until 1770. They already bore the designation of "Comédiens Français ordinaires du Roi," and their condition and pay were fixed by law. In the mean time other theatres were being opened, and one of these was the Ambigu Comique in the boulevards; it is still in use, and is the "home of melodrama," so to speak.

I pass over other places of amusement to come to the origin of the Opera Comique. It goes back to the first year of the reign of Louis XV, and was established on the Boulevard du Nord. It at once succeeded; indeed so large was the attendance that the Théâtre Français became very jealous and had the Opera Comique suppressed in 1718. It was re-established, however, in 1724, and was not again punished

for its great success until in 1745. Six years later the Opera Comique was again the vogue, and finally in April, 1762, it was incorporated with the "comédiens privilégies,"[1] otherwise known as Italians. When this union took place Madame Favart was at the height of her success at the Italians; and although the new house was known as the Comédie Italienne there were really no Italians in the consolidated companies, not after 1780 at any rate. While the King was away during a few days in October, the Regent installed a troupe of Italian actors and singers at the Tuileries, but his Majesty's unexpected return forced them to leave without delay. They went to the Fair of Saint Germain, stayed there with varying success until January, 1795, when they made their début at the Théâtre Faydeau in Paris. But the public would have none of their performances, so they sold their house to the Comédiens Italiens, and ever since then the place has been known as the Théâtre de l' Opera Comique, and it is to-day one of the opera stages subventioned by the French government.

[1] To distinguish them from the "Comédiens ordinaires du Roi," or members of the Théâtre Français.

Threatened by the building in the Rue des Fossés Saint Germain, which was about tumbling on their head, the Comédiens Français moved to the Tuileries, while the Odéon was being constructed for their use. They occupied this new house until late in 1783; it was called the Théâtre Français until in 1789, when it received the name of Théâtre de la Nation, and the phrase "comédiens ordinaires du Roi" was erased from the playbill in 1791. In the beginning of this last-mentioned year, Dugazon, Talma, Grandméreil, Madame Vestris, Mme. Desgarcius and Mme. Lange separated from their comrades and accepted engagements at the Théâtre des Variétés Amusementes, which then first took the name of Théâtre Français de la Rue Richelieu. It was not, however, until after the destruction of the Odéon by fire in March, 1799, that the house in the Rue Richelieu became a general point of union for all the original members of the troupe, and it soon became recognised as the only Comédie Française.

This historical playhouse at Paris, the "First Theatre in the World," as it was often termed, and which is to be described in this chapter, was destroyed by fire on the afternoon of

March 8, 1900, but has since been rebuilt on the same site.

To teach the art of Dramatic Action, Declamation and Diction is, in some respects, infinitely more arduous and more complex than ordinary teaching, for the results are produced by translating the different movements of the human soul, its sentiments, its emotions, its passions, its sorrows, and its joys, before the footlights. It is a difficult art, one in which France has long been in the first rank, and which, submissive to a thousand vicissitudes of taste and fashion—while at the same time incessantly being transformed by the genial efforts of master teachers—has finally arrived at its highest point of perfection, and this at what is everywhere recognised as the first theatre in the world, the Comédie Française. It was long since established, and the reason for its universality is due entirely to state recognition of dramatic instruction as a branch of the Liberal Arts to be aided and encouraged officially. Neither in America nor in England is there any national training school of stage art, either lyrical or dramatical.

With the English and Americans an actor or an actress does not undergo a long course

of study in a state institution, and there is not one theatre in either country which receives any kind of help from the public treasury. The stage is recruited by the merest chapter of accidents, and even courses of private training are rather the exception than the rule. An artiste is formed at the hands of Nature, the impulse guiding his or her career coming from a uniform conviction which springs up intuitively, one which may be galvanised into life by the most trivial incident; and the measure of his or her talent gives bias to inclination and is the final gauge of whatever success is achieved. But in France nearly all the actors and actresses on the stage are taught in some training school of art, and as for most of them the Conservatoire is this training ground, so, too is the Comédie Française that theatre where the professional career reaches its fullest development.

But although the Français is the "first theatre in the world," official priority in Paris belongs to the Grand Opera; this, however, does not change the fact that, in the estimation of all true amateurs and artistes, the Comédie Française has always occupied a higher position than does the lyric house so richly aided by the

French Government, although of course the Française receives its subvention also.

It has been often claimed, and it may be true, that Opera companies better, in nearly every respect, than the one at the Paris Académie Nationale de Musique can be heard in other capitals, but certainly there is no theatre of comedy and tragedy elsewhere which can compare with the "Maison de Molière" in the brilliancy of the histrionic talent that its company possesses, in the length and splendour of its history, or in the services it has rendered to dramatic art and to dramatic literature. There is no other stage like it which is considered a part and parcel of the national glory of the country to which it belongs. Even England, with all the reverence she pretends for the memory of Shakespeare, has never founded in his honour an institution comparable to the Maison de Molière, a designation often given to the theatre in the Rue Richelieu, although that famous author-actor never set his foot inside the house that was recently destroyed, for the simple reason that he died nearly a century before it was erected. But his shade and his genius haunted a spot where talented artistes played his pieces with pride

THÈÂTRE FRANÇAIS (BURNED IN 1900).

and fervour; and although the French Academy declined to receive him as a member, and the Roman Catholic Church spurned his ashes and refused his remains Christian burial, he had there an altar around which numerous worshippers assembled, if not to kneel, at all events to render due honour to his immortality.

When he was not at wars, Napoleon went often to the Théâtre Français to hear Talma (whom he admitted to his friendship), Damas, Lafon, Madame Duchesnon, Madame Roucourt, and Mademoiselle Georges. He had a weakness for tragedy, and when at the battle front, used to have artistes come and play for him wherever he might be. They were with him at Mayence in 1804, at Erfurt in 1808, at Dresden in 1813. At Erfurt Talma received a fee of ten thousand francs for the trip, and the Emperor of Russia and all the sovereigns of Germany, formed on this occasion what was appropriately called "un parterre de Rois." The play was "Ædipe" by Voltaire, and when Talma pronounced the line, "L'amitie d'un grand homme est un bien fait des dieux" (A great man's friendship is a blessing that comes direct from the gods), Alexander of Russia threw himself

into the arms of Napoleon in the presence of the entire audience.

Apropos, allusions which are made on the stage to passing events have always had great importance in France, and were the object of much anxiety to the master of ceremonies at the Court of Napoleon. When he was as yet only First Consul, Bonaparte did not object to hear the "Mérope" of Voltaire, in which occurs the passage:

"Le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat heureux;
Qui sert bien son pays n'a pas besoin d'aieux"—

(The first king was a successful soldier; he who hath well served his country hath no need of an ancestry); and the audience never failed to point the fitness of the allusion with loud applause. But, later, when he began to think about marrying Marie-Louise, "Mérope" no longer pleased him on account of the lines:

"J'ai besoin d'un hymen utile à ma grandeur
Qui détourne de moi le nom d'un usurpateur."

That is to say: "I need a marriage which will add to my grandeur and which will shield me from being considered a usurper," which too accurately fitted his case. That tragedy was therefore scratched out from the repertoire.

When Louis XVIII took his seat on the throne of his ancestors, he also was in the habit of going to the Comédie Française in search of flattering allusions, and when the tragedy of "Héraclius" was played, the line—"Tyran, descends du trône et fais place à ton maître" (Tyrant, step down from the throne and make room for thy master), always drew the applause of the audience and caused an ovation in honour of the King. Desirous of putting an end to all political allusions on the stage, Louis Philippe directed that tragedies should no longer be played at gala performances, and that the "Armide" of Gluck should take their place. This is the most inoffensive piece in existence; it wounds the feelings of no one, and is incapable of giving rise to quarrels between sovereigns, which are always a bad thing for nations.

CHAPTER V.

Anecdotes of French actors and actresses—Histrionic ability and beauty of Mademoiselle Mars—The production of an apothecary—How Napoleon gave his likeness to a comedienne—A theatre where the French language is well pronounced—The romantic school of acting—Rows over plays—A Paris theatre governed by decrees drawn up at Moscow—Sociétaires and pensionnaires in the company—Their salaries and benefits—How pieces are received or rejected—Anecdotes of how Dumas, Sardou, Augier, etc., read their plays to the committee—Museum of the Comédie Française—Statue of Voltaire—Reminiscences of the famous Foyer.

Of the actors and actresses who played at the Française nearly a century ago it would be a superfluous task to discuss the talents, but it may be permitted us to record a few of their peculiar characteristics and to account for some of their great reputations. At the time of her début, and for some while afterward, Mademoiselle Mars dazzled the public by her beauty as well as by her remarkable histrionic abilities, but not having known when to quit

the stage, and having insisted on playing the *rôle* of *ingénues* up to the very last, she lost the favour of the public towards the end of her long career. She was very dressy, and, like her comrade, Mademoiselle Devienne—one of the most perfect *soubrettes* the French stage has ever possessed—she led the fashions during the first years of the Empire. Indeed Mademoiselle Mars had made a contract with her modiste, according to the terms of which the latter agreed not to "create" hats like those she wore for anybody else until she had shown them on the stage or on the streets at least ten times. At Longchamps, on Easter day, or when all the fashionable world of Paris went into the Champs Élysées in the latest styles, great ladies used to go there to study the toilettes of Devienne and Mars, and would then imitate them in a slavish manner.

Never did any Duchess of the old Court of Versailles know how to manage a train with more grace than Devienne, who was a handsome creature, as was shown by the portrait which the Comédie Française possessed of her. She retired from the stage in 1813, after a career of twenty-seven years, while still in the possession of all the brilliancy of her talents, but

Mademoiselle Mars did not have the good sense to follow her example. When the latter was nearly sixty years old she created the leading part in "Mlle. de Belle-Isle," a part which represented a young girl of seventeen. Mars was self-willed, overbearing, and, along with her great talents, was very vain. Under the Restoration she had it announced in the press that she was going to play "dressed out in all her diamonds, exactly like a snuff-box." This was intended as a hit at the King who was very fond of diamond snuff-boxes and was always making presents of them to personnages. The critics were very hard on her towards the end of her career, and one of them wrote: "Really this *ingénue* is astonishing; she still manages to walk without using a cane."

Mademoiselle Louise Coutat was another star who shone along with Mars and Devienne. She had a good deal of talent and it was said of her that "she would draw the applause of the audience even if she took it into her head to read her dressmaker's bill to them." Mademoiselle Mars was once congratulated on the way in which she played the *rôle* of Célimene, and she replied: "I am equal to Louise Coutat in that character."

Mademoiselle Bourgoin was also remarkably handsome, and the chroniquers of the period used to declare that her eyes would make an Archbishop dance. She was in the good graces of Chaptal, a chemist who had become Minister of the Interior; she had a son by him, but he showed coldness for the child, so one day Bourgoin threatened that if he did not display more affection for his offspring she would go with the boy to the Emperor and instruct him to fall at his Majesty's feet and say:

"Sire, I am the production of your apothecary!"

Chaptal had rivals who contested the heart of Bourgoin, and duels galore were fought on her account. A marshal of France killed a young man to whom she had shown some little favour. On one occasion the Emperor went behind the curtain at the Comédie Française without giving notice of his coming. His unexpected presence so powerfully affected Bourgoin that she fainted, but when she recovered the conqueror of Austerlitz spoke to her, and she took advantage of the occasion to ask him for his likeness, whereupon he pulled out a five-franc piece and gave it to her. This was a mere pleasantry; but he atoned for it

the next day by sending one in miniature, set with diamonds.

Like Hercules, Napoleon used sometimes to spin at the feet of Omphale. He courted some of his actresses, but he courted them after his own fashion, that is to say, abruptly and laconically. Mademoiselle Georges was told to come to the Tuileries, to take part in a private conference, and she came away without having even so much as exchanged a word with her imperial accomplice.

These great actresses played with such great actors as Talma, Molé, Damas, Saint-Prix, Saint-Fel, and the Baptistes, and never was the French language better spoken than it was by them. In those days the public were hard to please and very critical, and would not have tolerated the interpretation of chefs-d'œuvre of French literature by actors afflicted with a faulty pronunciation, no matter how slight it might have been. Still the first theatre of France has always been a school where everybody went to learn how to speak the language, and the French Academy has respected its decisions. Its actors are personages of importance and occupy a recognised position, and when one of their number dies all Paris turns out to attend the funeral.

But if the interpreters were excellent, the literature of the First Empire was execrable and so they were forced to stick to the classic repertoire. It is believed that never has the Théâtre Français possessed a more completely talented troupe than that which Napoleon I held together, and yet never was there a period of greater penury in Dramatic Literature than during his reign. Things were no better, not even so good, under the Restoration, for one by one the artistes, who had been shining with such brilliancy, began to quit the stage. In 1829 most everything changed at the Français. The Romantic School made its appearance and restored vigour to the house by furnishing pieces which where to attract audiences and arouse violent literary quarrels. This revival began with the drama of "Henri III" by Alexandre Dumas. The public liked it, and it drew crowded houses. Victor Hugo's "Hernani, ou l'Honneur Castillian," was played the 25th of February, 1830, and the rehearsals had been very stormy.

Mademoiselle Mars took the *rôle* of Doña Sol, Forini played Hernani, and Michelot was Don Carlos. Victor Hugo, who as yet had neither prestige nor authority, had to fight

daily with the artistes in refuting their severe criticism. Michelot contended that the monologue in the fourth act was too long and that no actor ever existed with sufficient lung power to get off such a tirade.

Forini did not give the author much trouble, but Mars was merciless. She persisted in invoking her experience and her great talent as an actress, but Hugo would not allow himself to be imposed on by her pretended fears. At last the curtain went up; the audience was divided into two hostile camps—friends of the author on the one side against hardened classics on the other. People in the pit insulted each other, and friends and enemies came out, when it was all over, without knowing whether the piece had proved a success or failure. The performance which followed was even more noisy and tumultuous than the first had been, and then there was an end to all hesitation.

After the battle of "Hernani" came that of "Le Roi s'Amuse." It was given once and then further performance of the piece was forbidden by the authorities. This gave rise to a lawsuit which went against the author, on the grounds of State policy, as the piece was regarded as wanting in the respect due to Roy-

alty. The writer was present at the second performance in Paris of that same play—it used to be given in this country as "The Fool's Revenge," by the late Edwin Booth—and that was fifty years after the first performance.

Strange as it may seem, the Paris theatre, officially and artistically known as the Comédie Française, and for which the Republic has done so much—free rent of the building, annual appropriation of fifty thousand dollars, etc.,—was largely governed by decrees which were written and signed by Napoleon I, while at Moscow, although they have been modified in certain details since then.

Those who play at the Français are *Sociétaires*, who take rank and are recompensed according to seniority, as a rule, and *Pensionnaires*, the former being usually selected from among the latter, most of whom studied at the Conservatoire. Sociétaires divide among themselves the house profits of each year in different proportions, that of each being regulated by the number of "twelfths" which he or she has been awarded, while Pensionnaires receive fixed salaries of so much per month.

Every year a balance sheet of receipts and expenses is drawn up, and the positive differ-

ence constitutes the amount which is to be divided among the regular members of the Corporation. That is to say, these profits are divided into a determined number of parts, each part consisting of what is termed a twelfth. A *part entière* is twelve-twelfths, and a few of the Sociétaires receive this much; but others have a right only to seven-twelfths, or to five-twelfths, and so on down to three-twelfths, which is about the usual beginning. In the profits a *part entière* is also paid to the Administrateur-Général. Besides his or her share in the profits, the Sociétaire also receives a sum for each performance, which varies; but he or she only receives one-half of said share at the end of the year, the other half being put out at interest; and they can only obtain this compulsory savings on the day when they are permitted to retire from that theatre. It may be added that the average profits of a whole part, or twelve-twelfths Sociétaire is about four thousand dollars annually.

There are also certain Ministerial allowances made in cash by the Director of Fine Arts granted every year, and finally each Sociétaire on retiring after twenty years of service, has a right, besides his or her reserve fund, to an

annual pension of five thousand francs from the theatre. This pension is augmented by two hundred francs for each year of service, the pension being liquidated proportionally; but this case rarely presents itself.

It will be seen that the pecuniary situation of members of the Théâtre Français is not at all a bad one; and when age or infirmity forces them to quit the stage they are assured, besides a capital which varies according to the profits and the time passed in the house, of a pension which sometimes rises to fourteen or sixteen hundred dollars annually. If they receive less than certain artistes whose large salaries are such sources of envy in other countries, they find a consolation in their situation at the Comédie Française and which assures them consideration in the present and comfort in the future.

Not knowing how much was saved and how much was lost when the Comédie Française was burned in 1900, I do not dare to say too much about its choice contents, with which I was somewhat familiar. But there was one room in the old house which is well worth describing, that of the Reading Committee. This committee met once a week and the Administrateur Général presided.

The reading finished, the author retired and the committee voted without remarks or discussion, each member placing in an urn a white, a red, or a black ball, and which indicated respectively "positive reception," "reception subject to corrections," and "refusal." This method of voting was adopted in consequence of a laughable incident which happened when members of the committee voted ballots, on which he or she—women could belong to the committee in those days, but they cannot now—had to give an opinion in writing, to be afterward read in the presence of the author. One day a play in verse was read before the committee; the reading through, summing up of votes took place, and the Administrateur Général came on one which bore the signature of the leading lady. It read as follows: "Cette petite acte m'a paru *charmante*, mais invraisemblable; je *la* refuse." The point is, she made the substantive *acte* feminine, whereas it is masculine, and a mischievous weekly paper printed the story as a joke on the committee.

It is a good deal of an art to read a play properly. The elder Alexandre Dumas used to like it, and yet he always read badly. He tried to vary his tone according to the dialogue

required, but after an act or so, his voice settled into a grave and monotonous chant which almost prevented his listeners understanding a word of what he was reading. Once he was congratulated on being as good a reader as Schiller, but he was not quite convinced as to the sincerity of this remark, and so he asked Madame Dorval, the leading lady, what she thought of it. "My dear Alexandre," said she, "I am inclined to be of their opinion, although I think you have one superiority over Schiller."

"In what way, if you please?" he asked.

"Why, you read worse than he does."

Victorine Sardou is a fine reader. He plays all the parts of his piece, waves his hands, throws his handkerchief on the table, picks it up again, clutches the arm of his chair furiously, never rants, never sinks his voice too low, but acts all the time he is reading. He puts every part in a full light before his hearers, and they understand his play well when he has finished. Emile Augier read his plays simply and good-naturedly, but nothing he said was ever lost on the committee. Pailleron read in a pompous way, and was not always understood; he would often interrupt himself with some audible

remark about such and such a part needing touching up.

On what we would call the "prompt side" of the stage at the old house might have been seen the *guignol*, or little shed, in which artistes changed their costumes when in a great hurry; also the *loge*, or office, of the *semanier*, wherein he wrote out his daily report. From this office a door opened into a tolerably good-sized sitting-room which was connected with one of the proscenium boxes by a private passage, thus forming a *suite* of rooms. This was the private box of the Administrateur Général, and it was the identical box which Napoleon I made use of. He had a private key to the door just mentioned, and was in the habit of going back on the stage to see Talma, or Mademoiselle Georges. On the opposite side of the house, and next to the stage, was the private box of the President of the Republic. The dressing-rooms of all the actors and actresses in that theatre were most excellent; in this one thing alone, if there were no other, the artistes of the Comédie Française were perhaps better cared for than are the players of any other theatre on earth.

There was almost a kind of Museum con-

nected with the old Comédie Française; for there was sufficient material in the house to form a most respectable museum, but the articles had never been gathered together in one common gallery. It is to be hoped that all these many things, these precious relics, these unique documents were preserved from destruction by the calamity of 1900, as they were not only very valuable and interesting, but also very curious and entertaining. Ten or a dozen years ago some one offered a part of Talma's heart, in a bottle, to the Comédie. Now the heart of a tragedian, who was the friend of an emperor, a heart which had palpitated with all the loves, all the sorrows, all the joys of life, which had concealed the most singular mixture of real and artificial amours, of contradictory passions, and opposing sentiments, certainly this was a relic of great value. So of course the Administration accepted it, perhaps with a vague hope that it would serve as a "Mascot" and attract other donations to the house. Still it could not have been wholly that, for proof was soon shown to the contrary. Mademoiselle Duchesnois was a great tragedienne who shared the triumphs of Talma. On her death-bed she willed one of her hands to a

friend; it was cut off, properly cured, and delivered to its inheritor. Soon after Talma's heart had been accepted this mummified hand of the once illustrious actress was offered to the "Museum" of the Français, but it was refused. "The Museum of the Comedy ought to be a collection of works of Art and of literary documents, not an anatomical gallery," said Monsieur Jules Claretie at the time, and he was quite right. We may worship gifted actresses while they are living, even guard pious souvenirs of those of them who once charmed us, but we should draw the line at making a collection of their skeletons, whether as a whole or in pieces. It was a caricaturist of modern date who showed to a "Globe trotter," visiting Stratford-on-Avon, two skulls of William Shakespeare, one of the immortal poet and play-writer as a child, the other of him after his death. Time was when a bit of Agnes Sorel's hair and a fragment from Molière's jawbone were exhibited at the Cluny Museum; this latter specimen of literary osteology found its way to the Français, and was in its Museum, but whatever became of the curly lock of the once fair Agnes no one knows. The anatomical section of the Comedian's Museum consisted

therefore of the fragment of a heart, ditto of a jawbone, and some filaments that once grew on the head of Talma.

That Museum was, however, infinitely rich in articles of much greater value from the artistic and literary point of view. The general public, which only saw in the Grand Stairway, the Peristyle, and the Foyer a certain number of busts and statues had no idea whatever, or at least but an imperfect one, of the great treasures which the house contained. The "Musée Molière," as it was often termed, contained something like two hundred oil paintings, nearly a hundred water colours, drawings, and engravings, ninety odd statues and busts in marble and plaster, ten in bronze, fifteen in *terre cuite*, or baked clay, and twenty statuettes or figurines in Sèvres porcelain. Undoubtedly there were some inferior works among the lot, but even the most mediocre of them offered real historical interest and gave one the opportunity of making a complete study of French comedians in past centuries. In 1743 the first canvas of this collection was given to the Théâtre Français by one of the "Comédiennes du Roi," Marie Anne de Chateauneuf Du Clos, and it was her own portrait in the *rôle* of

Ariane, painted by Largillière. The second portrait to reach the house was that of Baron, by Troy; but it was much smaller than the one just mentioned, which fact displeased certain visitors "behind the scenes" who believed in democratic equality, and their indignant protests impelled the Comedians to enlarge it by sewing a wide band of canvas all about it, after which it was framed again. In November, 1777, Monsieur Caffieri, a sculptor of talent, gave the Français a fine bust of Pierre Corneille. A year later he also gave one of Thomas Corneille, a copy of the original by Jouvenet, which was owned by Countess de Bonville. Whereupon, in the way of thanks, the Comedians accorded his "entrées," or free admittance to the theatre, to Jean Jacques Caffieri.

I used to spend some pleasant hours in the Foyer of the old Comédie Française, looking around as my mind called up the many souvenirs with which the place was crowded. One may mock at tradition, and sneer at souvenirs, but there is a sentimental side to life which is quite agreeable for some of us. At any rate, it was in tradition and in souvenirs that lay the power of La Comédie. There as elsewhere

innovations had to be made, of course, but it was always done with infinite precautions. "Things are not done here as they are done elsewhere," said Verteuil, early in our acquaintance, and with his grave air of an Under Secretary of State. And right he was too. In the world of letters as in the world of politics, there is need for a conservative Senate, and the Comédie Française has always been the senate of dramatic art. The very manners of its venerable *coulisses* had a stamp which could not escape the attentive observer. Wit was frank there and was so from tradition, but gallantry was always discreet within its walls. There were *liaisons*, but there are never any scandals connected with those sort of things at the Français. It is Colombine who says of French actresses that they are monsters; and it would seem that love is as indispensable to their success as professionals as is the Conservatoire to the beginning of their career. The cold-looking Foyer heard the low voice of passion and the merry confessions of many a caprice. Decently, but without hypocrisy, *la galanterie* admitted there those charming weaknesses which are such a source of strength for dramatic art. Actors are men who have no need of excitants

in order to move their audiences, but not so with actresses. Even the best instructed of the latter have to follow instinct which is with them the principal, the all-important quality. And however penetrating may be the female mind, there are sensations which they can never divine, which they can never express if they have not known them. Diderot, who always spoke of the art of acting with genius, wished that the actor might have experienced the feelings that he was to give expression to, but at the same time would remain master of himself in expressing them; that there should take place in the actor's mind a sort of crystallisation of life or rather that he should possess that peculiar faculty of duplication which would make in him two men ceaselessly watching and studying each other, one feeling and experiencing the actual living sensations while the other brought them to the state that art demanded. He held that these two things were indispensable, and perhaps they are found in the case of most actresses. It is on this account that they make such poor wives. In the moments when there should be only tender intimacies between man and wife, or thought of children, actresses are thinking

of the stage and of the public. They live in a fictitious world; and this peculiar condition of the heart, of the senses, can it be a good thing for a man whom an actress loves? I leave to others the task of answering the question. I only point out that it exists, and in this I am in agreement with the traditions of the Comédie Française.

CHAPTER VI.

The Paris Conservatory—Founded one hundred and eighteen years ago—Talma was its first great graduate—How the music of the "Chant du Depart" was composed—Present organisation of the famous institution—Four annual competitions held—State control over all graduates—The Conservatoire buildings—Now a Musical College and Dramatic School—Its chief aim and purpose—A liberal, theoretic, and practical system of education—The good results obtained.

Having thus, rather incompletely, described the highest examples of Lyric and Dramatic Art at Paris, let us turn to that State Institution, where so many successful French singers, actors and instrumentalists were taught the beginnings of their calling. The Conservatoire de Musique was founded by Baron de Breteuil, and was managed by Gosse, by virtue of a royal decree, dated January 3, 1784. In June, 1786, a class of Dramatic Declamation was added, and Molé, Dugazon and Fleury, "Comedians of the King," were appointed professors. The first lesson

was given by Dugazon, and the first pupil who graduated belonged to this class; his name was Talma and he made his début at the Theâtre Francais in 1787. Later on Bernard Sarrette became head of the concern. He was a Captain in the Garde Nationale, and got up a band of forty-five musicians, composed of the members of the band of the old Gardes Françaises.

The city assumed the expense of this band in May, 1790, and increased the number to seventy; two years later the Commune decreed the establishment of a gratuitous school for the band, and provided for the instruction of one hundred and twenty pupils between the ages of ten and sixteen, who were without knowledge of music, or between eighteen and twenty if they knew music. "The Institution National de Musique," founded by decree the 18th Brumaire (year 2), was located in the Rue Saint Joseph; Sarrette was at the head of it, and he got into trouble because a pupil had played "O Richard! O Mon Roi!" on his trombone. Saretta was thrown into prison, but was allowed to come out under guard in order to take charge of the musical part of the "Fête de l'Être Suprême." The 15th Prairial (June 3, 1794), he received from the Committee of Public Safety an order,

signed Carnot, Barrère and Robert Lindet, to teach a patriotic hymn, for which Gosse had composed the music, and Robespierre held him responsible for its good execution. The hymn was executed on the Champ de la Reunion, now the Champ de Mars, the 20th Prairial, by a vast number of musicians, including one hundred drummers, the last strophe being accompanied by volleys of artillery.

It was while concealed in the house of Sarrette that Chenier wrote the words of the "Chant du Depart," in celebration of the fourth anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. Mehul composed the music off-hand, standing up at the chimney, in a room full of people, all of whom were talking; and it was executed for the first time by the orchestra and chorus of the Conservatoire. General Bonaparte, who was present, believed that it would excite military ardour and courage, and had it placed among the National airs. In 1795 the Convention passed a decree suppressing the band of the National Guard, also the School of Singing and Declamation; but that same day a law was promulgated creating the Conservatoire de Musique, assigning it to its present quarters in the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière, and plac-

ing it under the control of five inspectors and four professors, an appropriation of $48,000 being made at the same time for the support of the Institution. A year later Sarrette was again placed at the head of the school, and classes were opened for the first time in 1796.

In 1806 Napoleon I added a School of Declamation to the Conservatoire and ordered that board should be furnished to eleven male and six female pupils at the expense of the State. Monvel, Dugazon, Dazincourt and Lafond were appointed Professors of Declamation and they began their lessons in April, 1807. In 1809 Talma succeeded Dazincourt. Sarrette was removed from his place as Director in November, 1815, and the school was closed; two years later an "École Royale de Musique et Declamation" was created and Perne was appointed its manager; but in 1822 the Conservatoire was re-established, and Cherubini was placed at its head. Male pupils were now boarded in the Institution, and at the end of 1824 the classes in Declamation were revived.

The present organisation of the Conservatoire, that is to say, the studies, is divided into eight sections, viz.: 1. Enseignment complementaire—solfeggio (collective and individual), clavier,

rôles; 2. Singing; 3. Lyric declamation; 4. Piano and harp; 2. Wind instruments, flute, hautbois, clarinet, horn, bassoon, trumpet, cornet à piston, trombone; 6. Bow instruments. violin, violoncello, counterbass, 7. Harmony, organ and composition (counterpoint, fugue and ideal composition); 8. Dramatic declamation. Each section is divided into classes—there are fourteen for solfeggio, four for fingerboard (two male and two female), one for study of *rôles*, eight for singing, four for violin, two for violoncello, one for counterbass, one for flute, one for hautbois, one for clarinet, one for bassoon, one for French horn, one for trumpet, one for cornet, one for bugle, one for instrumental ensemble, two for written harmony for men, four for harmony and accompaniment (two male and two female), one for organ, four for composition, five for dramatic declamation (three male and two female), one for dancing and carriage, and one for fencing. The Institution is under a Director, who is aided by two Boards of Instruction, one for the musical, the other for the dramatic studies, and which are independent of each other, except when called on to form the Conseil Superieur, which deals with matters relating to the general interests of the Conservatoire. All the Pro-

fessors are members of one or the other Board, and beside the Professors the Board of Musical Instruction is composed of certain Government Officials (the Director of Fine Arts and the Chief of the Bureau of Theatres), etc. Besides the Professors the Board of Dramatic Instruction is composed of the two Government officials just mentioned, and of two dramatic authors, while the personnel of the Conservatoire includes two secretaries, two clerks, two librarians, a conservator and a number of servants, all appointed by the Minister of Fine Arts on the recommendation of the Director of the Conservatoire.

There are four *concours*, or competitions, held at the Conservatoire during the year. The first, in October, is the competition for admission to the classes; the second, in January, is the competition for *pensions*, or annual allowances; the third, in June, is an examination for admission to the fourth, or final, annual competition held during the month of July. All pupils without exception undergo the January and June competition. Only those who are applicants for admission as pupils take part in the October one, and only those who have successfully passed the one of June are permitted to show them-

selves in the July contest. As a matter of fact, applicants must have been born in France, and be over nine and under twenty-two years of age; but foreign-born persons may also be admitted with the consent of the Minister, who has also power to make exceptions to the rule as to limits of age in cases that he considers especially deserving of such a favour. Frequently applicants who live in the provinces are allowed their expenses of coming to Paris and staying there during the examination.

There is no appeal from the decisions of the "Comités d'examen," or Juries of Examination, but the Director can, at his pleasure, admit pupils to certain classes, while those who fail to pass the examination, if they have shown any talent whatever, can obtain permission to attend the classes as auditors. Persons who are much older than any of the pupils are also permitted to attend these classes as auditors. I have seen English and American actors and actresses of middle age, and who had already gained reputation on the stage, thus passing their spare hours in Paris studying at the feet of Got or of Delaunay. The time for pupils to remain at the Conservatoire varies. They cannot be sent away during the

first year, but the length of time after that depends on their progress.

No charge of any kind whatever is made or fees exacted; everything is free, and in certain cases pecuniary aid is given to meritorious pupils. The male and female pupils are taught in separate classes except in those of Lyric and Dramatic Declamation, and the mothers of female pupils are allowed to be present during the lessons. Each professor is required to give three lessons of two hours each per week, and the unexcused failure to give three lessons in any one month results in a forfeiture of his or her salary for that month. A pupil who misses two lessons a month without being excused is dropped from the rolls. No pupil is permitted to enter into an engagement to play on the stage or in an orchestra without the authorisation of the Director. By a Ministerial decree it was ordered that all pupils entering the Conservatoire shall contract an obligation to hold themselves during three months after graduation at the disposal of the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts for engagement at one of the State theatres, and the salaries for such engagements are also fixed by law. That is to say, the pupil is insured a

positive annual salary for three years at the Opera, at the Opera Comique, at the Théâtre Français, or at the Odéon, but of course the management at either of these houses may increase such salary, and it is often done.

At the final annual *concours* a first and a second prize and three accessits, or mentions, for each sex are awarded to pupils competing in the same line of study. Pupils of the same sex and in the same line of study compete together for these prizes, but in the Declamation classes the male and female pupils, while competing at the same time, do not compete against each other, and no pupil who has not been at the Conservatoire more than six months, or who has ever made a début on the stage, is allowed to compete. The juries at this *concours* are the same as at the other examinations, except in the Declamation classes, where the whole jury is composed of persons not connected with the Institution. The members of the Composition class, that is to say, Music composition, compete each year for a prize known as the Grand Prix, which gives the winner exemption from military service, and a State aid, or pension, of six hundred dollars annually during five years, which time he must

spend in Italy and Germany studying the musical works of those countries. On his return to France, the "Grand Prix" has the right to have a piece composed by him brought out at one of the subventioned theatres where musical works are given.

The Conservatoire buildings occupy an entire square of land, with the principal entrance on the Rue Faubourg Poissonnière. On this same ground formerly stood the mansion, stables, and dependencies of "Monsieur l'Intendant des Ménus Plaisirs du Roi." Under the Regency it was the residence of a great grandson of Condé, who was nicknamed "Count Collet" because he was short and fat. He resided in the ancestral Hôtel de Condé, in the Faubourg Saint Germain, but the house in the Faubourg Poissonnière was where he spent much of his time with a certain lady who presented him with two daughters, afterwards legitimised, however, by Royal decree. After the death of the Count the property was purchased by the Crown for the purpose of creating an establishment known as the "Ménus Plaisirs" of the King. By and by it became a store house for the decorations and scenery used at Court Balls; and when the Opera was burned, the

company, while the Porte Saint Martin Theatre was being built for them, gave their performances in it. The buildings form a quadrangle which contains a theatre of wonderful acoustic qualities, a concert hall, and numerous class rooms. There is also a large library, and a fine instrumental museum.

The Conservatoire is the great Musical College and Dramatic School of France, an Institution where pupils are instructed in the laws governing those fine arts, and where the healthy traditions of the French School of Music are preserved and transmitted as they were received from the classic masters. But the Paris Conservatoire cannot give genius to those who do not already possess it. Its mission is to develop the creative faculties, to inspire a love for a thorough study of the art, to form a correct taste in its pupils, to resist the changing caprices of fashion, to combat all dangerous or evil tendencies. Such were the ideas of its earliest Directors; such was the idea of Auber, and such was the idea of Ambroise Thomas, who preceded the present able head of the establishment.

It is to the unity of the views of all the men who have presided over the Conservatoire since

DESTRUCTION OF THE BASTILLE.

the commencement of the nineteenth century that are due whatever good results have been obtained—results which at least has rendered the Institution celebrated throughout the world. The methods taught have been adopted in other schools, its text books have been translated into many languages. It is to these methods that is due that elegance of execution for which French orchestras are noted, and certainly the best singers that the French lyric stage possesses were, with very few exceptions, taught how to sing at the Paris Conservatoire.

But if the seventy professors, who instruct these pupils, are untiring in their work, it must also be said that the French Government has placed at their disposal resources which no similar institution possesses. There is nothing lacking that will aid the pupils in acquiring complete knowledge of the branch of Art they are following. Lessons and books, talented instructors, printed and manuscript scores, ancient and modern instruments, private practice and practice before the public—in a word, all that speaks to the mind, that provokes instructive and useful comparisons, that stimulates ardour in study, that begets noble

ambitions are within its walls for pupils, and everything is free. The system of education is liberal, theoretic, and practical. It has formed many great masters, it has turned out many distinguished artistes and virtuosi, and it is indeed an Institution worthy of the capital and worthy of the French nation.

PART TWO.

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."

[HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER VII.

The great work of the Third Republic—How the Capital has been improved and embellished—The bridges of Paris—Thirty of them within the city limits—The Bièvre rivulet—Course of the River Seine through historic grounds—Battlefield between the people and the Royal Guards—Treasure trove—The famous Pont Neuf—Palace of the Legion d'Honneur—A bridge constructed of stones from the old Bastille—The Quai d'Orsay—Wanderings of the river—Some sixty different quays along its shores—Numerous curiosity shops in the Quai Voltaire—Old prints, old portraits and old volumes—The land of wholesale wine merchants.

Coming now to present Paris, it must be admitted by every one that the Third Republic has done its full share towards enriching, embellishing, enlarging and improving the capital. There is, for instance, the magnificent Hôtel de Ville already mentioned, several Market Houses, and the Palais du Trocadero, built at the time of the Universal Exhibition of 1878, and which forms a striking part of decorative Paris. New churches, new bridges,

new railway stations, new theatres, new colleges, new boulevards, and new parks, have also been fostered by the Republic. It is true that new bridges were constructed by the "Wise King," very long ago, but there was not enough of them, and the people grumbled. In those days, and for a long while afterwards, all bridges were covered with houses along their sides so that teams and persons passing through the narrow way saw next to nothing of the stream below. These buildings were owned by the city, which rented them at high prices; but there are none of those old bridges now, however. From the point where the river enters the city at Bercy, until it leaves the city at Auteuil, a distance of nearly nine miles, the Seine is spanned by thirty bridges, nearly every one of which was constructed within the nineteenth century, and many are the work of the Third Republic. The first bridge under which the river passes, entering the capital, is a railway and carriage structure that was built by Napoleon III at a cost of $450,000. Then it was called the Pont Napoléon, but now it is the Pont National, and it forms the connecting link between the Porte de Bercy and the Porte de la Gare, as the two

AN OLD BRIDGE ACROSS THE SEINE.

entrances through the fortifications at this point, on the right and left banks of the river, are called. Next we have the Pont de Tolbiac, one of the newest bridges across the Seine. It is a splendid structure of five stone arches, uniting the Quai de Bercy—where all the vast wine-cellars and bonded warehouses of the capital are located—to the Quai de la Gare, where there is a large freight depot of the Western Railway Company. After that comes the Pont de Bercy, joining the Quai de la Rapée on the right to the Quai d'Austerlitz on the left bank. This bridge was built in place of a suspension bridge erected during the First Empire; it has five arches, and cost $265,000. Still descending the river, the next bridge is the Pont d'Austerlitz. The original bridge of this name was built in 1807, and it was one of the first iron bridges ever constructed. It was named after the famous victory over the Austrians and Russians, and when the Allies restored the Bourbons to the Throne, one of the conditions exacted was that this name should be changed. It was accordingly named the Pont du Jardin du Roi, but the people persisted in calling it by its original title. When rebuilt and widened in 1855 the original name

was restored to it. It is entirely of stone, has five arches, is nearly sixty feet wide, and cost $280,000. The names of all French officers who were killed at the battle of Austerlitz are carved on its stones.

A few yards below this bridge, on the right bank, opens the Saint Martin canal, which soon disappears under the Place de la Bastille and the Boulevard Richard Lenoir. On the left bank, a short distance above the bridge of Austerlitz, the little River Bièvre empties its inky black waters into the Seine. The Bièvre is a rivulet which winds through the south-eastern part of the capital, whose waters are, according to ancient tradition, which is implicitly believed even now, peculiarly adapted to the dyeing and tanning trades. It is from the establishments located on its banks that come the discoloration and foul odour of its water; and it is on those same banks that the best French kip is manufactured.

The river has now reached the Ile Saint Louis, and across the eastern point of this island, uniting the Quai Henri IV on the right bank to the Quai Saint Bernard on the left bank, is the Pont Sully, built in 1874. It has six arches and cost $300,000. The course of the river

now lies through the historic grounds over which we have been wandering since the beginning of this work. The Ile Saint Louis has undergone very few changes since the seventeenth century. It is still filled with old mansions fronting on the river which were once inhabited by the French nobility, but are now shelter for a large colony of Polish refugees, and a few of the rising generation of French and Belgian littérateurs. Among the historical houses on this little island is the Hôtel Lambert, residence in the seventeenth century of Lambert de Thorigny, and which still contains a ceiling painted by Lebrun, representing the marriage of Hercules and Hebe, also some mural pictures by Lesueur. On the right bank, close to the Pont Sully, is the ancient Arsenal, with its valuable public library of two hundred and fifty thousand volumes and nine thousand manuscripts, and which is rich in documents relating to the stage and the works of the early French poets. Close at hand, on the Quai des Celestins, is a large old mansion of the Renaissance period, known as the Hôtel La Valette, from the name of the family for whom it was erected, while a few doors farther on an inscription records the fact that "Rabelais died in this house in the year 1553."

Beside the Pont Sully there are three bridges connecting the Ile Saint Louis with the two banks of the river, the Ponts Marie and Louis Philippe across the right branch, and the Pont de la Tournelle across the left branch. The first of these was erected during the early part of the seventeenth century. In 1658 a sudden rise of the river swept away two of its arches, and, of the fifty houses that stood on it twenty-two were destroyed. This experience prevented the rebuilding of the houses when the bridge was repaired, but the houses which escaped the flood were not pulled down until during the Revolution. The island possesses still another bridge, the Pont Saint Louis, which connects its western end with the Ile de la Cité. This is a single arch of stone, erected at a cost of $160,000, and its eastern end is close beside the Morgue, while in front of it rise the imposing walls, pinnacles, and flying buttresses of Notre Dame.

We have now reached the island of the ancient Cité, the island of Lutetia, the island of the early Parisii, of the Gauls, of the Romans and of the Francs. All this has been told however; its history has been already recorded; its ancient Palace of the Kings, its prison of the Con-

ciergerie, its Temple of Justice, etc., have been fully described in these pages. One of the bridges of the Cité, the Pont Notre Dame, is among the oldest of Paris, although it has been rebuilt several times, and perhaps there remains very little of the original structure. Just above this bridge is the Pont d'Arcole, and just below it the Pont au Change. The old name of the first of these two, was Pont de la Gréve, the name of the square where public executions took place prior to the Revolution, and it faces the Hôtel de Ville. The most stirring event that is recorded in connection with the Pont d'Arcole was the battle which took place on it between the people and the Royal Guards during the attack on the City Hall in July, 1830. The leader of the Revolutionists, a young man named Arcole, was one of the victims of that engagement, and it is in his honour that the bridge bears its present name. The Pont au Change was built at a cost of $260,000, on the site occupied by the first bridge ever constructed in Paris; it is so named because the bridge that stood there in the twelfth century was covered with shops occupied by money changers. The northern end of that bridge opens into the Place du Châtélet, while at the Cité end of it,

on the Quai de l'Horloge, a flower market is held on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

On the other side of the Ile de la Cité, immediately opposite the Pont au Change, is the Pont Saint Michel, which, in the seventeenth century, was the Rialto of Paris, its shops being nearly all occupied by jewelers and goldsmiths. In 1807, during an intensely hot summer, the branch of the river that passes under this bridge became dry. Excavations were made in the mud thus exposed and a quantity of gold and silver dishes, snuff boxes, etc., were brought to light, that were valued at something like $250,000. It is supposed that the goldsmiths on the bridge threw these articles into the river when surprised by a sudden visit from the assayers of the mint, preferring to lose works which bore adulteration rather than to damage their credit by being arrested. The present Pont Saint Michel is a wide, handsome bridge resting on three stone arches. It ends on the left bank of the river, in the Place Saint Michel, whose chief ornament is a magnificent mural fountain representing the Archangel vanquishing Lucifer. From this Place and bridge, stretches away the boulevard Saint Michel, on which, within sight of the bridge, are to be seen the

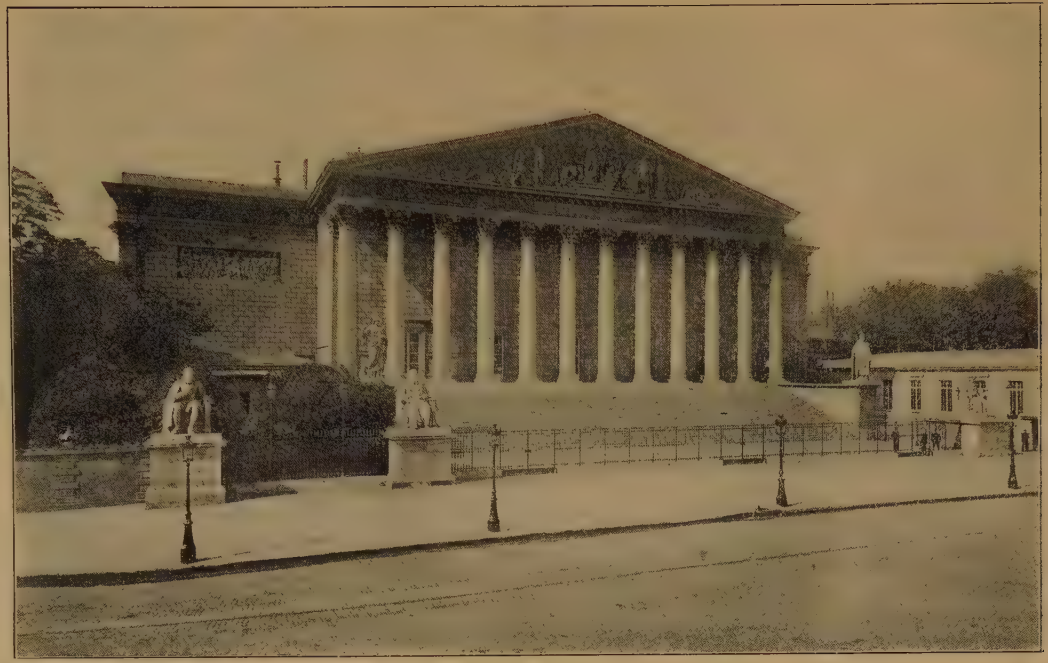
ruins of the Palais des Thermes of the Roman Emperors. Further along, and on both sides the "Boul. Mich." stretches the famous Latin Quarter.

On the same side of the Ile de la Cité are the Pont de l'Archéveché, Pont au Double, so called from the toll being a double farthing, and the Petit Pont. The last named was already known as the "old little bridge" as long ago as the thirteenth century. In all, there have been fourteen bridges on this site, prior to the present one, which is a single stone arch built at a cost of $80,000.

At its lower end the island of the Cité forms a sharp narrow point, and it is across this that stretches, from the Quai du Louvre on the right to the Quai Conti on the left bank, the most famous of all the bridges of Paris. Pont Neuf does not however, mean "new bridge," as is generally supposed, even by many Parisians, and if it did it would be a terrible misnomer, for it is one of the oldest structures in the capital. The name comes from there having been nine streets leading directly to it. It is the longest of all the bridges of Paris, the length being one thousand and twenty-five feet and the width eighty-five. It rests on

twelve arches, and at each pier there is a semi-circular bay with a stone bench. There is more travel across the Pont Neuf than over any other single bridge in the capital, and there is no other point whence so fine a view of the river and its shores can be had.

Standing at the foot of the equestrian statue of Henri IV, on the central pier of the Pont Neuf, one has a full view on the right bank of the long façade of the Louvre, and a glimpse of the Church of Saint Germain de l'Auxerrois; beyond the Louvre stretch the Champs Élysées, and one sees the Chamber of Deputies, while far away looms up the Trocadero. On the left bank one sees the Mint and the Institute, while close to the end of the bridge, on the Quai Conti, is a house in which Napoleon I lived when he was a poor lieutenant of Artillery. The statue of Henri IV, against which we are supposed to be leaning, was the first monument of this kind ever erected in Paris, although this is not the original statue. That one was broken down and its metal cast into cannon; but Louis XVIII had a reproduction of the original made, and it was set up on the old pedestal. The bridge was restored during the Second Empire at a cost of $350,000. At this bridge begins



CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

one of the most curious industries of the capital, that of the second-hand book dealers who line the parapets of the quays on the left bank with their wares, all the way from the Pont Neuf to the Pont Royal.

The first bridge below the Ile de la Cité is at the Pont des Arts, which, however, is only a foot bridge, connecting the Louvre with the Palace of the Institute. The Pont Carousel comes next, with a line of houses on the Quai Voltaire so named because the house in which Voltaire died stands at number twenty-three, fronting it. The next bridge, the Pont Royal, is the last of the old bridges. After that we have the Pont de Solferino, one of the many bridges built during the Second Empire and which cost $260,000. Near the northern end of this bridge, on the Quai d'Orsay, is the Palace of the Legion d'Honneur, which occupies a house that was once the residence of Madame de Staël. On the right bank the Pont de Solferino opens on the Gardens of the Tuileries.

The next bridge is the Pont de la Concorde, completed in 1790 at a cost of $250,000, and a portion of it was constructed of stones from the old Bastille. It was originally ornamented with twelve colossal marble statues, but as these

made the bridge seem overloaded and top-heavy, they were removed many years ago. The immediate neighbourhood of that bridge is the finest in the capital, and from it there is a superb view, both up and down the river. It unites the famous and beautiful Place de la Concorde to the Quai d'Orsay, and to say Quai d'Orsay in Paris is like saying Downing Street in London, for both really mean the Foreign Office. In the Quai d'Orsay we find, just here, the Palais Bourbon or Chamber of Deputies, the official residence of the speaker, or president of that body, and the Ministère des Affairs Ètrangère, or Foreign Office. The Ministry of Commerce is also in this Quai, a few yards up the river; the Ministry of War is but a short distance away, and we have only to cross the bridge and pass through the Place de la Concorde to come to the Ministry of Marine, or Navy Department. Nor is the Palais de l'Élysée, the President's official residence or the Interior Department very far from the Foreign Office.

The Seine now passes through the newest and perhaps the handsomest part of Paris, where the quays on both sides of it are planted with large shade trees, and are laid out with

esplanades, parks and terraces. Here and there stand marble statues, and everywhere one sees fine houses. The Pont des Invalides and the Pont de l'Alma are both splendid structures, costing about $300,000 each; on the piers of the latter, facing up and down the stream, are six stone figures, several times larger than life, representing the various branches of the French army in the Crimean war. At one end of this bridge, on the right bank of the river, in an open place, where the Avenue Marceau, the Avenue de l'Alma and the Avenue Montagne come together stands a statue of General de Lafayette, which was paid for by the children of public schools in the United States. The Pont des Invalides was destroyed by an ice gorge which formed in the river during the winter of 1879–80—we drove horses attached to sleighs on the Seine that winter, and it was the coldest weather I ever experienced—but the bridge was soon rebuilt at a cost of $250,000, precisely as it was before.

On the left bank, but not immediately facing the bridge, are the large open grounds, surrounded by fine old trees, which front the Hôtel des Invalides, with its gilded dome, and the Tomb of Napoleon. On the right bank of

the river, running from the Place de la Concorde to this bridge, lies the Cours la Reine, and at the corner of that beautiful avenue, and a street which faces the bridge, is a mansion covered all over with rich sculptures. This is known as the Maison François I. It originally stood at Moret, where it was erected in 1523 as a country house for Diane de Poitiers. In 1826 the house was carefully taken down, brought safely to Paris, and re-erected on this spot.

At the Pont de l'Alma the river bends away to the southwest and about one thousand yards below that bridge the stream is crossed by the Pont d'Iéna, architecturally speaking the handsomest of all the bridges of Paris. It was erected between 1809 and 1813, and it cost $1,250,000. Napoleon I gave it its present name in commemoration of his victory of the fourteenth of October, 1806, over the Prussians, and when the Allies came into the capital, after Waterloo, it was with great difficulty that Blucher was persuaded from destroying it. To satisfy that general, Louis XVIII took away its name and gave it another, but the public refused to adopt the change, and Pont d'Iéna it was then, as it is to-day. It forms

the communication between the Palais de Trocadero and the Champ de Mars.

The next two bridges, the first of which is a foot bridge, are the Pont de Passy and the Pont de Grenelle, both resting on a long narrow island known as the Ile des Cygnes, whereon stands another statue of General de Lafayette which was paid for and erected by Americans. Then comes the Pont Mirabeau, and finally we have the magnificent viaduct of Auteuil, consisting of two bridges, one above the other, and which was completed at a cost of nearly $2,000,000. The lower bridge is for vehicles and foot people; the upper one is reserved for the railway that makes the circuit of Paris, locally called the Chemin de Fer de Ceinture. This railway and vehicle bridge marks the limits of Southwestern Paris. There run the fortifications, and beyond them is the country, and the suburban villages of Bas Meudon and of Billancour.

The bridges cross the river, the quays stretch along that stream. On both its shores are parapeted walls running for a distance of nearly nine miles, and these quays are solid stone structures. They change their names more than sixty times between the National bridge

and the Pont du Jour, or railway viaduct bridge, mentioned but now. Going up stream, from this Southwestern corner of the capital, we shall not find much that is historical before we reach the Place de la Concorde. The Route de Versailles and the Quai de Passy have retained no footprints of that mob of women who, in 1789, went to Versailles, and the next day returned to mingle with the Paris National Guards, bringing back those whom they called, in slang language of their own, "la Boulangère" and "le Petit Mitron."

On the other side of the Seine is the Quai Javal, and then comes that of Grenelle, which ends at the Champs de Mars, of Exposition memory. Then comes the Quai d'Orsay on the left bank, and on the right the Quai de Billy, and between them the river flows past superb structures which are proud looking, but mostly new, and recall few souvenirs of past years. There is an immense dépot for army stores standing on the Quai de Billy. The Quai d'Orsay was long a marsh in which frogs croaked out the onomatopoetic words of Aristophanes, but, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the swamp was filled in by Bouchon d'Orsay, the prévost of Paris mer-

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chants. Now it is a quay of solemn aspect, on which stand military barracks, a government tobacco manufactory, private mansions, the Palace of the Legion of Honour, the Chamber of Deputies, and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. This is why, when referring to the French Foreign Office, one says the Quai d'Orsay. On the north side of the river the Quai de la Conference, succeeding to the Quay de Billy, runs into the Cours la Reine, and at the Place de la Concorde changes its name to the Quai des Tuileries. It was by a new gate which was once at the end of this quay that the regiments of Henri IV entered Paris in 1594; three hundred years later, on this same quay, the regicide Meunier fired a pistol ball at Louis Philippe. To the Quai des Tuileries succeeds that of the Louvre, and it borders the famous buildings of that name. From the hither side of the Seine we cross the river by the Pont Royal to the Quai Voltaire.

"If there were no Quai Voltaire," said a traveller, once upon a time, "all cities, without exception, would please me as much as Paris." Others prefer the city to any other although not for the same single reason, but the Quai Voltaire is, in its way, a paradise. Walking along

it, one has the most beautiful view in the world—the Seine flowing at one's feet, the trees of the Tuileries Garden hard by, the Louvre building not far distant, and a little further up stream, the old Cité with its islands—cradle of immortal Paris.

On the Quai Voltaire there are no shops devoted to common trade; the things sold relate to everything, and form a brilliant résumé of universal history. There are precious old bits of furniture, firearms, swords, ancient jewelry, refined and elegant prints, books and engravings. Above the stores are large apartments which reach to an unusual height, and with broad windows, bearing witness to the princely luxury that once reigned therein. On all the quays there is sufficient to look at and to study to take up a man's lifetime, but the attraction, the invincible charm of them all, is the Quai Voltaire, where there are rare books, or, to speak more correctly, the "bouquin." There are several shops where bibliophilists offer to purchasers fine old tomes at fairly reasonable prices, and to these stores the amateur, the searcher, the discoverer of unknown treasures is constantly going in search of prizes; hoping to find, for a mere nothing, in boxes placed along

the stone parapet, some old volume which had, or will have, great value attached to it and of which the dealer is in total ignorance. There is always a struggle going on between the booksellers and the book buyers, the one wishing to sell his goods at a fair price, the other to secure it for a few sous only, anxiously raking the boxes over for a book that may have value attached to it. It is a strange and instructive business, that of selling books from boxes spread along the parapets on the Quai Voltaire.

When tired of looking at books on the riverside we may pass across the road to contemplate old furniture, with incrustations of tin and ivory, big chests of drawers with bronzes boldly and delicately chiselled, beautiful clocks standing on bracket pedestals, and golden candlesticks with immense branches. Another great pleasure thereabouts consists in looking at the old portraits. One has but to open his eyes to rejoice, for here are to be found masterpieces of engravings on copper; portraits of kings of natural size, pictures of receptions, fêtes, galas, and coronation balls, with all sorts of flourishing adornments and the ravishing setup of flags and illuminations. But books are the chief works which are to be found every-

where along the banks of the river. They are in the open air, they reign supreme, they are the ornament and life of silent places. Take away the old prints, the old engravings, the old books, the old portraits, and that corner of Paris would become mournful. Poplars lift their tops above the stone parapets. In Spring they bud, in Summer furnish shade, and when Autumn comes they let fall their dying foliage on old books. It is the land which was once known as the Pré aux Clercs, but in those other days row boats were moored to the river's bank, stage coaches ran along the quay, and promenaders met to gossip under the poplars. Among the many small industries of the capital that of the second-hand bookseller appears the most tenacious. The cobbler's stall, the knife grinder's wheel, the stand of the scrivener, the herds of goats and of asses, have vanished, or are vanishing, but the bouquiniste's display remains the same as always. There are something like a hundred of these bouquinistes established along the quays. Each dealer has from twelve to fifteen boxes and, if extended along in a single row, these boxes would reach a distance of at least a mile, while the volumes which they hold amount to close upon eighty thousand.

Next, on the south side of the river, comes the Quai Malaquais, with its numerous shops of bric-a-brac, while on the Quai Conti, which follows, is the Hotel des Monnaies, or Paris Mint, its cold majestic front occupying almost the whole of the quay. Near there once stood the Tour de Nesle, of terrible memory and much romance, while in front, on the opposite side of the river, looms up the Louvre. The quays become multiplied in number as we ascend the river. On the right shore is the Quai des Augustins, with houses that have historical balconies and where the narrow, dimly lit, melancholy shops retain the aspect of former days. There are curious old stores overflowing with prints, engravings, manuscripts, and rare volumes. In that neighbourhood knowledge crouches at the doors as though lying in wait for men; and when its prey passes by it flies out and clings to them. Whoever opens an old volume, or gives a glance at old pictures or engravings, finds a new idea entering into his mind; for while the boulevards are the modern life of Paris, the quays are its past, its historical library.

The poultry market is built on the site of the old Convent of the Augustins which gives

name to the quay last mentioned. After it we have the Quai de l'Horloge, one of the oldest in the capital, one that is heavily laden with souvenirs. The first clock ever seen in France was constructed there, and opticians, spectacle makers and fabricants of photographic material fill the quay with their little shops. The Quai de la Megisserie, the Quai de Greves, and the Quai Pelletier, which face that of the Horloge, are all of modern date. The Quai aux Fleurs succeeds that of the Horloge; it is laden with roses and other flowers, it is the garden bed of Paris. Soon we are in the Quai Montebello, and then out of that into the Quai de la Tournelle, among wine shops and bakeries.

Behind old houses with slate roofs, which once were lordly mansions, the populous quarter of the capital now ferments. The Quai d'Orleans was called Quai de l'Égalité, during the Revolution, while the Quai des Béthunes, or des Balcons, which continues and completes it, became, in 1792, the Quai de la Liberté. Now we are on the Quai Saint Bernard, and are in the land of wholesale wine merchants. To it Burgundy and the Medoc send their best productions. Its yards, shaded by acacias, are full of vats and barrels. Hereabouts the

Seine becomes wide, the landscape is country-like, the perspective is extended. The river-side is almost deserted and we see very few houses. The quay runs along by the Jardin des Plantes, and there are no embankment walls.

Finally the quays of Paris finish with that of Austerlitz. In 1814, thousands of Parisians flocked to this strand, bringing lint, bandages and provisions. Large boats drawn by dray-horses brought wounded soldiers to the spot. Cries were heard of dying men, and when the boats stopped, the crowd carried these men to the quay and laid them on mattresses. This was Napoleon's army back from Russia. One night during that same year of 1814 a cab passed over the uncultivated land of the Bièvre, not far away; two fellows alighted from it, pulled a sack from the vehicle, opened it and threw into a hole some bones. Then they filled up the hole, arranged the earth so as not to leave any traces, and went their way; and the bones were those of Voltaire and of Jean Jacques Rousseau, nocturnally stolen from the tombs of the Pantheon.

CHAPTER VIII.

Religious edifices in the Capital—Abbeys and churches built by the clergy in early times—The first cathedral—Sketch of Notre Dame—A Temple of Reason during the Revolution—The wonderful things which the place has witnessed—Coronation of Napoleon and his Empress—A church without towers and without bells—Beautiful Sainte Chapelle—Sainte Eustache, near the public markets—The ancient cloister of Saint Severin—Splendid example of sixteenth century architecture—A masterpiece of wood carving—The Church of Saint Sulpice—Saint Germain des Prés—Why the Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois was pillaged—The edifice upon Montmartre—One hundred and forty-two churches but no churchyards—The different cemeteries and their famous occupants.

Among the monumental buildings of the capital of France, celebrated for their beauty, grandeur and old age, its cathedral and some of its churches hold proud positions. It is certain that Christianity was early established at Paris, and that numerous religious houses were built during the era when Letters and the Arts probably flourished to a degree which they scarcely

attained again in the course of the next one thousand years. It is said that when Julian the Apostate was at Lutitia, as representative of the Caesars, he used to go of a night to the top of his palace and look at the stars, where he was wont to prophesy the last days of Christianity; if so he little suspected that the hills and plains on which he gazed would some day be covered with religious edifices. The Romans were succeeded by the Gauls, one of whom, a great chief named Clovis, claimed Paris as his share of booty, and he was baptised a Christian. His dynasty liked the woods and fields better than they did the walls of towns, however, so it was permitted to the clergy to build abbeys and churches. None of these edifices are standing now, but at a few spots we find their ruins, and, indeed, on some of the very places where those original houses to God were erected now stand splendid structures dedicated to public worship.

Several historians have thought that Saint Denis du Pas,[1] was the first church in Paris, and they have pretended that it was founded

[1] This little church was situated behind the Cathedral of Notre Dame; it was demolished in 1813 so that the Archbishop's garden might be enlarged.

by Saint Denis himself about the year A. D. 257. No document has ever been found to sustain this claim, however, and most likely that little church, undoubtedly of great antiquity, was built by the faithful sometime after the Saint's death, to honour his memory. Christianity did not begin to find peace until the reign of Constantine; that was in the fifth century, and it was the year 375 that dates, according to some historians, the building of the first cathedral of the Parisian city. Placed under the invocation of Saint Étienne, first martyr and patron of Saint Denis, it was situate at the southern side of the massive church of the same name that is now standing. Saint Germain, having been raised to the Bishopric of Paris, obtained from King Childebert permission to restore the already old cathedral. That was in 555, when the edifice was no longer able to hold the clergy and faithful of the city. A new basilica, dedicated to Sainte Marie, Mother of Jesus, was thereupon built near the eastern point of the Ile de la Cité, and on the antique ruins of a temple or altar dedicated to Jupiter, to Esus and to Vulcan. It appears from what Fortunat, a contemporary of that period, writes, that the new church was grandly

magnificent, and embellished with thirty marble columns, the windows being especially rich in colour and design.

The two earliest Crusades having terminated after torrents of blood had been spilled, and the exaltation of which had precipitated almost the whole of Europe on Asian soil, all of Christianity seemed inflamed by the same ardour. No work was too great, no effort or devotion too hard, to assure the triumph of the true faith or to honour God. This powerful paroxysm of human imaginations throughout Europe marked its passage by the creation of bold monuments during the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, the grandeur, elegance and likeness of which displayed an architecture until then quite unknown. About the year 1160, Maurice de Sully, seventy-second Bishop of Paris, conceived the idea of rebuilding the basilica of Sainte Marie on a new plan, and in proportions approximate to the needs and religious sentiments of the period.

The great monument of that period is therefore the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris. Many errors have been written about Notre Dame, and it is possible that some may be repeated here. One of these was that that

church was built on piling; but it has been proven that the foundations are enormous dressed-stones, placed on sand. It is true, however, that the old cathedral stands directly on the site of two ancient churches, which, according to tradition, themselves succeeded to a pagan temple. Notre Dame is not only a Gothic cathedral, it is also one of the largest, finest, and oldest ever erected. Begun in 1160, the choir was finished in 1195. The nave was built about 1200, the façade in 1218, the towers in 1225, and now the cathedral was ready for occupancy. About 1240 fire damaged a large part of it, and advantage was taken of this accident to change the windows. In 1245 the chapels along each side of the nave were added. Twelve years later the two magnificent rose windows were constructed. Chapels were built around the choir in 1296, and the work was about finished in 1310. But a large part of the *arcs-boutants*, those splendid arches now so much admired, were re-arranged in 1330 and thus the work was ended.

Placed in the very heart of the old soil of the ancient city, the Cathedral of Notre Dame has experienced blows from all the excitements which Paris has ever known. It was pillaged

in 1793, at the worst moment of the Revolution. There were twenty-eight statues of kings and holy men in the old cathedral; all of these were broken, and the altars were upset. It was decided by the Commune that Notre Dame should be turned into a Temple of Reason, and a festival was instituted for every day. But the madmen of the Revolution soon grew tired of their *fêtes à la Raison*, and the religion of Reason was abolished, to be replaced by that of the Supreme Being. The Cathedral of Our Lady was restored to the Catholics in 1795, since when, and despite Revolutions and Communes, the church has not been troubled much. Indeed, in July, 1830, when Notre Dame became a sort of fortress or barricade against the Insurrection, when the tri-coloured flag floated from both its towers, and the Archbishop's palace was sacked, the cathedral itself was not harmed. A year or so later the Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, thanks to an impudent provocation of which it was the scene, was invaded and almost ruined. The mob then marched on the Archbishop's palace and effaced it from the earth; but Notre Dame was again respected. The anger of the people was turned into respect at its grand façade.

This Cathedral of Paris has been associated with nearly every important act during the reigns of all the kings, as well as with innumerable other capital events in the history of France, which have happened since its first erection. It would be almost like writing the history of Paris over again to merely relate what Notre Dame has witnessed. How many the kings, the queens, the celebrated personages who have come to worship or to pray in that sanctuary! How many the political or religious festivals, of joys or sorrows, of dynastic changes and of revolutions, which have been brought on, so to speak, within its naves during these nearly nine hundred years! Births and marriages, the deaths of sovereigns, the coronations of kings and emperors, the blessing of flags, prayers for battles gained and for peaces proclaimed—these are a few of the many things witnessed at Notre Dame. How many the times that the *Te Deum* has sounded under its splendid vaults, and how many the times, also, that the contrary passions of monarchs and other men, have come to this House of God for arbitration! Notre Dame gave benediction to Christian heroes, and St. Louis departed for Jerusalem. A few centuries later its

nayes were shamed when Charles IX celebrated there the glory of Saint Bartholemew. Louis XIV decorated Notre Dame with his pretentious magnificence, and he tapestried it inside and out with standards taken from the enemy in almost every land; but in it was also fêted his sad treaty of Rastadt. The Revolution broke down its altars, and harlotry scrambled in the ancient sanctuary; but pious hands soon repaired its ruins, and Napoleon I spread his imperial mantle over the wounds of the Holy House.

Notre Dame witnessed the coronation of a Bonaparte and his Empress, but soon after that Notre Dame, and Paris also, were rid forever of his living presence. The Restoration brought scars to Notre Dame, by scratching off all signs of Napoleon's star to replace them with its *fleurs de lys.* Perhaps the cathedral bore the Bourbons no good will for this, for in 1830 its tower first upheld the victorious flag of liberty.

The "legitimacy," that is to say, the "Aristos" of the Faubourg Saint Germain, chose Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, old, decrepid, and used up, for their parish church. Saint Roch, a building of the eighteenth century, and sparkling with theatrical decorations, a church

without towers and without bells, was made a house of prayer by day, where fashionable people could drop in and breathe a prayer, or burn a candle before going to drink a cup of tea. Saint Augustins was anointed by politicians as the rendezvous of those who still worshipped at the feet of Bonaparte; but, meanwhile, Notre Dame remained, as it still remains, the great religious temple of the Parisian world.

Close by the Palais des Justice stands that marvel of architecture, beautiful Sainte Chapelle, originally erected as place of deposit for a piece of the true Cross, also for the Crown of Thorns which St. Louis had obtained from the Emperor of Constantinople. Sainte Chapelle is divided into two stories, a lower and an upper chapel, the former being placed under the vocable of the Virgin Mary, the latter under that of the Holy Cross and Crown. The entire building is of stone of a very fine grain, and it presents the most complete and purest specimen of ecclesiastical architecture of the middle of the thirteenth century. The two stories are vaulted in ogive arches; the vaulted ceiling of the lower chapel rests on isolated columns, and the place is lit up by rose windows which take up all the space left under

formerets. The walls of the upper chapel, the floor of which was on a level with that of the royal apartments, present the appearance of a group of small columns, between which are seen brilliant glass windows of most harmonious colouring. A rich curve embellishes the window supports, while behind the only altar rises a pierced enclosure with a platform, on which were placed the holy relics, protected by a wooden edicule. In two retreats, situated between counterforts, to the right and to the left, seats were placed for the King and Queen, all the upper chapel being reserved for the Sovereign and his Court, while the lower one was for the palace household. Statues of the Twelve Apostles stand against the pillars of the upper chapel, on a level with the window supports. Sustained by brackets, and surmounted by a dais richly gilded, and of variegated colours, they stand out boldly from the luminous mosaics of the stained-glass windows, their gold and enamel tones presenting an animated zone to the interior.

Stained-glass windows are not the only coloured decorations of Sainte Chapelle, however, for the pillars, roof and vaults are covered with paintings and gildings, while em-

bossings on glass ground-work, latticed with gilded adornments, add to the preciousness of the marvellous interior. It is a warm harmony of transparent and subtle tones, of brilliant touches and golden reflections. There is such a delicacy in the coloration of pillars and vaulted ceilings, blending so harmoniously with the translucent brilliancy of stained windows, that the ensemble seems to be outside terrestrial conditions of stability.

The Church of Sainte Eustache is located opposite the Halles Centrales, or public markets. The first stone of the present church was laid in 1532, but the choir was not finished until nearly one hundred years afterward. The plan is that of a Gothic church, the method of structure being the kind in vogue in France during the Middle Ages; vaults propped up by arch-buttresses, side naves, with triforium above, lateral and absidial chapels, steeple of wood and lead in the centre of the transept, counterforts with pinnacles to ensure stability, and gutter-eaves with projecting waterspouts, called gargouilles. The high windows have an elliptical shape which does not give an over-agreeable effect, while inside the pillars represent the strangest superfetation of pilasters and

columns that could possibly be imagined. Still the whole effect of the interior produces the impression of elegant grandeur. The collateral windows diffuse a beautiful light, which is well distributed, but there is affectation in it all, an evident desire to surprise. If the structure were entirely covered with paintings, and the windows were embellished only with lightly coloured stained glass, the interior of Sainte Eustache would appear almost like a fairy palace.

Ancient, and remarkable, because of its style of architecture, is a little church which is a dependency of the hospital known as the Hôtel Dieu, which is called Saint Julien le Pauvre. This edifice, the foundations of which go back as far as the first centuries of Christianity in Paris, has been reconstructed several times. The present church dates from the end of the twelfth century, say about 1170, and the details of its architecture have analogy with those of the oldest part of the Cathedral of Notre Dame. It comprises a central nave supported by flowered pillars, with two collateral naves to which ogival arches give being. These naves are terminated by apses of a round form, the conception of which was due to a very skilful

architect. Nothing could be more graceful than this assembly of pillars and columns, cleverly disposed without confusion, and the strength and lightness of which are admired by everyone. The building, although disfigured by modern loppings off, has preserved its primitive character on the side of the apsis, where a series of counterforts are found that serve as supporting points to vaults which are lit up by windows surmounted by ogives in a severe style.

The Church of St. Severin, in the Rue St. Severin, dates from the thirteenth century, although it was not completely finished until the end of the fifteenth century. It has the form of a Greek cross, and one of its façades is intermingled with the dependencies of an ancient charnel house. On the inside of the nave are some remarkably fine old windows. There is a cloister on the southern side which dates from the fifteenth century, and, with that of Billettes, is the only one left standing in Paris.

Leaving the Cité, and going up the hill of Sainte Geneviève, we find, near the Pantheon, a church called Saint Etienne du Mont, which is a splendid example of sixteenth century archi-

tecture. It is a mixture of Gothic and Renaissance, and has a curious front, with a square tower which supports a large clock. This church has preserved its original jube, or rood loft, situated in front of the choir. It was originally used as a chapel by the laical population in the environs of the Mont Sainte Geneviève, and its construction, commenced during the reign of François I, thanks to that habitual dilatoriness so characteristic of the period, lasted for an entire century. The nave alone was finished when Marguerite of Valois laid the first stone of the façade, and the lateral chapel was only erected in 1660.

There is no other church in Paris that presents such interior arrangements as those of Saint Etienne du Mont. The vaults of the collaterals, almost as high as those of the nave, rest on cylindrical pillars which are joined at a certain height in nave and choir by a kind of balcony that goes round the building except in the transept. The nave of the Theatre at Rouen presents a similar promenade gallery, and perhaps that one suggested the idea to the architect of this Paris edifice. Two pretty staircases twining around pillars enable priests to reach a preacher's platform, where formerly

the epistle and gospel used to be read, and where the choristers were placed. The pulpit is one of the masterpieces of wood carving of the seventeenth century, although its façade resembles too much those pieces of furniture which, at the commencement of that century; were called "cabinets," and which have a very peculiar way of concealing their drawers, leaves and secret places under niches, angular and circular frontals, statuettes and grotesque carvings.

The principal part of the Church of Saint Sulpice belongs to the seventeenth century, although some of the work dates from the reign of Louis XV. The interior most approaches the design of churches for the Middle Ages, and it is well arranged for worship. In the substructures, now used as burial tombs, are traces of the foundations of a church which bore the name of St. Pierre, while the base of a clock tower, dating from the twelfth century, can be distinguished. The interior walls are decorated with columns, pilasters, precious marble panels, and pictures painted by Carle Vanloo; a life-size statue in silver of the Virgin Mary is in a niche over the altar; figures of the Apostles decorate the choir; there are

tombs, one of an ecclesiastic in the attitude of prayer, accompanied by Death, figuring as a skeleton, also statues in the niches of the lateral portals, some of which bear the same character. The basements of the two towers are occupied by chapels, and in the nave is a marble pulpit of splendid workmanship that was given to the parish by Marshal de Richelieu. In front of the church is an open square, in the midst of which is a monumental fountain. It is in the form of a loggia, and its arcades are occupied by statues of Bossuet, Flechier, Massilon and Fenelon. The Grand Seminary of St. Sulpice, built in 1645, formerly occupied the site of this fountain, but that establishment was destroyed at the commencement of the nineteenth century and has since been rebuilt at the corner of the Rue Bonaparte.

The Church of Saint Germain des Près is all that remains of one of those celebrated abbeys of France which were dedicated by Childebert to Sainte Croix and to Saint Vincent; but it did not take that name until the body of Saint Germain, Bishop of Paris, who had been buried in the Saint Symphorien chapel, was placed behind the high altar. French kings once had their sepulchres in it, but later on

they were transferred to that Abbey of Saint Denis which Dagobert founded. All that remains of Childebert's church are a few marble columns which were placed in the choir during the twelfth century. The nave was rebuilt with a square tower, supposed to belong to the ninth century, but the choir and western door belong to the middle of the twelfth century. It cannot, however, be considered as an original monument of that epoch, for it was restored in the seventeenth century almost entirely. As the architecture has been eight or ten times handled over, the building has a very strange appearance.

There is a church facing the eastern colonnade of the Louvre, which, like many other Parisian religious edifices, dates from a very remote period. Reference is made to Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, and in it all styles of architecture, from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries, are united. The base of the clock tower belongs to the twelfth, the principal door under the porch to the commencement of the thirteenth—the choir dates from that same epoch, the chapel was built in the fourteenth, and the cross-bars, lateral chapels, façade and western porch do not go back beyond the

fifteenth century. It would be difficult to account for these constructions at epochs so distant from one another, but it is the destiny of Paris churches to be perpetually undergoing changes, additions, and mutilations under pretext of conforming to the taste of the period.

In 1744, the choir was still closed by a beautiful jube, or tribune, of which Pierre Lescot was the architect and Jean Goujon the sculptor. An open portico is connected to the church by seven ogival arches which are crowned by a balustrade with openings. This porch was built in 1435, and the coverings of the arches are richly embellished with sculptured figures and lacings. The doors of the church that open on this portico are also decorated with several concentric circles of statuettes. Above the two arches, at the corners of the porch, are small rooms; one of them has, preserved intact, armorial bearings, seats in carved oak, and door locks of bar iron. On February 13, 1831, while a service was being celebrated in commemoration of the assassination of the Duc de Berri, the people, irritated at the exhibition of Royalist emblems, invaded and pillaged the Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois. It long remained closed, protected by an in-

scription bearing these words: "Mairie du IVe Arrondissement," and was not re-opened until 1838, and not then until it had been completely restored in every part. When the disengagement of the boundaries of the Louvre was undertaken by the Second Empire, a tower was built between the church and the Mairie of the first Arrondissement which was intended to regularize the ensemble appearance of the Place de Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, but the object was not attained, and nothing looks more strange than this clock tower, which belongs neither to the church nor to the mairie and is only a useless decoration. The mairie, itself, erected to form a pendant to the church, has the effect of rendering the aspect of the building monotonous.

The Church of Saint Nicholas des Champs, situated in the Rue St. Martin, at the corner of the Rue Turbigo, is a very large religious edifice. It was built on the territory of the Priory of St. Martin, to serve as chapel to the inhabitants of that Faubourg, and the present structure was commenced in the fifteenth century; but was enlarged in accordance with the increase of the population of the parish, and was only terminated at the end of the sixteenth century. Its numerous chapels are

decorated with pictures, several of which are important. On the right lateral front is a portico that was finished under the reign of Henry III. It has preserved all its decorations and wood carving, and is one of the best specimens of the Renaissance to be found in Paris.

The chapel of the ancient novitiate of Jacobins has become a parish church, under the appellation of Saint Thomas d'Aquin, and is situated in the Rue des Vaches, in the Faubourg Saint Germain. It is an important structure, which was commenced in 1683, and completed during the eighteenth century. The façade is rather commonplace, and the door shows poorly designed details, skillfully carved in wood. This church is encompassed by extensive convent buildings, comprising two cloisters and numerous dependencies, in which, however, after the suppression of religious orders a museum and offices for the depot of artillery was established; but the museum was transferred some years ago to the galleries of the Hôtel des Invalides. In 1795 the church was conceded to the Theophilanthropists, and they called it a Temple of Peace. The title was not a true one, as in it that difference which led to the ruin of the new sect first arose.

In the seventeenth century it became the fashion to top churches and chapels with a dome, and each architect felt bound to complete his religious edifice in that manner. The nuns of Notre Dame de l'Assomption were among the first to ask for such a plan for their convent at the corners of the Rues Saints Honoré and Cambon, and their church is capped by an elegantly designed dome, the inside of which is finely painted. The chapel and its sacristy also possess several interesting pictures. While the Madeleine was being constructed, the Assomption was the parish church of that part of Paris, but when the former was completed it became a catechism chapel. There is no longer any convent, however, the buildings which formed it being now used by the Minister of Finances for some of the archives of his department.

The Church of Saint Philippe du Roule, in the Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré, was in existence in the thirteenth century, but it was re-erected as a parish church in the eighteenth century. In the Rue Lafayette is a specimen of Latin basilica, the Church of Saint Vincent de Paul, which is admirably situated, and presents, exteriorly, a mixture of different styles of architecture. Behind an Ionic portico rises

a large front that is surmounted by two square towers the large openings of which, adorned with lattice work, suggest rather an industrial construction than a church belfry. The Church of Sainte Clotilde, in the Place Bellechasse, has almost the dimensions of a thirteenth century cathedral. It is surmounted by two stone spires, but the negligent style of its sculptures is blemished by the general heaviness of the Middle Ages.

In one of the court-yards of the passage St. Pierre, which communicates with the Rue St. Antoine and the Rue St. Paul, can be seen the ruins of the charnel house and the base of the clock tower of the Church of St. Paul, the parish church of the Kings of France when they occupied the Hôtel St. Paul, and where several of their children were baptised.

The Church of Notre Dame de Lorette dates from the Restoration, and is in the form of a Roman basilica; on the façade is a portico surmounted with a frontal, composed of four columns in the Corinthian style, but which does not shelter the faithful either from sun or rain. The interior is of fine proportions, and is comfortable and pleasing in appearance, although some of the gildings and embellishments are more rich than delicate.

At one end of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin stands the Church of the Trinité. This striking edifice was constructed in imitation of Italian churches of the Renaissance period. The façade is surmounted by a high belfry, and there is a projecting mass which forms a portico or porch. There is a square in front, which is intended to conceal the difference in the level of the ground, while three fountains correspond with the arcades of the portico.

The churches thus far mentioned are among the oldest in Paris; the newest, as it certainly is the most prominent, is that of the Sacred Heart, up on Montmartre. The Butte Montmartre is one of the seven hills on which, like Rome of old, the capital has been builded. Many are the legends connected with that small mountain and to the top of which people sometimes climb to eat a sort of short cake sold at the Moulin de la Galette by rather pretty girls, and to dance of summer evenings under the old trees that crown its northern summit close by a very old windmill. After the German war a number of Parisians, then at Poitiers, united in an effort to erect a church to be devoted to the worship of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which should be a sort of work of expiation for the mur-

der of the Archbishop of Paris by the Communists. In July, 1783, Cardinal Guibert, then at the head of the movement, secured the formal approbation of the National Assembly at Versailles by inducing that body to declare the project an enterprise of public utility, and to authorise for its use the summit of Montmartre. The Republicans opposed this measure, but they were in the minority; the monarchial groups were not only able to pass this bill but they were strong enough to overthrow Thiers and to place MacMahon at the Élysée as President of the Republic. In 1875 the cornerstone of the new church was laid by the Cardinal-Archbishop with much pomp and ceremony.

But work had hardly begun before that Prelate found that the hill of Montmartre was a great mass of soft, friable stone, honeycombed with galleries of abandoned quarries, hence it would never be able to support the weight of such a building. It was necessary to dig to a great depth some eighty odd pits or shafts, and in these were constructed pillars of solid masonry about fifteen feet square, which rested on a strata of gypsum ninety feet thick, at a depth of seventy-five feet below the cornerstone. On these pillars the foundations were laid, and

now the entire upper part of the hill could be removed without in any way endangering the solidity of the sacred structure. All this, of course, added immensely to the cost and caused much delay, but the foundations were completed before the end of 1878. Three years later the first mass was celebrated in one of the chapels, that of St. Martin, by the Cardinal-Archbishop.

Money now began to come in more slowly, but, in 1884, the crypt, which forms a separate church placed immediately below the upper portion of the building, was entirely finished, and, in due course of time, the rest of the structure was completed and its consecration was possible. To raise the more than $3,500,000 which were spent on the building, a clever plan was devised by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris. He assigned each of the thirty-five chapels to a certain category of persons, who undertook to provide the funds for its construction. Thus the army assumed the cost of the Chapel of St. Michel, the legal profession that of St. Louis, the doctors that of St. Luke, the navy that of St. Paul, and so on. Besides this way of raising money, the Archbishop decided that any person might, if he or she desired,

present the church with a single stone, that is to say, the cost of one. For twenty francs a person could have a stone in the wall named after him, and for three hundred francs he would be entitled to have his name carved on this stone. The cost of thus perpetuating one's piety varied from $200 to $1,000, according to size and position, and each detail of the exterior and interior ornamentation was in a similar way at the disposal of the faithful.

There is in this basilica a pillar called the Pilier du Cuseau, which bears a curious history. Some Catholic ladies determined to build a pillar with money earned by their own needles, and it was agreed that each lady should send her offering direct to the Archbishop's palace in the Rue de Grenelle. When they were opened—lo, and behold!—there were nothing but cushions. There were long cushions and square ones, cushions for arm-chairs, for beds, for carriages, and for foot-stools. There were cushions for the back, cushions for doggy, cushions for the Bible, big cushions, little cushions, all kinds of cushions. But they were all sold, and, as showing their number, it may be stated that this one effort alone produced $18,000.

In all there are some one hundred and forty-

two places of worship in the capital,[1] but there are no churchyards to be used as burial places, or to look neglected and deserted as do many of those in London, where the dead appear uncared for and forgotten. In Paris most all interments must be made in cemeteries, and in these there are daily tokens that the dead are still living in remembrance and affection. In the place of rank grass and foul weeds springing up around the graves, tokens as it were of the corruption below, are garlands hung on tombs, and flowers growing about them. There is something touching in this ancient Paris custom. Deep affliction, it is true, could hardly bear to be brought too closely into contact with the memorials of the loss which has caused it; but when grief loses its character of despair, and becomes softened into melancholy, we love thus to weep over and adorn the graves of those whom we have dearly loved and bitterly lamented. It is but proper that the remains of those we loved should have every respect and

[1] All religions are under the State control of the Minister of Public Instruction, Religions and Fine Arts. The actual churches are Catholic, 86; non-Catholic, or Protestant, 46; Jew or Israelite, 4; New Jerusalem, 1; Russian, 1; other religions, 5; total, 142.

homage, and to me it has always been a pleasure to see how carefully the graves in Paris cemeteries are cared for by the hands of affection or friendship. Some of the wreaths may be withered and the flowers faded, but in most places the plants are carefully tended, the flowers are new, the garlands frequently changed and the affection ever-perennial. The inscriptions on the tombs are nearly always in the best of taste. "Tu vivois, on t'amoit; tu es mort, on te pleuré," is very different from the cold, commonplace "He lived beloved, and died regretted"; and what could be more touching than the simple "Ici repose Marie!" But sweetest of all and fullest in sorrow is the "À mon seul ami! il étoit mon frère," which is engraved on a tomb at Père La Chaise.

The cemeteries are always popular places of resort, but it is on the first and second of November, that is to say, on All Souls and All Saints Day that the people of the capital make them their shrines of greatest pilgrimages. On those days Père La Chaise attracts the largest number of persons, as it should, for it is the most celebrated, the most picturesque, of all French burial places. Situated on the slope of a hill it forms in the interior of the capital a funeral

city of sinuous avenues, and paths running in all possible directions, which are ornamented by innumerable monuments and statues and border the graves of many illustrious dead. This inclosure was originally intended to be a sort of pleasure ground, but in 1626 the Jesuits got possession of the land and built a house on it. The story is that from one of the windows of that house, Louis XIV, then an infant, looked on at the famous combat, when cannon of the Bastille, aimed by the "Grand Mademoiselle," fired on royal troops. Flattery, which never loses a good opportunity, took the incident up, and to the name of a rural grocer succeeded that of the greatest king. From that day the Folie Renault, as it was called, took the name of Mont Louis, which designation it retained until the monarch gave it to his confessor as a mark of his munificence.

Father La Chaise erected a small villa on the site of the Jesuit's house; it was modest in appearance, had two stories, looked toward Paris, and was surmounted by a belfry that topped the whole country. Then the public re-baptised the place, named it after its new proprietor and it became a burial ground. On both sides of the entrance fir trees, placed in line,

ascend the picturesque incline to encompass with green foliage the square stone chapel at the top, which long since replaced the country-house of the benevolent Jesuit. On the right are the Avenues du Puits, Chemin du Coq, Chemin du Père Eternal, etc., while further on, to the left, are the Avenue des Acacias and the Avenue des Peupliers. Both sides of the principal avenues are lined with the sepulchers of illustrious persons, and politics, science and philosophy, military devotion and civic courage, literature, fine arts, æstheticism, all that is best in books, in poetry, in music, in the drama, in painting, in architecture, in sculpture, all that is great in diplomacy, in statecraft, in religion, and in love, are represented in this Paris necropolis. They form an abridgment of all the glories achieved by France, and perhaps also, all her weaknesses.

There was once a tomb of Rossini, but it is empty now, so far as his remains are concerned. Florence asked that the bones of the great composer should be sent back to his native place, and this was done some years ago. But the mausoleum of Auber is there, that of Gounod also, of Ambroise Thomas, and of other illustrious composers. There is one alley

filled with tombs where painters and sculptors are laid away; therein rest Géricault, Isabey, Gros, Ingres, Corot, Daubigny, Louis David, Baryé, Delacroix, Gustave Doré, Dubuffe, etc. The monument of David d'Angers is vast, but its massive contours in polished granite are all that relieve the art of the marble-cutter. Daumier reposes under a slab, on which two lines of poetry protect him from oblivion, while Corot sleeps among his own family, without any mark of honour to distinguish him. Other tombs of larger proportions, and by their amplitude almost crushing those around them, are seen erected to the glory of names quite unknown.

The greatness of the *rôle* a man has played in this world cannot always be estimated by the size of his tomb or the height of his monument. Farther on, in the midst of marble sarcophagie, pyramids and obelisks erected to Masséna, Suchet, Lefèvre, Saint Cyr, Macdonald, Kellermann, Davoust, and other great warriors, in a small barren enclosure, surrounded by an iron fence and sheltered by cypress trees, are the remains of Marshal Ney, but no exterior sign reveals to passers by, that "the bravest of the brave," is resting there. Many famous men lie

forgotten in that same leafy, wild-looking corner. There Barras sleeps, between Lord Seymour and Brillat Savarin, not far from Cambacérès, who is entombed beneath a superb temple. The modest grave of Benjamin Constant is almost immediately in front of the ambitious mausoleum which the shivering statue of General Foy surmounts, while behind is the heavy monument of Béranger. Hundreds of other names, aye, thousands of them, could be mentioned, and their tombs spoken of. The nineteenth century was far less rigorous toward dramatic artistes than was the eighteenth century; Père La Chaise is the last sleeping place of many who were on the stage. There is no longer any necessity of an order from King or Bishop to have place reserved in consecrated ground for players. One of the streets of tombs bears the name of Talma, while near his grave is that of Mademoiselle Clairon. Mademoiselle Georges, Mademoiselle Mars and Mademoiselle Dugazon are among the actresses whose graves are found; but we also see mausoleums bearing great names which have never contained the ashes of those whose memories they honour. This can be said of the tombs of Racine, Molière and La Fontaine, which were the first to decorate these

groves, and the style of which show that they do not date beyond the First Empire.

The tomb of Héloïse and Abailard, that graceful ediculum to which lovers and young married couples never fail to pay a visit, is made of composite materials, and is of comparatively recent construction. The two recumbent statues once adorned a monument erected in an old Abbey—"Paraclete's white walls and silver spring"—and they were transferred first of all to the Museum of the Petits Augustins, and thence to the place where they now are, while the graceful dais which covers them is formed of debris brought from the former Abbey of Chalons-sur-Saone.[1] We pass the sumptuous monument elevated to the memory of Thiers, first President of the present Republic; we ascend the road of Mont Louis, to find ourselves

[1] This historical tomb bears three inscriptions, all on the same side. Those at the two extremities are as follows: "Ce tombeau d'Abailard a éte transporté de l'Église de St. Marcelles, Chalons-sur-Saone, en l'an 8." —"Les restes d'Heloise et d'Abailard sont reunis dans ce tombeau." The centre one is very long, and purports to have been placed there by Catherine de la Rochefoucauld, June 8, 1701; it declares that the couple were married, and calls their letters "le plus tendres et le plus spirituelles."

among tombs occupied by those who were once amiable artists, and literary personages; we stroll through other alleys, harbouring the graves of famous individuals who have been buried at Père La Chaise, and close our visit to the place with a glance at the tombs of two aeronauts, named Sivel and Croce Stinelli, who were struck down like Titan giants of mythology, for wanting to climb to heaven.

Hurrying thence, we visit next the cemetery of Montmartre, which also is picturesquely situated. But one may look in vain for winding and leafy avenues to conceal the tombs. Montmartre is a bourgeois sort of cemetery, the whole of which cannot reveal to us half a dozen famous names or more than two or three funeral monuments. Even politics seem to be less manifested there than on the hill of Mont Louis. The tomb of Godfrey Cavaignac, where the proud tribune reposes between his father and his brother Eugene, a tomb which contains three of the men whom French liberalism greatly honors, is almost abandoned, and seldom receives a single wreath. The tombs of the Duchess d'Abrantes and Leon Gozlan are adorned with medallions; those of Theophile Gautier and Méry are surmounted by statues of

poetry; Henri Riviére and Jacob, the bibliophilist, each possess a bust recalling their features, while a statue of Youth rises above the monument of Murger. A wreath adorned with a lyre, and surrounded by marble urns, decorates the tomb of Victor Massé; a column supports the bust of Offenbach, and a very high stela shows the name of Berlioz. Ary Scheffer, Giraud and Mademoiselle Haudebout-Lescot are contented with the traditional vault; Troyon has his name cut into a pretentiously formed stela; the tombs of Horace Vernet and Paul Delaroche are devoid of all picturesque ornamentation, while of the tombs of littérateurs and artists that of Lambert Thiboust is perhaps the most elegant.

The cemetery of Mont Parnasse is quite across the city from Montmartre, and of all Paris burying-grounds it is the least picturesque. The land is flat, the avenues straight, the shady places rare; until 1824 it was only used for burying the dead from hospitals or victims sent there from the scaffold. Still there are many distinguished, not to say illustrious, names carved in its tombs and monuments. But in spite of its medallions, busts, wreaths and mausoleums the cemetery of Mont Parnasse

retains a sorrowful aspect and is monotonous. There is not another cemetery in France which contains more victims of civil dissensions than it.

These three necropoli constitute the ones generally visited by strangers, but they are not the sole burial grounds of the great capital. The annexation of suburbs added fifteen cemeteries to the city, some of which are very old, although without particular history, and some are quite forgotten. There is one other cemetery, that of Picpus, which must not be left unmentioned. It is the place already referred to as the spot where so many victims of the guillotine were laid away. It is not, however, because of those who were struck by the "sword of the law," that I would mention Picpus here, it is because on our own Memorial or Decoration Day, that is to say, on the thirtieth of May, in every year, some few Americans, who happen to be in Paris, go to it to lay flowers on the grave of a great-hearted Frenchman who did much to gain us our Independence. The cemetery of Picpus is the burying ground of some of the highest nobility the Old World has ever known, but it also is the resting place of General de Lafayette, the friend and army companion of George Washington.

CHAPTER IX.

Free Colleges since the earliest times—The first educational establishments—Study of Philosophy and Theology—Grands and Petits Lycées—Annual appropriation to public instruction by the State—Classes free to all in the superior grades—The primary schools—School buildings large, light and airy—Things which surprise foreigners, as for instance free lunches—The keynote of public school administration—Manual labour in the program—Special attention given to domestic economy—The pedagogic methods—Mixed schools not popular—The pay of teachers—Cost of public instruction in France about $60,000,000 annually.

FREE public instruction in the schools of Paris was a thing unknown until within comparatively recent years, but free colleges of some kind have existed in the city since the earliest times. The teachers in those first educational establishments were all priests or monks and only a few branches of learning were embraced in existing studies. The earliest schools or colleges were controlled by bishops, aided of course by the reigning king.

In the beginning they were only intended for a small number of pupils; but soon they took on size and strength, and some of them became even great by reason of the number of students admitted, the sciences taught, and the "masters," or professors, engaged in the work of education. As a rule, however, and until toward the end of the fifteenth or the commencement of the sixteenth century, instruction was mainly limited to a study of Philosophy and Theology, very little attention being given to Belles Lettres and the Sciences. But about the time indicated the French-language was purified somewhat, sovereigns began to take interest in Literature and Science, men of genius arose, and centuries followed which surpassed anything that could ever have been dreamt of in ancient Paris. Before the Revolution these were divided into two classes, *Grands* and *Petits*. Those where Language, Philosophy, the Sciences and the Humanités were taught bore the title of *Grands;* in the *Petits* the study of Philosophy alone was taught. There were ten *Grands Colléges* and forty-one *Petits Colléges* before the Revolution, some of them dating back to the fourteenth, thirteenth and twelfth centuries. Such of these colleges as were in existence at

the time of the First Empire were called *Lycées*; but under the Restoration they became *Colléges Royaux*, and all were subject to the University. Later on the name Lycée was restored to them and they are still known by that term.

The total appropriation made annually for the Department of Government under the Minister of Public Instruction, Religions and Fine Arts is now about $52,000,000 for the whole of France, divided as follows: Fine Arts, $1,800,000; Religion, $9,400,000; Public Instruction, $40,800,000. This is the State's aid towards education, and more than half of it is distributed in towns having less than one hundred thousand inhabitants. National Lycées are accorded $2,135,000; Normal Schools, Primary and Superior, $1,780,000, etc. Professors of the first class at the Sorbonne, at the College of France, at the Law School, and at the School of Medicine receive $3,000 each, per annum; those of the second class are paid $2,400. There are three degrees of instruction — Primary, Secondary, and Superior, and of these the State gives free education in the Primary and Superior degrees. Superior instruction includes the faculties of Theology (Protestant and Catholic); Medicine, Law, Letters and Sciences, Pharmacy; the Col-

lége de France Museum of Natural History, Bureau of Longitudes, State Observatories, Superior Normal Schools, the Schools of Rome and Athens, etc. These classes are public and for everybody, spectators of both sexes being admitted free.

The primary schools take the children from the age of six and keep them until the age of twelve. Then, if they are to continue their schooling, the higher primary schools receive them for a few years longer, until they are ready for the secondary education which is given in the lycées, or colleges, or in the professional and trades schools. All this education is had for nothing, and the city even helps the children of the needy to live meanwhile. And it is not only book learning which is given. Even in the primary schools the girls learn housekeeping, from kitchen work and buying in the market, to mending and making their dresses, while boys can practice joinery and blacksmithing. From the start the boys and girls are put in separate schools. This is a change from the maternal or baby schools, in which working people leave their children during the day, and where, on benches for two, a boy and a girl are seated together. In the primary schools there

are no female teachers for the boys, with a few exceptions for the very youngest ones. But the course of studies and the general discipline are the same for both sexes. In each school there are three grades according to age. The elementary course has the children from six to eight, the middle course from eight to ten, the higher course from ten to twelve. There are divisions in each grade, according to progress in study, with as many classes as the number of scholars demands. The rule is that there shall be not more than fifty scholars in the lowest classes, or forty in the higher. As the first result of this school system has been to prepare a great many more teachers than can possibly be placed, it is for the interest of the school authorities to multiply classes as much as they can. This is especially true of the girls' schools, for which there are several thousand more school mistresses waiting than are wanted.

The newer school buildings are large, light and airy. The tables and benches are made of five different sizes, with only two children sitting together. But there are other things which more surprise the foreigner. We can understand the covered yard for exercise in rainy weather, which is frequent here in addition

to the large, open playground, but we are puzzled by the kitchen, the dining-room, the shop for eatables and the workrooms. One is apt to say that a Paris public day school is very like that of an orphan's home. To tell the truth, the great city treats its children almost like orphans, for whom everything must be done freely. The parents are supposed to contribute according to their ability, but the sum asked is small and easily dispensed with. Here are some of the gratuities which Paris gives in this way to the scholars of its public schools :

First.—Books, paper and other stationery are furnished to all the scholars, rich or poor, free of charge. Taking all the children, big and little, together, this amounts to about one dollar per year for each scholar.

Very much of the work in Paris schools is done on the walls of the classroom, which are entirely taken up with blackboard surface for all manner of lessons, writing, arithmetic, grammar, drawing, also large maps by the aid of which the study of geography and history, of physiology and the natural history of flowers and animals, is carried on. This does away with the need of many books. The children

do not know the general geography of the world, perhaps, as well as American scholars, but they seem to be well up in all that concerns their own country. And they certainly know how to count and reckon money, especially the girls; for the true female equality in France consists in the fact that women are nearly always the cashiers and the book-keepers for their husbands or for their fathers.

Second.—The next thing which the city furnishes to all the day scholars of its public schools is a solid meal at the hour of noon. There are two reasons for this. With the French habit of never trusting their children far out of sight, a great number of the scholars would not be able to run home for lunch, and the city is too generous to oblige them to undergo the cold comfort of a dinner pail. In the second place, many of the children from the poorer quarters would stand small chance of having anything nourishing to eat if the matter were left to their parents. So the motherly city has taken the burden on itself in such a way that there shall be no appearance of inequality between children who can pay for what they receive and those who receive everything for nothing. The meal, the preparation of

which is the industry of the janitor's wife or of some regular caterer, is usually served in the covered playroom. Each student has a bowl of soup and a plate of steaming meat and vegetables. All are supposed to bring from home in their little baskets the bread which they need, and if they wish to drink anything but water, a bottle of milk or wine (thin wine is the usual drink of the Paris poor at home). Fond mothers may even add a bit of cheese or pastry by way of dessert; but where the parents are very poor, the child receives his piece of bread from the school canteen and no other scholar is the wiser for this generosity. To get their portions, each child presents a copper check. The parents of those who pay have given from three to four cents for this—not a dear lunch, considering what is furnished—but those children whose parents have paid nothing have the same copper check in their hand to give in for their portion in sight of the others.

Third.—Decent and warm clothing is another necessity of school children; but in Paris, many of the poor are unable to procure clothing for their children, and so the city has taken this matter in hand along with books and

meals. The Paris Municipal Council, besides voting extra subsidies to the schools of each quarter according to the needs of the population, authorises the directors of the schools to set in motion a whole machinery for increasing the fund—subscription lists, door to door collections from the rich people of the quarter, festivities, for entrance to which money is received, all the way from theatricals to banquets. With this money the cashier of the school is authorised to buy shoes and clothing for those whose parents cannot furnish what is necessary to put them on a footing of equality with all the other children. This is the keynote of Paris public school administration—absolute equality of the scholars while they are at school. The tendency of the French to wear uniforms—in the case of school children a dark blue blouse and cap—makes this a fairly easy task. But the cashier's duty does not end here. If a child is found to be ailing, he may draw on his funds for anything needed to keep the youngster at school, from a flannel shirt to a sticking plaster or a green shade for weak eyes.

Furthermore, an idea prevails that school boys and girls will not profit during the ses-

sion unless they have a pleasant vacation. Besides, the vacation can be made to serve for instruction as well as health. This idea gave rise to vacation journeys and school colonies, which the city of Paris pays for out of its own pocket, or at least out of the cash box of each separate school. These journeys are oftenest for a day, but they are frequently for a week, while some few Arrondissements have school colonies which take the children away from their families and from the city for an entire month. The children who are to enjoy free trips to the country for a day are chosen among all who have behaved themselves. But for the long trips the children of well-to-do parents are not supposed to compete; usually they are off for the vacation with their own families. The school authorities are instructed to give always the preference to the children of the poorest families, and among these to the best behaved ones. The simple trips reach as far as from Paris to the seaside at Hâvre, or Dieppe (five hours by rail). Often they are made to the Forest of Fontainebleau, where the city children are supposed to learn something about trees and nature in general. The longer journeys have been made into Switzerland; while

the colonies for a month's time are farmed out in the mountains of the Vosges or other healthy parts of Provincial France. They are under the direction of the school physician who also has a voice in choosing the children who may go.

Each scholar has to keep a diary during this absence, and this is corrected on the return as an exercise in French composition. Then it is handed over to be read in the family, joyful to have a share in the pleasures of their little child. The girls are said to write unusually interesting notes. Here is a specimen from the diary of an eleven-year-old girl, who passed this first month of her life outside of Paris with her companions at Saint Dié, in the east of France, where the children could see before them the blue mountains of Alsace, which the Germans took from their country in 1870:

"At dinner we had beef and potatoes—the regulation beef and potatoes. I shall have had enough beef for the rest of my days. It seems that the people of Saint Dié eat boiled meat every day. I may grow bigger and older, but I will never marry a man from Saint Dié. I should be afraid that he would keep up his unhappy taste for boiled beef."

PONT DES ARTS AND INSTITUTE.

The teaching of gymnastics in Paris schools has little that is noteworthy except that it is obligatory both for girls and boys. A more interesting movement was the introduction of manual labour into the public school programme. A few hours each week are given to sewing and mending—to the darning of stockings and the making of baby-linen; they are encouraged to do this work for their own families, all extra work going to the foundling asylums. Finally, in all these primary schools every one has to learn something of drawing and the elements of singing. After the age of twelve years, there are still many of the pupils who do not wish, or are not able, to take the full and formal course of the high schools properly so called, yet their parents would like to see them still for a time under instruction. For all these, up to the age of fifteen, what are called complementary courses are opened in each of the primary schools. These are for the advanced mathematics and natural sciences, especially in their practical, every-day applications for book-keeping and the foreign languages (practically limited to German and English), for drawing, and for a little more music.

There is a great amount and variety of attention given to practical working with the hands. With the boys this has not gone far beyond good cabinet work, as anything else would turn the school into a trade apprenticeship; but the natural trade of all girls is housekeeping. Accordingly, these are not only taught all kinds of sewing, they receive special lessons in the cutting out and making up of clothes. This comprises most of the secrets of Parisian dressmaking, with spring bonnets. More wonderful still are what are properly called the housekeeping classes. These were begun during two hours on Thursdays only, in one central school of each ward, but now they are in each of the larger public schools. A special teacher explains systematically some branch of domestic economy—the qualities of food and drinks, the elementary principles of cooking and providing for household necessities, the concocting of teas and simple remedies for sickness, washing and ironing, heating and lighting, and all that concerns the management of the home. All the girls of the course have to go by turns of ten through real kitchen and laundry work. In the former they are called on to do the marketing of the day's meal for their set, under

the eyes of the teacher and the cooking mistress. They are allowed to dispose of ten francs (two dollars) for the meal of ten persons. They have eight bills of fare to make up in winter, and as many more in summer. After they have cooked the lunch thus chosen, they are supposed to eat it. In fact, it will be their only meal at school that day. In the laundry, also, they are not let off with merely wetting their hands; real work is given them to do.

As to the pedagogic methods, the Republic has made much progress of late years; there is, however, a good deal of empiricism in the methods still in use, and a "culture pedagogique" is still lacking. The system adopted in the Lycées for instruction in the classical studies, strikes one as correct, and all that it needs is to perfect it. Scientific teaching is generally good in France, and that in what are called higher studies is without superiority in any other country. Discipline in French schools is less austere than in England, and it brings to its aid the vanity of pupils quite as much as their sense of duty, or a consciousness of what is right and wrong. The whole system of rewards turns on this personal vanity, which

is stimulated by good marks, honourable mention, medals, decorations, wreaths, and competitive examinations for prizes of all sorts. All this is in harmony with French ideas, and he would indeed be a bold reformer who should attempt to bring about any radical change in it. Not only pupils, but their instructors, are stimulated in the same way, by a system of promotions, by rewards, and the bestowal of purely honorific distinctions.

Education is obligatory, and not only are all primary schools absolutely gratuitous, but each one of the thirty-six thousand Communes in France is required to keep up its primaries. The Conseil Général, or local board that governs each Department, may, however, authorise adjoining Communes in their Department to maintain in common a primary school, and the board may even dispense a Commune from the obligation of providing means for primary education where there exists any non-State school within its limits, where such education is given gratuitously to children of those parents living in the district who are unable to pay for it.

Primary schools for girls are divided into two classes, and they are known as those of the first and second order. Under certain circum-

stances, the children of both sexes may be provisionally admitted into the same schoolhouse; but the average annual attendance of pupils at such schools, cannot at any time during three years, exceed forty; and if the teacher already appointed is a man, the Préfect of the Department must appoint, on the nomination of the Mairie of the Commune, a woman to look after the girl pupils. But no primary can receive pupils of both sexes if there be already a public school for girls in the Commune and, even in those mixed schools, boys and girls are not allowed together but must be separated from each other by a partition at least five feet high, and so arranged that the teacher can see on both sides of it. The recesses are also at different hours, and are separated from each other by at least fifteen minutes, while the same difference of time must separate the school hours both for the commencement and letting out of school.

The mixed schools are not popular among French people, and are only tolerated when it cannot be otherwise. The system of education is based primarily on the absolute separation of the two sexes, and, strange to say, the objections of the parents to mixed schools are based

precisely on those moral arguments which are generally advanced in their favour in the United States. In Paris, as elsewhere, for that matter, the school is more or less the reflection of society, and there are two things which, perhaps more than any other of the many differences between them, distinguish European from American society. These are the intercourse between the sexes and the manner in which, in our country, everyone is expected to defend and protect him or herself. The liberty enjoyed by women, and more especially by young and unmarried women, in America is proverbial, while, on the other hand, no young girl of the better class ever goes out alone in France, nor is she ever only accompanied or at least very rarely so, by her brother, and still more rarely by a less near male relative.

Travelling alone, or receiving male visitors without an elderly lady being present, is something a French girl is never permitted to do. Young girls have not, as with us, the right to expect to be treated with respect when alone, and a lady rarely if ever finds herself the object of polite and kindly meant intentions from the men with whom she comes in contact on railways, at theatres, or elsewhere. The way men

put themselves out in the United States for the sake of politeness toward women who are utter strangers to them, is one of the things which most surprises Frenchmen when they visit our country.

The French system of education, in the matter of the preservation of the morality of children, also follows an entirely opposite method from that in vogue with us. All the efforts which we bring to bear in order to render our children capable of resisting temptations, the French employ in keeping their children from being exposed to those same temptations. I have not much confidence in French education on this point, for, as I have more than once said, when having occasion to discuss the matter, it is impossible to absolutely keep young people out of the way of a chance to do wrong, and then they find themselves in the presence of a danger for which they are not prepared. Beside, the time must come when it is no longer possible to keep them constantly under one's eyes, and lads just out of college, or girls freshly emancipated from maternal restraint, are not prepared to face the temptations to which even they are inevitably exposed, and that the result is often calamitous no one

who knows anything about Paris society will deny. In America we proceed differently, preparing our young folks to live together and to mutually respect each other while they are still at school.

As they have always been thrown together in their youth, nothing seems strange to them when they come together in social intercourse. It is rather by separating them that evil ideas are apt to find place in their minds; moreover, both sexes gain much in manners by being thus thrown together in early life. If this were only a theory it might, perhaps, be questioned, but it is the result of long experience, and superintendents, professors and teachers, who have had anything to do with American mixed schools, are unanimous in their favour. There are, it is true, objections to the coadjutation of the sexes, at least when they have attained a certain age, which are not so easy to answer. Girls and boys who are thus freely thrown together will, in many cases, fall in love with each other, and marriages will be the result. While, of course, this result follows in America, where it is looked upon as a natural and proper thing, it is considered in France the abomination of desolation for young people—I am always speaking

of the middle and wealthy classes—to arrange their own matrimonial affairs.

The total number of primary schools in France, exclusive of infant schools ("écoles maternelles") is about ninety thousand. Of these four thousand are private and at least ten thousand are in the hands of the Catholic Church. In some parts of the Republic these church schools are more numerous than are the public ones. There is, moreover, an "enseignement libre laique" (as the system of education which is independent of Church and State is called), but these are in the minority compared with the "enseignement congregationiste." These ninety thousand schools bear on their registers something like six millions of children, but the attendance is not always what it should be, the number attending regularly being only about five millions, and the fault is to be largely attributed to the School Commissioners, the way they are chosen, and the manner in which they discharge their duties.

These Commissioners are too often appointed for political reasons; the position is frequently given to a man not because he is believed to be adapted for the place, but because he is known to possess local influence that can be made use

of at election times. Entrusted with the duty of enforcing the law of 1882, concerning compulsory education, they are apt to grant excuses to parents whose votes are wanted, and permit them to keep children at home instead of sending them to school as they should do. In 1878 there were one hundred and ten thousand seven hundred teachers of both sexes in France, while in 1899 their number had increased to one hundred and thirty thousand. To assure the recruiting of teachers the law obliges each Department to keep up two normal schools—one for males and one for females—and there is not a department which is lacking in this particular. A law also exists which divides male and female teachers into five classes, according to the salaries allowed them, as follows: Fifth class one thousand francs ($200) per annum; fourth class, twelve hundred francs per annum; third class, fifteen hundred francs per annum; second class, eighteen hundred francs per annum; and first class two thousand francs per annum. When living quarters are not found for them in the school buildings, then school teachers receive a rent indemnity of two hundred francs, if the school has more than two classes; and of four hundred francs, if it has more than four

classes. If the school contains a class of superior primary education, the teacher receives an addition of two hundred francs to his or her salary, and the law also fixes a scale of indemnity for rent to be paid to the heads of primary schools and their assistants in certain instances.

There is a drawback of five per cent on the first year's salary of every teacher, and on the increase of his or her salary during the first year, which is taken possession of by the State, and in return for which they become entitled to the same retiring pension, and on the same terms as other persons employed in the service of the Nation. Appointments are made by the Préfect from a list prepared by the Council-General of eligible applicants. Teachers may, according to the gravity of their offence, be suspended partially or totally without salary, or dismissed by the Préfect of the Department. In urgent cases the Maire has the power to suspend a primary teacher in his Commune provided he reports the case to the Préfect within two days. French school teachers are forbidden from carrying on any commercial or industrial business, but with the consent of the Counseil-Général they may hold some other local office.

The cost of primary education in 1890 was $55,000,000, of which sum the State's share was $40,000,000. Moreover, the State has during the last ten years advanced to the Communes and Departments as much as $130,000,000 to aid them in building schoolhouses, beside which local loans were authorised for the same object to the amount of $34,000,000. In 1899, although the average of salaries paid primary teachers was a little less than in 1889, their number had been so largely increased that it took $26,000,000 in round numbers, to pay them. Public instruction having become gratuitous in 1881, the parents of children paid nothing toward this sum, the State paying all teachers and classes in public schools that average fifty pupils to each teacher. In order to bring this average down to forty pupils the instructing force will have to be increased by at least twenty thousand persons. Taking one thing with another, increase of salaries, additional schoolhouses, etc., it may be safely affirmed that the cost of public instruction in France will, in a few years (it may even now), amount to a total of $60,000,000 annually.

CHAPTER X.

Napoleon's "Goose with the Golden Eggs"—The École Polytechnique—Its centennial celebrated in 1894—Pleiades of remarkable men who graduated from its classes—The genesis of its legendary popularity—Anecdote of Napoleon—Ridiculous authority of the Bourbons—How the students won popularity—The conduct of young de Freycinet—Students in the *rôle* of conciliators between government and insurrection—Free at last of all party quarrels—Poor accommodations for the Polytechnicians—Dormitories and refectories—Their daily rations and their work—The clock of Berzélius—Drinking place of Mother Prosper.

Perhaps enough has been said concerning educational institutions in Paris, still I am impelled to add something more about one other establishment which is of world-wide fame and therefore of high importance. In May; 1894, the fêtes organised to celebrate the centennial of the École Polytechnique were finished in a blaze of lyric and dramatic scenes, followed by a ball at the Trocadero, and our study now is of that Polytechnique which

Napoleon I called his "goose with the golden eggs." For more than one hundred years this school at Paris has played an active part in all the Revolutions, and the pleiades of remarkable men who graduated from its classes as civil or military engineers, as well as the *esprit du corps*, which unites its graduates, have won it great prestige. As it is the door to a public office paradise, all Paris mothers dream of it for their sons. I remember with what pride the landlady of the first boarding-house that I ever stayed at in the capital told me that her son had been admitted to the École Polytechnique a week before my arrival. Then she boasted of its fame and excellence, although she knew nothing whatever of the genesis of its legendary popularity.

In France, towards the middle of the year 1793, everything was lacking, and the famous decree of August 25, in spite of its emphatic form, was singularly eloquent. "Young men," it said, "will fight, married men will forge arms and transport provisions, women will make tents and clothes and serve in hospitals, children will tear up old linen, old men will be carried to the public places to excite the courage of warriors, to preach hatred of kings and

the unity of the Republic. National houses shall be converted into barracks, public places into armouries, the soil of caves shall be washed to extricate saltpetre. Measures shall be taken to establish without delay an extraordinary fabrication of arms of all kinds, which responds to the glory and energy of the French people."

Numerous savants, among whom were Fourcroy, Lakanal, Monge and Berthollet, hastened to respond to the appeal of the committee by manufacturing arms and ammunition. Then Carnot "organised victory" and the Fatherland was saved. The danger over, Prieur-Duvennais and Carnot had no trouble in making it understood that there was necessity of establishing a school for the recruitment of engineers, as the organisation of the diverse establishments then in existence left much to be desired. The spirit of routine was such in one school that Monge did not have the right to teach the application of geometry to the direction of a slope, while numerous gaps existed in the recruitment and functionment of the services. On the eleventh of March, 1794, the Convention named a commission charged with the preparation of the establishment of a central school of public

works. Among the members of that commission were Carnot, Guyton-Morveau, Monge and Prieur-Duvernais, all four from the Côte-d'Or Department. On the twenty-eighth of September, the organic law of the school was voted, and two weeks later examinations for admission began in twenty-two different cities. The programme of knowledge required was rather vague; candidates had to be especially recommended by the practice of Republican virtues and to have constantly manifested a love of Liberty and Equality as well as hatred of tyrants. The Palais Bourbon was arranged to receive the three hundred and ninety-six scholars admitted, one of whom, benefiting by the dispensation of age, was twelve and a half years old. Monge opened his class December 10, 1794. The pupils were day scholars and received a salary of twelve hundred livres—in assignats. The fathers, sensible and good patriots approved by the Committee of Public Safety, charged themselves with lodging and nourishing the pupils in consideration of nine hundred livres. A few months later the organisation of the school was modified. It was no longer to form engineers but to prepare scholars for the different schools of application,

artillery, engineering, mines and roads and bridges, and then the Institution took on the name of École Polytechnique.

The school had scarcely been founded than it found adversaries. Some pupils were accused of frequenting Royalist cafés; others did not listen with enough respect to the patriotic songs heard in theatres, and Deputy Baraillon demanded that the "axe must be used on this manchineel-tree, the fruits of which, seductive at first, will soon poison the Republic." For a time a general purification was feared, while constant depreciation of assignats rendered the situation of students deprived of fortune very critical. The "sensible fathers" found that it would be impossible to nourish them, and although wealthy scholars abandoned their pay to the profit of less fortunate comrades, as meanwhile Monge, and several other professors, renounced their salaries, three hundred young men were obliged to go back to their families for want of bread. But these difficulties did not long interrupt the classes, and several engineers came out of the school to accompany Monge and Berthollet on the expedition to Egypt.

Enthused by Bonaparte, the scholars found

a way of raising the money necessary to construct the *Polytechnique*, a launch, with which they rendered homage to him at the time of his threatened descent on England. These good relations between the school and the First Consul did not last long, however. The students, incorporated in the National Guard mixed in all the agitations of the streets, and acquired Liberal ideas. After having protested against the *Coup d'État* of Brumaire, they refused to sign an address of congratulation apropos of the discovery of Moreau's conspiracy. Napoleon was furious, and decreed the military organization of the school; and at the time of the distribution of eagles on the Champ de Mars, he gave to young Arago the flag of the Institution, one side of which bore the famous device, "Pour la Patrie, les Sciences et la Gloire." Furthermore the students, instead of receiving pay were obliged to give eight hundred frances annually. Napoleon's victories brought this youth of France to the Empire, but after the conspiracy of General Mallet they resumed their opposition, and one morning there was found on the blackboards these two lines written with chalk:

"Le monde est un atome ou rampe avec fierté
L' insecte usurpteur qu'on nomme Majesté."

Exasperated to a high degree, Napoleon was for killing his "goose with the golden eggs," and the project of a decree was elaborated by the Council of State to re-organize the Institution on a new basis. Then France was invaded and the Polytechnicians defended the barrier of the Trône against the Prince of Wurtemberg, with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" Michel Charles, Enfantin, and Carnot, figured among the combatants, and on his return from the Isle of Elba, Napoleon was acclaimed.

The École Polytechnique could not pardon the Bourbons for having been brought back by foreigners, and, despite the apparent sympathy of Charles X, with the frequent visits of the Duke of Angoulême, the scholars were dissatisfied with the Government of the Restoration. Moreover the latter made its authority felt in a ridiculous manner. Under pretext of hindering the school from preserving the maxims of the Revolution, and of "transmitting to promotions a too faithful tradition of Republicanism and impiety," it forced students to assist at mass and vespers, "provided with the book of services designated under the title of

'Eucologe.'" General Pailhon, under governor of the school, issued an order forbidding any model of drawing or of sculpture to be entirely nude, and the Minister of the Interior effaced from the list of admissions all names which offended him.

In 1820 Cavaignac was struck off as the son of a Conventionnel; but he was reinstated on the intervention of Monsieur de Frayssinous. Ten years later, Charras was sent away for having sung the "Marseillaise" at the annual banquet of 1830. He was the fellow who went to seek his comrades at the first firing in the Revolution of July, and they all went out, *en masse*, but most of them were stopped by their parents or their Paris guardians. However about sixty of them spread through the different quarters, and put themselves at the head of the Insurrection. Bosquet took possession of the Louvre, but Vaneau was killed in front of the barracks of Babylone.

The battle finished, the school assured order everywhere. In a few hours it had won an extraordinary popularity. On all sides fêtes and banquets were organised in its honour. It was acclaimed in the theatres. Poets sang its praises. Rheims sent it champagne, and the

United States its congratulations. The people vowed it a respect and affection which should never be changed, and during twenty years it was counted on for the defense of liberty. Louis Philippe himself could not show it enough recognition. At the request of the young Duke of Orleans, who followed the course as a day-scholar, the Citizen King named several scholars lieutenants, by according analogous advancement to those who were destined to civil careers. He also invited them to choose twelve of their number for the Cross of the Legion of Honour. The scholars declared that they had not merited these exceptional recompenses, and the ordinance was repealed. The father of Vaneau, whom the school had recommended to the care of the Government, refused even the pension offered him.

Immediately after the Revolution of July, Arago was made provisional commander of the Polytechnique. Religious exercises were suppressed, the regular holidays of Wednesdays and Sundays were prolonged until midnight, and for a short while it was even a question of re-establishing the externat. The scholars opposed this, considering the régime incompatible to the calm required for their studies.

The nomination of General Bertrand, former companion of Napoleon at Saint Helena, as commander of the school, completely won over the youth of the Polytechnique, who went to the Palais Royal the day after the trial of the Ministers to assure the King of their good feelings. But politics then occupied many minds. During recreations, the older boys repeated to newcomers the exploits of their comrades with as much enthusiasm as were formerly read the bulletins of the Grand Army. Intoxicated by its popularity, the school hastened to aid the National Guard in repressing street movements, accentuated a kind of *rôle* of arbitrator between the people and the Government which had been created for it by events, was at all the fêtes and all manifestations, never ceased to sustain the part of order, and it soon became a real power in the State. Sixty-three scholars, despite formal prohibition, followed the funeral of General Lamarque. Six were arrested and one of them passed through the Assizes, where he was acquitted.

The "conspiration des poudres," imagined in 1833 by an awkward minister, had serious consequences. Four scholars, found by the police in a house suspected of secretly making

ammunition, were pursued with Raspail, but the process terminated by a check that was pitiable for the Government. The monarchy of July had henceforth an irreconcilable enemy in the École Polytechnique. After having struck the word "Royal" from the inscription placed above the entrance of the school, the scholars decided to no longer salute the king. One of them, being near the gates of the Louvre when Louis Philippe left in a carriage, carried his hand to his hat to keep it ostensibly on his head. The aide-de-camp who galloped before the royal carriage struck the hat off with his sabre, whereupon the student drew his sword and sprang at the over-zealous courtier. For this he was arrested and taken back to the school, but next day two of his comrades demanded reparation from the insulter, who refused to fight under pretext that the scholar was not an officer. Thereupon one of the young men struck the fellow, and, to avoid, further scandal, the king got rid of his aide-de-camp.

On the twenty-fifth of February, 1848, the students, hearing of the events of the day before, gathered together in the Amphitheatre. Young de Freycinet first spoke, and the Gen-

eral himself applauded the future organiser of the National Defense, when he declared that the duty of the school was to join the National Guard and throw itself between the combatants to stop the spilling of blood. During this time the crowd cheered, the students threatened to force the gates if they did not come out, which they did in a few moments, and after joining the authorities united at the Pantheon, they divided into groups which went to the different Arrondissements, where the battalions of the National Guard immediately put themselves under their orders. At the sight of their uniforms the troops fell back and the insurgents lowered arms. Monsieur Fargue, afterward Inspector General of roads and bridges, arrived at the Tuileries in time to preserve it from being pillaged. Monsieur de Freycinet hastened with several comrades to the Hôtel de Ville, where he guaranteed tranquillity to the deliberations of the Provisional Government. He was by the side of Lamartine when the latter pronounced the celebrated phrase: "I will repel until death this flag of blood, and you should repudiate it more than I; for the red flag that you bring us has only made the tour of the Champ de Mars, dragged in the blood of the

people, in 1791 and 1793, while the tricolored flag has made the tour of the world with the name, the glory, and the liberty of the Fatherland." Some hours later, it was sufficient for him to appear on a barricade to stop the fire of insurgents who were opposing the exit of a battalion by the Menilmontant gate. Twenty students put themselves at the disposal of the Government, which employed them as aides-de-camp, and after having fulfilled the most delicate missions for several weeks, they returned quietly to follow their classes.

In the days of June the school fulfilled the same *rôle* of conciliator between the Government and the Insurrection. The épopée was finished. Occupied in a military way during that memorable night the school could do nothing with the *Coup d'État*. It calmly hated the Empire, and, at the time of the review of the Crimean troops in 1855, the scholars defiled past Napoleon III without a single cry. Later on the Prince Imperial visited the school with his preceptor, General Froissard, and was welcomed with glacial silence. These manifestations were without consequence and were the last at the École Polytechnique.

On the declaration of war against Prussia

a party of students were sent to Metz, others were incorporated in the army of Châlons, and some remained in Paris. One of these, named Pistor, was decorated with the cross for heroic conduct at Froechviller. In the month of January, 1871, the school opened at Bordeaux; it returned to Paris three days before the Insurrection, declared for the Government of Versailles, and went to install itself at Tours. Since then the school has been free of all the quarrels of parties and it took no part whatever in the agitations of the Boulangist period.

Since November 11, 1805, the school has occupied the site of the former Colleges of Navarre, of Boncourt and of Tournay, at the top of the hill of Sainte Genèvieve, down by the Pantheon. Arranged originally to lodge one hundred students, it now receives more than double that number, and although annexes have been built they are so narrow that each scholar has less than twelve cubic metres of air in which to live. A minimum of seventeen metres per man is required by the war plans for a soldiers' barracks. It is true that that quarter of Paris is healthful, and that young men, usually robust, appear to accommodate themselves well enough to their hygienic con-

ditions, but the state of exhaustion found among them after two years of sojourn at the Polytechnique seems to be due as much to the lack of food and air as to the excess of work. Admittance to the school is only by competition, and for this purpose public examinations take place every year. It is necessary to be French born, a Bachelor of Sciences or Letters, and more than sixteen and less than twenty years of age, on the first of January of the current year. The price of board is one thousand francs ($200) a year, and of the outfit seven hundred francs. Received after the examination for admission, his board paid and the physician passed, the young man enters the school so ardently longed for. The duration of studies is two years and pupils are divided into two divisions, the first comprising those who passed the examinations the first year, and the second, the newcomers. The Polytechnician is submitted to the military régime and while at the school is considered as under the flag.

The aspect of the dormitories, or casernments, is especially lamentable, the general commanding the school seeming to be ashamed of them and very few strangers are ever per-

mitted to visit them. Iron beds are placed so closely together that sixteen or eighteen are in a low hall, lighted on a single side only and which should contain not more than half that number, if so many. Above each bed there is a board to support the hatbox; there is a nail on which to hang the sword and belt; there is also a bit of a carpet as large as a pocket handkerchief, a small locker called a "coffin" which serves as wardrobe, a washstand, a basin and a pitcher of water. Such is the furniture of a scholar of the "Grand School." Not the sign of a curtain at the window, not a chair to put their clothes on, nor on which to throw a towel. French Polytechnicians sleep in these overcrowded, illy-ventilated rooms, until the next to the last beat of the morning drum which calls them to work; and when one of them descends too late and finds the grating closed he is called a "rat." The study rooms, which occupy the groundfloor and the first floor, are not clean or comfortable and their furniture is of extreme simplicity. Along either side of the wall a table, divided into four or five drawers closed with a key, is surmounted by a small *étagère* which holds a dozen volumes. In a corner a little fountain, or "corio," in

another a table wherein everything necessary to make punch is hidden. The seats are heavy stools, of a solidity equal to all trials. The two angles at the right and left of the glass door, where nothing can be seen from outside, constitutes the "desert." In this a Polytechnician passes half the day smoking, reading papers, brewing punch, playing whist, and studying. The surveillance is rather paternal than otherwise and authority does not interfere except in case of serious trouble.

At six o'clock in the winter, at five o'clock in the summer, drums beat the *réveille;* the boys wait until the third call is heard, then there is a rush for the stairways, and the adjutants give the last call in the study halls. At eight o'clock a breakfast of coffee, cheese or radishes is served; dinner is not eaten until two o'clock in the afternoon.

The refectories are down in the basements and run the length of the corridor. They are damp and cold, and receive light from the court-yard of the laboratories. Large tables with black marble tops, wooden benches, small cupboards where dishes are kept, and pigeon holes for napkins, compose all the furnishing. There are ten places to each table. As a drink

half a pint of wine at each repast; but for some time they have been distributing a ration of wine at half-past eleven. Certain dishes return periodically each week, and these bear the name of the professor who has his class that day; thus, the name of Zeller, professor of History, has remained synonymous with spinach. On Sunday morning are served "the cutlets of Madame Laplace," paid for with the income of a sum of money, left by the widow of the illustrious astronomer for that purpose.

Each morning at nine o'clock the students gathered in the amphitheatre, watch a gentleman in dress coat writing formulas on the blackboard for an hour and a half, and the lesson is given amidst perfect silence. There is a "Captain of Service," seated in his box, who has a plan of the hall; he keeps his eyes on the scholars and his mission is to punish those who sleep. This manner of understanding the liberty of work has never roused protestations. From time to time the professor announces that he will question at the beginning of the next course; then most of the students contract a kind of insurance, by making an assessment of two cents to form a "kitty" of consolation which will indemnify the stu-

dent designated by fate to go on the platform in presence of all the others. All scholars do not work equally. In general the five or six first ones, endowed with an exceptional organisation, work all the less because it is *bon ton* to preserve their rank.

The recreation court is large and airy. Billiard rooms, barber shop, fencing hall, and different other dependencies, occupy three of its sides, the fourth being closed by the Pavillion des Élèves. This building, constructed in 1738, is all that remains of the College of Navarre, the only one of the period it appears, where students had anything to do but promenade. It is three stories high surmounted by a mansard roof, the garrets of which serve as police hall; its black walls, with severe but regular lines, give it a certain seal, and the clock that decorates it has inspired poetic minds with this legend:

"A Swedish chemist named Berzélius, who was in Paris about 1819, came to make some experiments in Physics and Chemistry before the scholars of the Polytechnic School. To show the influence of air on the respiration of animals, he placed a sparrow under the bell of the pneumatic machine and made a vacuum. At the

moment when the bird was about to die, a cry of, 'Mercy, mercy!' rose from all sides of the amphitheatre. Berzélius had mercy on the bird, which flew out of the hall; then for some while afterward a strange thing happened. Every Wednesday and Sunday at the moment when the large hand of the clock, leaving the fifty-ninth minute of nine o'clock, was to mark the fatal return to school an obstacle seemed to stop it and it was noticed that this last moment was of unreasonable length. When search was made, it was found that this delay was caused by a sparrow which, at the precise minute, posed itself on the large hand, and that was Berzélius' sparrow. The bird was caught and killed, the school had a superb funeral; it was interred in a corner of the courtyard, and the clock that day received the name of Berzélius."

The school is commanded by a general, assisted by a colonel, a major and six captains bearing the title of inspectors of studies. The relations of these officers and the adjutants with the scholars are rather delicate; but the understanding is based on a reciprocal esteem, and, in general, the authorities close their eyes to tricks which do not provoke a too manifest disorder. Just opposite the school, in the Rue de

la Montagne Sainte Geneviève, "la mère Prosper" keeps a little drinking place. Mother Prosper is a woman of thirty-five years, engaging, kind and virtuous, although she has to listen to some curious stories. She looks to be fifty, but she must always be just thirty-five years; when the titular of the *cabaret* passes that age she cedes her place to another woman. No sprees are possible at la mère Prosper's; the liqueurs are very mild, and no boy is allowed to ever buy more than four cents' worth of tobacco at a single time. In the summer when the water is warm, a "tapin" buys ice for the students. One *tapin* was quite an ice connoisseur, and called himself Beauvisage. When he paid out too much money for some the fellows complained. "What, Beauvisage, ten sous for ice to-day?" "Yes, you see, my officer" (Beauvisage called them thus, and that flattered them), "this ice is colder than that you had yesterday. It is Norwegian ice, sir." In summer Polytechnicians often go to the shooting ground at Vincennes, and when they proudly march with guns on shoulders through the streets of Paris, la mère Prosper—never the same—accompanies them with her little sutler's wagon; and then there are fine lunches on the grass; a litre of wine at fifteen sous, fried sausages, cookies, etc.

CHAPTER XI.

The government of France—Meeting place of the Deputies—Once a mansion of princely pleasures—Two fronts to the Palais Bourbon—Hall of Lost Footsteps, and that of Four Columns—The reading room and the library—The Salle des Séances an imposing chamber—Five hundred and fifty-eight Deputies—Eight or nine political parties in the house—How members must address the assembly—Take their turn, as registered, in speaking—The Senate sits in the Palace of the Luxembourg—Two hundred and ninety-seven members—A quiet body—The presiding officers in both houses—How they are chosen—Anecdotes of different speakers—The standing committee—Official homes of the three Presidents—The Cabinet officers.

It would be pleasant to describe in detail the political organisation of France, to expose successively the formation and composition of the Council of Ministers, its interior organism and its general *rôle*, its relation with the President of the Republic as well as its relations to the Chambers of Parliament, and also its authority in the administration of Government; how the

two houses put in action political responsibility of each ministry, and how the whole organisation is based on the English system of government, yet differing radically from it, but all that is impossible in this work. It may be stated, however, that while there is a President there is no Vice-President, that while his Cabinet consists of eleven ministers, they are not responsible to him but to Parliament alone. This Parliament, or Congress is made up of two assemblies, a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies. The latter body is the more numerous if not the most important. The house wherein the Deputies meet was originally a palace; indeed it is generally called the Palais Bourbon, because Louis XIV built it for his natural daughter, the Princess de Bourbon, from whose heirs the State subsequently purchased it. But it has gone through many changes and has been adapted to many purposes since it was the scene of royal enjoyment and princely pleasures. It has no longer a state bedroom with golden tapestries on the walls, nor does the famous boudoir, with its inlaid floor, which echoed to the orgies of so many gallant Condés and Bourbons, now exist. Gone, too, is the billiard hall where marble nymphs, indecently posing and crowned

with wild flowers, served as cue-racks to the palace courtiers. But the celebrated *salle à manger* with painted arcades, reflecting from a hundred mirrors its fairy splendours, is still to be seen by those who happen to be invited inside the mansion by its official occupants.

There are two fronts to the Palais Bourbon, and they are entirely different. Tourists see very little of the South side of the building. On that front is a triumphal portico gate, flanked by a double colonnade. Then comes a large court-yard, where the carriages of Cabinet ministers wait their owners, and this yard is followed by a smaller one, which has a stout bronze door to it that has not been opened since King Louis Philippe passed that way into the Chamber. He was the only monarch who ever entered by that door, just as Napoleon I was the only one who ever passed into the Palace by the North front portico. This river side has an iron fence with gilded gates in its front, also a magnificent flight of steps, at the bottom of which, seated on pedestals, are colossal statues of Grecian divinities, that are not at all of immortal appearance, but are decidedly weather beaten.

We enter the building on the northern side,

through a small court-yard and thence into an ante-chamber, which is reserved for a patient public, and where we send our names in to some member. Doorkeepers in livery pass on our cards, and presently our friendly Deputy comes and conducts us to the reception room. It is known as the *Salle de Pas Perdus* (hall of lost footsteps), and it is adorned with Corinthian columns, marble statues, and bronze groups, the ceiling being finely painted. Beyond this lobby is the *Salle des Quatre Colonnes*, at the other end of which are the offices of the sergeants-at-arms, committee rooms, etc. Very few outsiders ever gain admittance to that part of the palace. The Hall of the Four Columns is furnished with a few velvet-covered benches and there are some marble statues. Through a passageway full of statuary, we go to the reading room, which is a well-lighted hall with a glass roof, and decorated with fine paintings. It is the only room in the building, except the Chamber itself, where smoking is not permitted. At one side, facing an enormous chimney shelf, is a colossal statue of Henri IV, surmounted by flags captured at Marengo, Austerlitz and Jena. Successive governors of the Hôtel des Invalides have tried

in vain to get hold of these battle trophies, and, more wonderful still, all the invaders that have occupied France have left them undisturbed. Nearby is the *buvette* or bar. Here beer, wines, sandwiches and cold meat or fowl can be obtained from one of the questors; this is his perquisite. The library is in the same eastern wing; it has about one hundred and thirty thousand volumes on its shelves, including many documents from Washington. The original manuscript report of the trial of Jeanne d'Arc is among the most valued contents of this library. At the end of the corridor is a small room termed *le petit local*, wherein Deputies are locked up whenever they become too refractory.

The *Salle des Séances*, or chamber proper, is a handsome and imposing room, although not half as large as our House of Representatives, nor is it so well ventilated. Viewed from the galleries, the Chamber of Deputies presents an interesting sight. The Deputies' desks are arranged in a semi-circular way on the floor of the house, and, as there are five hundred and fifty-eight members, everybody is quite crowded. The hall is surrounded with twenty columns of white marble, of the Ionic order,

having capitals of bronze gilt. There are two galleries running around two-thirds of the room. The first is reserved for the diplomatic corps, ex-Senators and Deputies, and the invited guests of the President of the Chamber; the second is for the public, who can only be admitted by members, and for representatives of the Press. The President is liberal enough with his tickets, but members have to be more careful. Indeed, it is not permitted them to issue tickets at will; they must do so in alphabetical order.

The five hundred and fifty-eight members are divided into several political divisions, some eight or nine of them, in fact, but only six are, so to speak, officially recognised. These parties are named according to the position in which they sit in front of the President of the Chamber. The party which sits on the Speaker's extreme left is called the "Extreme Gauche," next to them is the party "Gauche," or Left Radicals; next, almost in front of the Speaker, is the "Centre Gauche," or Union Democratique; next, is the "Centre," or Moderate Republicans, and finally, on his extreme right, are the "Droites" or Royalists and Bonapartists (some of them are Re-actionaries) combined.

The members do not address the Chamber from their places in the house. They must climb up into a sort of pulpit called a tribune, which stands directly below and in front of the President's desk. The speaker turns his back on the presiding officer and goes on as long as he pleases; but French Deputies are seldom long-winded orators. It is known beforehand what the *ordre de jour* (question of the day) will be, and if members wish to talk on that subject they must write down their names in a book kept for the purpose. They take their turns in speaking as their names are registered, although any member thus listed may yield his turn to whoever he pleases.

Deputies of France may dress as they like, but custom compels the President of the Chamber to wear a swallow-tailed coat, with white cravat. It looks curious to Americans, a gentleman in evening dress during the day time, but such is the rule in France. On the days when the Chamber meets a platoon of infantry lines the corridor that communicates between the President's mansion and the legislative hall. As soon as he leaves his house two commissioned officers walk on each side of him, drums beat, the soldiers present arms, all persons

THE SENATE HOUSE.

present uncover, and, at the threshold of the Chamber, the military officers salute with drawn swords as the President passes in to his platform. No such courtesy is shown the Vice-Presidents. The Chamber begins business at two-thirty or at three o'clock in the afternoon, usually rises at six, seldom sits beyond seven o'clock and a night session is a thing of rare occurrence.

The Senators of France are chosen by an electoral college composed for each Department of the Deputies, the Councillors Général, the Councillors of the Arrondissement and certain delegates named by the Municipal Councillors of the Commune, all of that Department. Life Senators are no longer chosen, they having been done away with by a law passed in 1884, but a few such are still living. In all there are two hundred and ninety-seven Senators, and they are paid each $1,800 per annum, the same as the Deputies. The Senate sits in that beautiful Palace of the Luxembourg, which Marie de Medicis, when she was Regent, and in all the éclat of her power, built in 1612. The Revolution made national property of the place, and the Terror changed it into a prison den. Beauharnais was incarcerated there with his wife, she

who became the Empress Josephine, and Camille Desmoulins only came out of it to go to the guillotine. The Directory installed itself in the Luxembourg and gave a triumphal fête to Bonaparte, conqueror of Italy, in the Court of Honour. Consuls succeeded Directors, these in turn made way for the "little corporal" who wanted the palace for himself alone, and there he surrounded himself with a military court which obeyed his every wish. With the Senate of the First Empire, the Luxembourg became a parliamentary palace, and it remained so until the fourth of September, 1870, when war transformed the house into an ambulance hall. After the burning of the Hôtel de Ville the Municipal Councillors established themselves in it until October 15, 1879. The twenty-seventh of November of the same year the Republican Senate held its first session there.

The Senators and the public enter the Luxembourg Palace by a monumental gate opening on the Rue de Touron. The former mount a marble stairway which leads to the "Hall of the Fêtes," while journalists, office-seekers, and the public generally, cross a court, escape losing themselves in numerous small halls that lead to committee rooms and to the galleries, and reach a circular

corridor which precedes the Session Chamber, where carpets deaden the sounds of footsteps and where upholstered partitions muffle the noise of members. All Senators have large movable arm-chairs, well upholstered; the ventilation is perfect, the acoustic arrangements good, the decorations rich, and the galleries large and elegant. It is a peaceful center, where habits of courtesy prevail and where there is little noise. The Luxembourg forms quite a contrast with the Palais Bourbon; as the one is full of life and animation, is even tumultuous sometimes, so the other holds agitation and noise in horror, and if there is occasionally a small storm the accustomed calm soon re-establishes itself. In brief the Senate is a great political salon, where one discusses but never quarrels, even as the Chamber is ever a political fighting ground.

In Paris, as at Washington, the President (Speaker) of the Lower House of Parliament is a moderator of debates, a sort of schoolmaster, controlling pupils who are more or less fractious; but the American Speaker has no power to stop a great noise, while the President of the Chamber of Deputies has the recourse of putting on his hat, and this mere act adjourns the session.

The Speaker of the House of Commons can leave the chair, and thus suspend a sitting when his boys are ungovernable. In both Paris and London the presiding officer can "name" a member, fine him, or suspend him temporarily from membership. The Speaker at Washington has no such power conferred on him by rule or law. Neither in Paris nor in London is such a thing permitted as appealing from the decision of the Speaker, and in Paris there is no such padlock game as moving the previous question. The English Speaker shouts, "Order! Order!" the American Speaker raps with a gavel, the French Speaker rings a bell when he wishes to stop conversation or quiet an uproar. The House of Commons chooses its speakers rather for their popularity than owing to any gifts of firmness or intelligence which they are supposed to possess. With experience they increase in excellence, but practically the task of keeping order during the debates devolves on the two party leaders.

The President of the Chamber of Deputies is chosen by the members who are in a majority, and he is a favourite of or supposed to represent the ideas of the party in power. As a matter of fact there are more than half a dozen parties

in the Palais Bourbon, not one of whom has an absolute majority, but when it comes to electing a Speaker several of the more moderate Republican groups combine their strength on one candidate, so as to prevent the election of a Radical or a Royalist.

At St. Stephens refractory members can be imprisoned in the clock tower. At the Palais Bourbon there is a little room known as "Le petit locale," wherein they can be locked up until released by the President of the Chamber. Its creation is due to the turbulent Baudrey d'Asson, who so insulted the Republicans one day that the sergeant-at-arms and a file of soldiers were called in. When the colonel and his men succeeded in getting their prisoner out of the Chamber they did not know where to put him, but presently an empty room was found, and the key of it being turned, the Royalist Deputy was permitted to remain there for a few days as a sort of example to those of the same opinion as himself, and to teach them that there was a limit to the endurance of their confrères. It still contains the iron bedstead and two chairs which were placed there for the accommodation of Baudrey, but it has only been occupied by one other person than that member.

The present President of the Chamber of Deputies is the fifteenth Speaker since the National Assembly met at Bordeaux. The first under the Third Republic was Jules Grévy. As a presiding officer he had a grave air and looked calm and happy. Of an honesty which had never been doubted, and which had earned him the surname of "The Virtuous," he was an impartial presiding officer and passed through the difficulties of the Versailles assembly to his own and his country's honor. But he was susceptible and rash occasionally. One day, in a moment of ill-humour, he sent in his resignation, and Buffet, a Royalist, replaced him. Monsieur Buffet was squint-eyed and sharp-featured, and believed in what he called "true impartiality." Each time he made an appeal to this particular kind of fair play he tightened his teeth together and rang the speaker's bell as though he were a town constable looking for a lost child. When he did this, members looked at each other in a knowing way, for they were sure he was getting ready for a "true impartiality" which was going to be disagreeable to somebody. When Buffet was called on to constitute the Cabinet of March, 1875, by the Marshal-

President, MacMahon, the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquièr ascended the chair and became Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies. The Duke was always ready for a fight, and he presided with a stiffness and a fiery temperament that often gave Deputies great pleasure. He was not lacking in eloquence, had some magnificent points, and a good many weaknesses; but he was small in size and looked lost in the big arm-chair. Hot-tempered and of vulgar manners, he was not over popular with the members; his presidency was only an interregnum that nobody cared to remember.

Toward the end of the year 1875, the Chamber recalled Jules Grévy to the chair, and he occupied it until he was elected President of the Republic. Then Leon Gambetta was chosen Speaker, and the mahogany chair with gilded arms was hardly big enough for the "Eagle of Cahors." Still, for four years it was the seat and tribune combined of Gambetta, and from it he in turn directed and interrupted the discussions. Whenever overcome with an irresistible desire to intervene more directly he would ask permission of himself to speak, he would grant himself this permission, he would leave the chair, placing one of the Vice-Presi-

dents in it, take his place in the tribune, make his speech, then step back and ask his friend to vacate the mahogany fauteuil. Gambetta was cut out for conflicts and his voice was as big as his heart. He was often energetic, it might be said that he was sometimes too energetic, especially so toward adversaries, concerning whom he held that courtesy was not always requisite; but he was an all-round good fellow and a great man.

When the prime ministership took Gambetta out of the speaker's chair Henri Brisson was elected President of the Chamber. Then the House returned to days of penitence, abstinence, contrition, tears and funeral emotions. It used to be said of Brisson that his laugh was three times as sad as the sob of other men. He left the speaker's chair to accept the portfolio of a Cabinet officer, and was one of the candidates for the presidency when Monsieur Carnot was elected. He was afterward chairman of the special committee of the Chamber charged with investigating the Panama scandals, and subsequently was re-elected Speaker. But the House resumed its smiling appearance and the winter of discontent was suddenly replaced by genial spring, by sunshine and by animation,

when Charles Floquet was elected Speaker. Until then he had always appeared stiff in style and overdignified, but in the chair he gave proof of charming familiarity and of an intelligent manner. He was a model presiding officer. Up to all parliamentary tricks, a witty reply to an impudent question fell from his lips without any effort. He knew nothing about topical songs, but he knew all about topical subjects, and he soon became esteemed by all parties. But he too got the Prime Minister bee in his bonnet and resigned the speakership to become a Cabinet officer. The one striking act of his ministry was the duel he had with General Boulanger. Everybody thought the soldier would kill the civilian, everybody was glad that the civilian thrust his sword into the soldier's neck. There were those afterward who regretted that that wound had not been a fatal one.

After Floquet came Meline. Nothing can be said against him as a man, as a citizen, or as a politician, but at first he did not know how to rule the members or to give decisions that were correct. In November, 1889, Meline became a minister, and Floquet was re-elected to the speaker's chair. Every year he was re-elected,

and he held the office until the Panama scandals touched his name, when he resigned. Then Cassimir-Perier was chosen President of the Chamber of Deputies, and proved himself to be an able man. He was followed by Henri Brisson, who in turn was followed by Meline again, and then the latter made place for Monsieur Paul Deschanel, one of the most intelligent of foreign statesmen. He has long occupied foremost rank among European politicians, besides which, he is a publicist of profound thought, originality and power, and he is also a member of the celebrated French Academy.

Besides a President, there are two Vice-Presidents, two secretaries and three questors, all being elected for the term of one year each. The Chamber is divided into eleven *Bureaux* or standing committees, each containing about fifty members, or a few more, and this division is made by drawing of lots and not by appointment. The French Chamber is only considered regularly constituted after the verification of more than half the actual number of deputies have taken their seats, the permanent officers all being elected by ballot. An absolute majority is necessary to make a quorum, and

the successful candidate for Speaker must receive more votes of all those present at the time than all other candidates combined. At one election two candidates each received exactly the same number of votes, and yet this tie resulted in the choice of one of them, because the law is, where the two highest receive the same vote the one who is oldest in years is elected. All Deputies receive each a salary of $1800 annually. The three questors of the Chamber are lodged in the building, and they receive a salary double that of a simple Deputy. But the President of the Chamber is paid $24,000 a year, plus a magnificent residence, plus gas or electricity, plus free fuel, plus horses and carriages.

During the past one hundred years the Chamber of Deputies has had about forty presidents. Under the First Empire the office was purely honorific; the Corps Législatif counted so little with the conqueror of Europe that one year (1812) he quite forgot to call its members together. During Napoleon's reign the Assembly had four Presidents, but it was with the Restoration that the defile of a certain number of remarkable men whose names are illustrious, began. The Assemblée Constituante

of 1848, which lived for one year, had four successive Presidents, not one of whom was of great importance. With the Assemblée Legislatif of 1849, the elder Dapin, who had been President under Louis Philippe, made his re-appearance in the speaker's chair and he presided over the Chamber until it died with the Coup d'État of December 2, 1851. The Corps Législatif of the Second Empire had four Presidents all named by Louis Napoleon. These were: Monsieur Billault, who held the position until he was appointed Minister of the Interior; Duc de Morny, who was in the fauteil for eleven years, until his death—he was a model presiding officer—Monsieur Walewski, and Monsieur Schneider, who presided at the last session of the Corps Législatif.

The mansion occupied by him as President of the Chamber of Deputies is locally known as the "Petit Bourbon." Built in 1722 by the Marquis de Lassai, it was called the Hôtel de Lassai, and was so known until it became the property of the Prince de Conde when it became the "Petit Bourbon," so named because of its nearness to the Palais Bourbon. Confiscated during the Revolution, it was returned to the Duke of Bourbon in 1814, to become

afterward the property of his heir the Duc d'Aumale, from whom the Government bought it in 1832 to make of it the official mansion for "Mr. Speaker." In 1846 a story was added, the rooms of which were intended to serve as the private residence of the President, and when Morny went to the place he embellished the house superbly, put in fine furnishings, and besides which added a large gallery for festivals, so that an incomparable splendour reigned about the Petit Bourbon. Until his death the Duke was a sort of vice-Emperor, and his residence was a petit Tuileries, so to speak, whose fêtes attracted all Paris. Count Walewski, who succeeded the Duc de Morny, continued those gorgeous traditions, but the Hôtel took on a modest style when Schneider went in.

From the downfall of the Empire and until the Chamber returned to Paris from Bordeaux, the mansion was unoccupied; but Gambetta made it once more a famous house. He was a "royal host" as well as a man of much *esprit*, and all his salary as President of the Chamber, and what he earned with his pen, was spent freely in keeping up the Morny traditions. It was there that Trompette first became famous. Trompette was the *chef* whom Gambetta took

from the Duc de Noailles at wages of twelve thousand francs a year, something enormous for Paris and, as "Mr. Speaker" was a bachelor, he put a great deal of luxury into his cuisine, his *déjeuners* being celebrated. One evening he gave a grand fête to which almost everybody was invited. A small stage had been constructed in the large gallery, and we witnessed some curious divertissements danced and pantomined by the *corps de ballet* from the Grand Opera. There are seven splendid reception rooms or parlours on the grand floor. Of these the "Salon des Sciences" is the most magnificent. Its walls are covered by rich tapestries and rare paintings, while the ensemble, of the finest Louis XV style, is lighted at night from two lustres, each having one hundred and fifty burners, by electricity. The gallery of fêtes and several other salons are entirely furnished in the taste of the Second Empire. All the rooms "des premier etage," or second floor, as we say, are well distributed and here is where one finds the President of the Chamber of Deputies in office hours.

Ever since the French began to have legislative assemblies the post of presiding officer has always vexed the temper and judgment of its

many occupants. In the Chamber of Deputies "Mr. Speaker" must scold, lecture, menace; he may even launch epigrams at honourable members, and the more readily he does this so much the more will he be respected. As a rule his troubles come less from the members ranting in the rostrum than from the loud cries of dissent, the banging of desk lids and paper-knives, the derisive laughter, and general disorderliness of other members. To quiet such uproars the President has a bell, which he rings; and if the commotion becomes ungovernable he has the resource of putting on his hat. This is tantamount "to leaving the chair," and suspends the sitting. Under the speakership of Monsieur Buffet all the factions of the National Assembly once waged a regular fight over the President's hat. A not overscrupulous Republican had obtained furtive possession of this headdress, with a view to preventing Buffet from pronouncing the "cloture"; but his manœuvre was seen, and some Royalists, making a spirited charge at him, recovered the hat and flung it up to the chair. It is pertinent to add that the Presidential hat forms part of the parliamentary "properties," and has no connection with the Speaker's ordinary outdoor head-gear.

A leading French Deputy once said: "The hardest thing to get those Deputies who don't speak to do is to keep quiet." He alluded to members who rarely if ever show themselves in the tribune but who are strong in the art of interrupting and annoying those who do. They are the ones who get up the rows, who exclaim, "Très bien!" when the speaker belongs to their side of the house but who give vent to "Oh's" and to "Ah's" when he is an opponent. It is these members who utter such exclamations as: "Let him explain!" "How about the mixed committees!" "Do not seek to palliate the twenty-eighth of December," etc., which appear on the verbatim reports of stenographers.

There are plenty of Deputies who have reduced the art of oration to a series of interjections, but the greatest interrupter of them all was the one alluded to as the first and last tenant of *le petit local*. He was all the more dangerous because he prepared his little *pétards* in advance. One day when the Chamber was sitting some of the Deputies heard what they thought was a quarrel going on in one of the committee rooms. There were two voices, the one grave and paternal, which said: "Do you

withdraw the remark?" and another, loud and furious, which retorted, "No, I maintain it loudly and furiously." They opened the door and found this particular Deputy practising at interrupting an imaginary orator. The calmer voice was an imitation of that of Monsieur Meline, the other that of the man himself.

The acoustics of the Chamber of Deputies are more defective than the ventilation; the semi-circular walls give back strange sounds when a member is speaking and makes his voice degenerate into a hoarse murmur that is fatal to eloquence. Perhaps this may not be of much importance, as the French Chamber is no exception to the rule laid down by Disraeli as to the effects of parliamentary eloquence. "I have heard a great many speeches in my time," said that English statesman, "I have heard some which changed my opinion, but never one that changed my vote." There is one messenger, who has nothing to do but to see that each speaker has a glass of his favourite beverage within reach while he is in the tribune. French Deputies are very eclectic in their oratorical tipple. Some take cold black coffee, others Bordeaux or Burgundy; I know one who had a preference for "grog Americane," a

villainous compound unknown to any American barkeeper.

So much for the legislative branch of Government; the administration thereof at Paris rests with the President of the Republic and his Cabinet officers of whom there are eleven. These are: Ministre des Affaires Étrangéres, or head of the Foreign Office; Ministre de l'Interieur, or Secretary of the Interior; Ministre des Finances, or Secretary of the Treasury; Ministre de l'Instruction Publique, Beaux-Arts et Cultes, or Minister of Public Instruction, Fine Arts and Religions; Ministre des Justice; Ministre de Travaux-Publics, or Chief of Public Works; Ministre de la Guerre, or Secretary of War; Ministre de la Marine, or Secretary of the Navy; Ministre de l'Agriculture; Ministre de Commerce; Sous-Secretaire d'État aux Colonies, or under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. All of these Cabinet officers not only have an official residence, but a part of that same building is occupied as their private residence, and besides having it free of rental, a Minister is also allowed lights and fuel, horses and carriage, and a large sum of money annually for entertainment purposes, in addition to his regular

salary. These ministers are spoken of as Cabinet officers, but they are not responsible at all to the President. They are chosen from among the members of the Chamber of Deputies or the Senate, and are responsible to the former branch of Parliament.

The President of the Republic also has his residence, the White House at Paris being known as the Élysée. It is a famous mansion, and the present occupant, President Loubet, is the seventeenth official, native or foreigner, who, during the past century and more has in turn occupied that palace. The grounds of the Élysée are as pretty as any small park in the capital, while the house itself has quite a history. Count d'Evreux, ex-colonel general of cavalry, was its first owner, and it was built on land that he purchased from the widow of Louis XIV's head gardener. He sold it to the Marquise de Pompadour for the sum of six hundred and fifty thousand livres, and she expended ninety-five thousand one hundred and sixty-nine livres on repairs and improvements. She enlarged the park by encroaching on the Champs Élysées, and this accounts for the projection of the rear line of the garden into the Avenue Gabriel.

The garden was not then enclosed by stone walls topped by iron palings. It was protected by a "saut de loup," or ditch, inside of which was a fence, painted green, and made of flat iron. The bedchamber of Madame la Pompadour was sumptuous; it was hung with gobelin tapestry, while four palm trees ornamented with wreaths of roses supported the hangings and baldaquin of a very coquettish-looking bedstead. In the "Salon de Musique" a painting of the nine muses in relieved gold filled the panels, and there was a white marble statue representing Louis XV as Apollo. In an adjoining room was another statue representing the Pompadour as chaste Diana. As she held office at Court the Marquise had apartments at the Palace of Versailles also. She died there in 1744, and hardly were her eyes closed when they started with her body for the mansion in the Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré. Her brother, Albert Poisson, Marquis de Marigny, inherited the place and still further enlarged it, but it was soon purchased by the King to serve as a palace in which to lodge special ambassadors from foreign princes.

It was also used as a "Garde Meuble," or

PARK AND PALACE OF THE ÉLYSÉE.

place where State furniture was stored, until the architect finished the two buildings that now occupy one side of the Place de la Concorde. In 1773, banker Beaujon became the owner of the house and grounds. He made considerable alterations, and then sold the property to the Duchess de Bourbon for the sum of one-million three hundred thousand livres, of which two hundred thousand were for the mirrors. When the Duchess entered into possession she called it the Élysée, and to the group of cottages which she constructed in the gardens she gave the name of "Hameau de Chantilly." This village of little hamlets was an imitation of one which the Prince de Condé had constructed at Chantilly. Pastorals and shepherdesses were all the fashion in those days, and the mad world liked rural fancies.

But the Duchess de Bourbon did not long enjoy her purchase; the Revolution broke out, and she was among the first to flee the country. In 1793 the Élysée was confiscated and became national property. It was leased to speculators, and still under the name of "Hameau de Chantilly," was the scene of fêtes champêtres, like those that were being held in the Parc

Monceau, at the Tivoli, at La Chartreuse, at Idalie and at Paphos. The rooms were turned into gambling houses, wherein could be seen the "Inconceivables" and the "Mervéilleuses," perfumed with essences, crowned with roses, shod with sandals and wearing dresses made out of transparent materials, promenading, dancing and gambling. In 1803 the place was sold to Joachim Murat, whose wife, Caroline Bonaparte, held a sort of court there until he left to take possession of the kingdom of Naples. In 1808 it was sold to the Emperor, who made it his "buen retiro," and, as he used often to go to it to seek relaxation, it was called the Élysée-Napoleon.

On the twentieth of June, 1815, at eleven o'clock at night, a postchaise, preceded by an outrider arrived in the court-yard of the palace, and in that carriage was the defeated man of Waterloo, who had hurried from the battlefield to arouse exhausted France to a last effort. He was received by Caulaincourt, to whom he said, as he got out of the carriage: "The army performed prodigies of valour, but it was conquered by a panic." Then, after a moment's pause, he added: "I am worn out. I must have a few hours of repose before I can attend

to business." The day of the twenty-first was passed in interviews with Lucien and Joseph Bonaparte, with his Ministers, and with representatives of the Liberal party. The question of abdication was discussed at length. Next day Napoleon signed that act, and on the twenty-fifth he left the Élysée forever.

During the invasion of 1814 and 1815, Alexander I of Russia lodged in it, and in 1816 the Élysée-Bourbon, as it was now called, was the residence of the Duc de Berri. The night of the thirteenth of February, 1820, he was taken there after he had been assassinated. After that tragic event the Duchesse de Berri abandoned the house, but later on she again took up residence in it with her children. From 1830 it formed part of the palaces belonging to the civil list, and on the twentieth of December, 1849, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, after having read his political programme, was conducted to it by three questors. During the Third Empire the Élysée played pretty much the same *rôle* that it had under the First Empire, and it was the quiet retreat to which Napoleon III sometimes went to seek rest from the fatigue of the *mise en scène* of the Tuileries. It also served from time to time as the

residence of some illustrious guests passing through Paris, but, finally, under the Third Republic, it became the official home of the President.

CHAPTER XII.

The parks of Paris—The art of gardening—Jardin des Tuileries and that of the Luxembourg—The plus belle parure of the capital—Sketch of the Bois de Boulogne—Once a forest where wolves and bears abounded—Now the favourite resort of "Tout Paris"—Two large race courses—Seventy miles of carriage and bridle roads, forty-five miles of lakes and twenty miles of running waters—How the city makes money out of its parks—the wide thoroughfares of the capital—Over one hundred thousand trees in Paris outside of its parks and gardens.

It would seem but proper to place the entire park system at Paris under the domination of that sometime and saintly cultivator of flowers, shrubs and trees known as St. Fiacre, but it has never been done and perhaps never will be. This need not prevent our continuing the subject of this present chapter, which, however, is not intended to be an historical, much less a philosophical treatment of landscape gardening. For that matter it would perhaps be difficult to make a hierarchial classification of the arts, or

to say which one of them is the most elevated or should be given first position, still we do know that nearly all of them are grouped in a category called in French the "Beaux Arts," and in English Fine Arts. But of those included within this category none seem particularly devoted to landscape gardening, hence a new term or expression is needed. That of "Jolis Arts," or beautiful arts, would hardly answer for the use of those who create parks, or who write and talk about them. Nor will the expression "Art de Luxe," answer the purpose; although landscape gardening certainly is a luxury. Why not say "Art des Jardins," or art of gardening, precisely as one says the art of painting, the art of singing, the art of acting, the art of writing, the art of this that or the other thing. Certainly the art of gardening has always held its own with the *beaux* or *jolis* arts, and, indeed, it has maintained its vitality and dignity for a much longer period than the most ancient of these others. We find mention of Paradise long before the world had ever heard of painting; and the gods passed their idle, if not their thoughtful hours, in the Elysian fields, ages in advance of the period when Greek sculptures were created. "God

Almighty first planted a garden," wrote Bacon, "as was right, for that is indeed the purest of human pleasures."

A large city without public parks will not live long, or at least will continue to exist very badly. For centuries Paris was in this unfortunate condition. Her four gardens within the walls were altogether too few and too small for her great needs. These four were the Jardin des Tuileries the Jardin du Luxembourg, the Jardin du Palais Royal, and that of the Museum of Natural History. It was the Restoration which embellished the Tuileries garden, put statues in it and replaced the thick stone wall running along the North side, next to the Rue de Rivoli, by the iron-barred fence which is now in use. Under Louis Philippe the terrace which extended before the château was destroyed, and replaced by a reserved *parterre*, but Napoleon III enlarged this *parterre* at the public expense, meanwhile reserving a considerable part of the garden to his family purposes, including the "Terrasse des Feuillants," where a tennis court was constructed for the Prince Imperial. Next the whole character of the garden was changed, and by degrees the wide alley before the ground where the Tuileries stood became a perspective

part of the magnificent panorama stretching from the Louvre, westward to the Arc de Triômphe.

In the meantime, the Jardin du Luxembourg was also being cared for. The Convention did something, the Empire a little more, and Louis Philippe a good deal. It was he who first had the idea of getting rid of antique and mutilated statuary, and of creating monumental works of art to the most illustrious women of France. Then came the turn of Baron Haussmann, who, while beautifying the ancient Quartier Latin, also increased the pleasures to be found in the garden of the Luxembourg, although it was not the Baron but Monsieur Alphand who really finished that Park, as well as the avenues and boulevards to the South, which are so splendidly united to it and form so large a part in its real magnificence. Monsieur Alphand was a fairly good Democrat, who willingly accepted the Republic and worked well for it, therefore it is not true that Paris was beautified only during the Second Empire.

It is altogether too much of a habit among peoples to connect city improvements with some form of autocratic or monarchial government. Nothing could be further from the truth than

that idea. In the whole of Europe there is nowhere any country to be found which is doing so much in the way of park and other city improvements of almost every kind as is the United States. Furthermore the French Republic is doing more in that direction than any kingdom or empire, and the best effects on the beauty and salubrity of Paris, especially in its parks and gardens, have been carried out more vigorously, and yet more economically, since the foundation of the Third Republic than ever before in the history of the capital. There are good reasons for this splendid work; one is that in garden or park there is practically no limit to variety, while in buildings there are many. Vegetation varies every day in the year, but houses bear the stamp of unchangeableness.

But what Paris needed most, in addition to these luxurious public resorts within her very heart, so to speak, was broad open spaces for the health and pleasure of her inhabitants, further away from the centre of life and activity; and so it happened, by a series of successive transformations, that the Bois de Boulogne became the *plus belle parure* of the capital. The name which this park bears is of relatively

recent creation. It used to be called the Forest of Rouvray because of the *rouvres* (English oaks) which then grew so abundantly thereabouts. It was a forest where wolves and bears abounded, and which was frequented only by wood choppers and charcoal burners. When Philippe V posed the first stone of Notre Dame de Boulogne in the hamlet of the Ménus-lez-Saint Cloud, which afterward became the village of Boulogne-sur-Seine, the Forest of Rouvray was placed under the invocation of the new church and called Bois de Notre Dame de Boulogne, from which, by abbreviation, came its present name.

Before the Revolution, the Bois de Boulogne was not much frequented except by those gay gallants who aided in making a convent at its Longchamps the scene of frequent orgies. It was almost wholly during the nineteenth century that the Bois became the favourite promenade of that elegant, fashionable and also common crowd known as "Tout Paris." If it were not for its race-courses, the Bois would be an ideal park, such a one as any great cosmopolitan capital should possess. A splendid system of wide driveways, public and private paths, fine sheets of water and ample open spaces of extending

turf in a delightful forest contribute to render it deserving of highest praise. In its magnificent avenues are noble oaks, elms and acacias, whose leafy branches form shaded vaults beneath which the *monde* and the *demi-monde* are constantly passing afoot, on horses, or in carriages of every kind. In its lakes are islands made beautiful by a varied collection of the finest trees and shrubs, while along its streams are numerous cascades. In Summer, on the margins of these islands, fresh pyramids of the deciduous cypress start from graceful surroundings of hardy bamboos and pampas grass, and far beyond is a group of bright silvery negundo in the midst of green vegetation, with an infinite variety of tree form around. In Autumn the number and richness of the tints of the foliage afford a varied picture from week to week; in the Winter the many graceful forms of the deciduous trees among evergreen shrubs and pines offer much interest to an observant eye; in Spring the scene is animated by the cheerful flush of a bloom that comes with the help of a strengthening sun, when the still leafless oaks and magnolias begin to show signs of early awakening.

The forming of race-courses in important

positions at the Bois was a great mistake. Paris is large enough and rich enough to rid her beautiful park of such fungi as horse-trainers, "touts," book-makers, and turf-men generally, many of them at best but a sorry lot. It was an error to let Longchamps and Auteuil over to flat-racing, steeplechases and hurdle-jumps. Imagine the best part of Central Park, New York, of the Boston or Chicago system of Public Parks or of Regent's Park, London, set apart for horse races! And yet not only is the Bois de Boulogne thus misused from time to time in two different places, but a large space is railed in, with a grand stand and all its appurtenances, which are in permanent occupation of what should be the most beautiful spot in the capital.

The Bois de Boulogne is hardly so large as the Bois de Vincennes, but is more beautiful and more popular. It has two thousand acres, and includes nearly seventy miles of carriage and bridle roads, forty-five miles of lakes, and some twenty miles of running water, which does not embrace the River Seine that bathes its western boundary. It has cost the city over $3,000,000, while the Bois de Vincennes, which has two thousand three hundred acres, has

cost only a little more than $1,000,000. Aside from the old palace or château of Philippe Augustus and of Saint Louis, Vincennes Park has no houses to boast of, but that of Boulogne contains many.

There is, for instance, La Muette, commenced by Charles IX, enlarged by Louis XIII, and rebuilt by Louis XV; La Bagatelle, where Mademoiselle Charlaois was fond of living; later it was the house of Comte d'Artois, and finally became the property of Sir Richard Wallace; the Café Madrid, which used to be a chateau, was occupied by François I, and was given by Henri IV to his first wife, Marguerite of Valois. A crenelated tower in the Bois de Boulogne is all that remains of the ancient Abbey of Longchamps, where Henri IV made his headquarters when he was besieging Paris, and whose Abbess capitulated to that gallant King long before he gained the capital. The first balloon ascension was made in the Bois. The old mill, once run by wind power, that is still standing dates from 1648. The Pavillon d'Arménonville, now a popular but expensive restaurant, was built in 1730 as a factory for silk stockings. There is an old cemetery in the Bois, so well hidden, however, that few

persons ever see it; and, it may be added, the park has been the scene of many celebrated duels. Its large cascade and its lakes were not in existence prior to 1858. Of its two thousand acres fully one-half are covered by trees, one-fourth by lawns and meadows, the rest by roads, waters and nurseries. There are more than two thousand wooden seats for those who are tired, also some fifty drinking fountains for man and beast in the Bois de Boulogne.

But after all that is said and done the place is not what the Parisians term *très campagne*, that is to say, is not like real country. It is rather prim and precise, every thing being too much labeled. Still in the season of verdure, when the grass is green, the leaves are out, and the flowers blooming, the *routes*, the *allées* the *sentiers* are alive with people, horses and vehicles. When there is the fresh perfume of woods and blossoms, the music of sighing boughs, the twitter of birds, the murmuring waters and the bounding deer; when Spring has made her toilet to coquette with Summer and even with early Autumn, then there is no Park that will excel the Bois de Boulogne of Paris. Not Hyde Park, most assuredly, so correctly arranged, so proudly freed from all public cabs,

nor even Regent's Park. Not the Prater nor the Thiergarden, nor Central Park; and yet with all its splendour the Bois de Boulogne has been lent to some base uses.

The year before I gave up my residence at Paris the Municipal Council had something like a hundred of its finest trees cut down so as to establish a bicycle course in one of its most charming corners, and that was little less than vandalism. A large part of the Bois is occupied by the Jardin d'Acclimatation, which is not so bad; but the pigeon-shooting grounds, the polo grounds, the two race courses, the cinder-path and grounds for foot-runners, the uncovered riding school, the vélodrome or bicycle park, the training field for cavalry, the milk farm of the Pré-Catelan with its cowstables, the abandoned cemetery, the admirable but private *parc* of Bagatelle, the many drinking and eating places —all these things do not belong in a public garden.

It is true the city makes some money out of all these establishments, save perhaps two or three, still the annual rental paid by the Société d'Encouragement for the use of the hippodrome de Longchamps as a race course is only about $2,400. The Steeplechase society pays only

$2,000 yearly for the grounds it litters near Auteuil; certain refreshment places, of the smaller kind, but which are very numerous, bring in as much as $3,400 per annum; the restaurant of the Grande Cascade pays $1,200, that of Arménonville pays $1,760; the skating pond rents for $3,000; the pavillon Chinois for $3,400; permission to fish brings in $360; the mowing of grass at the Pré-Catelan $3,300; the Jardin d'Acclimatation $200, etc. These revenues offset the expense of keeping up the Bois de Boulogne, it is true, but that is not a sufficient reason for pushing the rage for renting something to somebody to such an extent, and this incomparable promenade might be kept up without having resource to such expedients. The annual cost of the Bois is only a little more than $100,000 and this includes not only the salaries but the uniforming and housing of the park-keepers. As for the Bois de Vincennes it might be put aside as merely a vast training ground, mainly of young soldiers, although it is in parts a beautiful public park.

In the height of the season there is no other place so wide-awake and glorious as the Bois de Boulogne, so full is it of elegance and coquetry, so thoroughly cosmopolitan is it in

all its shade and sunshine. There is a great deal that is natural in that park but nature did not have all to do with its creation. It has often seemed to me as if the Bois were put together, as if it could be taken apart, were it necessary, as if it were washed, varnished and set out every morning for the gratification of human eyes. The birds in the Bois look and sing so differently from other birds that one cannot but think they were wound up at the same hour, that their plumage had been gently dusted, and that they were told to fly off and warble all day long. The sun condescends to lend its aid to make things beautiful, and from early dawn scatters golden rays over the entire scene, puts emerald tints on the trunk of oaks or sycamores, makes masses of thickets luminous with light. The clear waters of the lakes and streams reflect with discernment the equipages and people moving along, or bear on their placid waves an army of well-bred ducks and swans which come to beg for crumbs with all kinds of graceful and bewitching airs. Many of the equipages that pass are emblazoned—liveried driver and footman, harness monogramed or crested—in them loll "daughters of the horse leech," ravishing under their face paintings, or behind

their rosy lips and sparkling eyes. But most of the private carriages carry persons who are altogether *comme il faut*, some being of the highest nobility.

The common people are numerous, however, and these are in public *voitures* which have the right to go wherever the stately landaus or phaetons from the Faubourg Saint Germain, the daumonts of ambassadors, the dog-carts of English swells, or the four-in-hand coaches of American nabobs dare to go It is a constant *frou-frou* of silks and laces, of velvety flesh and discreet laughter, of easy chattering and kindly recognitions, an orgie of colours, a display of aristocratic pride and democratic simplicity, all that elegant side for which Paris is so famous, and much of that wicked side for which the city is so notorious, moving on in three or four rows of carriages close together, to the sound of clamping bits, jingling buckles or trace-chains, as, meanwhile, heads are held high with that satisfied beatitude of riches which can command the luxuries of life, even love itself. From four o'clock till half-past six of every afternoon the allées, the roads and the paths are crowded, but before seven o'clock almost every one is on his or her way back to Paris,

for the dinner hour is near, and we may as well follow the crowd and return also.

Here is the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, incomparable in its width and splendour; here the triumphal arch looms up grandly in the midst of stately mansions. People, still lounging on the iron chairs by the wayside, watch us with curiosity as our carriages rattle down the Avenue of the Champs Élysées, and very likely among those younger girls seated under the trees is some one already dreaming of the future days when she too will be old enough or able to join the throng of pleasure seekers. We see the stone horses of Marly glistening beneath the glints of a setting sun; the obelisk points skyward with all its oriental mysteriousness; the ribbon of the Champs Élysées unfolds with its dull golden-tinged dust; off on the right the Palais Bourbon shows its Grecian outlines; the fountains in the Place de la Concorde are casting up their feathery masses of liquid silver; omnibuses, drawn by three powerful horses abreast and loaded with passengers, rumble through the place; club terraces are filled with gentlemen who smoke and yawn while waiting for their *table d'hôte* dinner, after which they will dash into the gambling rooms, or hurry off

to smoke and yawn elsewhere; shops are brilliant, the sidewalks thronged, and Paris, the smiling, laughing, busy capital, the *ville lumiére*, whose virtues and vices are the envy of all other cities, bursts into a blaze of light, for night has come down.

These two great parks—the Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes—are both excellent in their way, still they would produce only a partial good if vast areas of densely packed streets within Paris were unrelieved by open spots where the air is comparatively pure and free, and where the eye may be refreshed with green at almost every point. Besides the public gardens, the avenues and boulevards are such open spaces for the benefit and enjoyment of Parisians. The great city is pierced in every direction with magnificent wide streets flanked with rows of trees, which relieve man's work in stone with the changeful beauty of foliage. The numerous visitors to Paris see little more than *the* boulevards—that long thoroughfare extending from the Place de la Bastile to La Madeleine which we followed in another chapter, and altogether too many strangers "within the walls" have but a meagre idea of the vast extent of the Paris boulevards in the

outward and less known regions of the capital. The elm-bordered boulevards of Sebastopol and Saint Michel cut through the city from north to south in a straight line, and on their way effectually open up several old quarters; while beyond their outer extremities, and between the fortifications and the central districts, still larger boulevards sweep round, wide enough to be planted with groves of trees, and to prevent overcrowding for all time.

Immediately within the fortifications there is a wide boulevard running completely around the city for many miles, but under various names, while from every circular open space, like the Place du Trône, Place du Trocadéro, Place d'Italie, or Place de l'Étoile, broad tree-planted streets radiate. These boulevards are, generally speaking, so very much alike that to describe them in detail is needless. From house to house they are usually, in the most frequented parts, over one hundred feet wide, occasionally reaching between one hundred and forty and one hundred and sixty feet, even much wider than that in the outer boulevards, which are sometimes large enough for half a dozen lines of trees in addition to very wide footways, two roadways, and a broad central one,

as is the case with the Avenue de la Grande Armée. The footways of the most frequented boulevards are about twenty-six feet wide on each side, and sometimes more.

The Boulevard Beaumarchais is one of the most remarkable in Paris, being more than usually ornamental; it is two thousand yards long, and is in great part built over a canal. The openings into this canal are wired over, and are surrounded by a thick low hedge of close evergreens. Of avenues, however, the largest and most picturesque is the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, leading from the Arc de Triomphe to the Bois. This handsome thoroughfare was formed in order to put the centre of Paris in communication with that park by means of a wide direct road. Half the expense was borne by the State, under the conditions that an iron railing of uniform design was to be constructed along the whole length of the road in front of the private properties, that a strip of eleven yards in breadth be left for a garden between this railing and the private mansions on each side, and, further, that no kind of trade or manufacture should be carried on in any of the houses adjoining. The total length of this avenue is one thousand

four hundred yards and it has a width of one hundred and fifty yards. It consists of a central drive twenty yards in width, of two large sidewalks, each measuring fifteen yards wide, of a wide path, or "Rotten Row," for equestrians, and of two long strips of grass with shrubs and flowers.

Outside of its gardens and parks, the trees of Paris, those which ornament the public thoroughfares alone, number more than one hundred thousand. These are plane trees, elms, lindens, maples, sycamores, poplars, etc., and, as has already observed, the average cost to the city of each of these amounts to $40. Therefore the trees of Paris in the streets—boulevards, avenues and rues—alone are worth $5,000,000. This expense is not at all excessive when compared with the gain to public health. Trees are indispensable to renew the vitiated air of a large city, by absorbing the carbonic acid which they decompose and transform into oxygen. They furnish shade in summer to those who are obliged to circulate in the larger streets; and furthermore, they contribute greatly to the beauty of a place. It is perhaps well to know exactly the cost of all this charming luxury of parks and promenades to the

capital. Without counting the Tuileries and the Luxembourg, both of which belong to the State, and leaving out the "two lungs" of Paris, as the Bois du Boulogne in the West, and the Bois de Vincennes in the East, are justly termed, there exists in the city, under the form of parks, gardens, squares and places, that have grass or shrubbery, a total surface of about seven hundred acres. If we add the two Bois we have a grand total of five thousand acres, laid out and kept up for the good health and great pleasure of Parisians; and all this costs the capital something like $700,000 annually.

CHAPTER XIII.

The paths of knowledge and enlightenment—An institution of incomparable greatness—Over three million printed books in the National Library—Its reading rooms—The hôtel and family of De Nevers—Financial establishments in Paris—The Bank of France—Its governor and board of directors—The annual balance of sheet—A most extraordinary cash box—The Bourse, or stock exchange—Membership limited to sixty brokers—Seats worth over $325,000—The Coulisse, or street board—The Petit Bourse.

Having thus clearly indicated the paths of pleasure, let us now return once more to the paths of knowledge and enlightenment, and thence take in some of the financial and commercial institutions of the capital. An institution of incomparable greatness, one which has long been the admiration of the world, is the National Library at Paris. Since the days of Alexandria there has never been a city on earth where so many works of literature and art were stored in one building as are now in the library of the Rue Richelieu. The Bibliothèque Nationale,

as it is called, after having been successively, and during many years, Bibliothèque Royale and Bibliothèque Imperiale, is situated in the street named in honour of the great cardinal. Charlemagne was the first French monarch who attempted to form a collection of books, and as some of those which belonged to that sovereign are still in the Bibliothèque Nationale, he may justly be looked upon as one of its founders.

After numerous vicissitudes, resulting from the foreign and civil wars of the succeeding centuries, we find a library under Charles V of nine hundred and ten volumes. At the death of François I it had a little more than doubled the number of its volumes. Louis XIV found five thousand works in the Royal Library, and during his long reign added sixty-five thousand more, leaving at his death the richest library in Europe. With the Revolution the library became suddenly enriched with the spoils of the libraries of all the religious houses in France which had been suppressed by the Republicans, and many of its rarest manuscripts and choicest treasures were the result of this measure. To-day the library is no longer able to count its wealth. It is known to have over three million printed books, one hundred thousand manu-

scripts, two million five hundred thousand stamps, engravings and maps, and one hundred and twenty thousand medals or historical inscriptions.

All of this wealth is placed at the free disposal of the public, under certain conditions. For the printed works there are two departments. The public reading room, entrance to which is in the Rue Colbert, where some sixty thousand volumes are placed at the disposal of the general public, is a room capable of accommodating two hundred and fifty readers. This room closes at four o'clock and is open to the public on Sundays. The other department of printed books is the Salle de Travail, or study hall. In order to procure admission to this, a reader's card is needed, but they are not difficult to procure on application to the general manager of the library, after furnishing him with satisfactory evidence that the card is wanted for the purpose of study. Even without a card, a stranger who may desire to consult some work will, on stating the motives of his visit to the librarian in charge of the room, be at once admitted for the day.

The Salle de Travail is a large hall with a lofty roof lighted by nine glass domes and a

window which occupies nearly the whole of one end. The walls are covered with books from floor to ceiling. The floor is carpeted with linoleum, so that the heaviest tread makes no noise. Comfortable arm-chairs and convenient tables and inkstands are at the disposal of the readers in sufficient numbers to accommodate three hundred and fifty at a time. Every printed work in the library, except novels, is at the disposal of the reader, while around the rooms are cases containing some three thousand works of reference which can be used without any formality. Certain books can only be consulted at a special table, under the eye of an official, and on another table lies a very rich collection of the leading periodicals in all languages.

The hours in the Salle de Travail are the same as in the public reading room, but it is not open on Sundays. At three o'clock no more books are given out unless they have been called for before that hour. Five minutes before four o'clock one of the guardians announces in a loud tone: "Gentlemen, the library will close soon," which is the signal for the return of the books and the obtaining of passes for the portfolios, etc., with which nearly every

habitué of the Salle de Travail is pretty certain to be supplied.

The department of engravings and stamps and the collection of geographical charts and maps are also, like the Salle de Travail, on the ground floor. In the former a copy of almost any engraving that has ever been struck in France may be seen arranged and classified in large volumes. Those charts and maps which are at all curious or interesting are arranged in glass cases. These departments, like the gallery of rare manuscripts, are open to the general public twice a week, but readers with tickets to the Salle de Travail are always admitted to them on any day. On the second floor one wing is occupied by a splendid gallery whose decoration dates back to the eighteenth century, and in which, arranged in glass cases, are all the rarest manuscripts in the possession of the library. Although placed here for exhibition, any of them may be called for and examined, or used, under the eye of one of the librarians, in a room specially arranged for the purpose, where there is every accommodation that can be desired for some seventy readers at a time.

The buildings occupied by the National Library became the property of the State in 1721,

when it was purchased after the failure of the notorious "Mississippi" Law. It had been occupied before that failure by the Banque Royale, and prior to its having belonged to that bank it had successively been the Palace of Cardinal Mazarin, the property of the Marquis Mancini and the mansion of the family of De Nevers. It is as the Hôtel de Nevers that it was best known, and the name has clung to the older portion of the building to this day. A strange family were the De Nevers, and the *chroniques scandaleuse* of the eighteenth century are filled with their exploits. One Duchesse de Nevers was made out of La Quinault Dufresne, a *danseuse* of the Opera, who had been successively the mistress of Samuel Bernard, of the Marquis de Nesle, and of Phillippe d' Orleans. It was in this building that the library was permanently located in 1724, and became known as the Bibliothèque du Roi. Then it was only open to the public twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, from nine A. M. till mid-day, and it was not until 1792 that it was opened every day. Before the Revolution the Bibliothèque du Roi was one of the chief curiosities of the capital, and among the souvenirs of the State Department at Washington

may be found Benjamin Franklin's report of his visit to it. Later, in 1776, Franklin was a frequent visitor for the purpose of study. One day at the door he was accosted by a man from Brittany, whose name was Franquelin, and who was armed with family papers which he believed established a relationship between him and the American minister.

The financial establishments are in keeping with the other institutions of the capital, the leading ones being the Bank of France and the Credit Lyonnaise. Mention has elsewhere been made of the latter as being located in the Boulevard des Italiens. The other, the Bank of France, took the place of the Oasis des Comptes Courants, and when Napoleon I established it, he also gave it a home by placing the national building in Paris, known as the Oratoire, as well as the church that formed part of it, at the disposal of the Minister of Finances for a new bank. It did not long remain in such narrow quarters, however, first moving to an old mansion in the Place de Victoires, and when that became too small for its business, the splendid Hôtel de Toulouse was purchased. That mansion is still its home, although it has been necessary to enlarge the

building several times to accommodate the many needs of the bank.

The officials of the institution are a governor and two under governors, all three of whom are lodged in sumptuous apartments within the walls of the bank, their light and fuel being also at the expense of the institution. The Board of Directors is composed of fifteen regents, three censeurs and twelve conseilliers d'escompte. Of all the financial institutions of Europe, the Bank of France is unquestionably the one which enjoys to the largest extent the confidence of the Continental public. The annual balance sheet shows on the average a circulation of $642,000,000 in paper money, payable at sight to bearer; the same balance sheet shows over $300,000,000 in gold and over $260,000,000 in silver, on hand, besides which there is always about $125,000,000 worth of commercial paper on deposit in the bank's vaults and strong boxes. The Bank of France is the only bank in the Republic that may issue paper money.

It will be seen that this institution possesses a cash box such as no other country in the world can show. The amount it had on hand at the time of its last balance sheet was more

THE BOURSE, OR STOCK EXCHANGE.

than the combined accumulations of the banks of England, Germany, Italy and Austro-Hungary at that same period. Is it any wonder, then, that the people of Paris and of the Republic should have confidence in the bank of France, presenting as it does this unheard-of phenomena, which practically seems impossible, that no matter what happens its metallic resources cannot be exhausted? The bank is a private society, it is true, but it is under the guardianship of the State, even while enjoying the management of its own proper interests under its own shareholders. There are more than twenty-six thousand of them, and these delegate their proxies to two hundred of their own number who manage the bank. They elect their own regent, but the State appoints the Governor, who oversees everything. Without his signature the bank of France cannot discount a paper worth even as little as ten dollars. Placed between two powers, the one carrying credit, the other the authority of the Government, the bank can, in moments of great need, furnish the State with a help which all the banks in neighbouring countries combined cannot furnish any other country.

The Paris Bourse, or stock exchange, owns

its own temple of speculation, a massive pile, surrounded exteriorly by sixty-six Corinthian columns, and crowded interiorly by a maddened throng who do all their dealings through sixty brokers. The number of people in one way or another on the Bourse is, possibly, two hundred thousand, but there are only three-score men who hold seats in that famous house. They are known as "agents de change" and have the exclusive privilege of negotiating transfers of public funds and the sole right of buying and selling securities of all kinds. The seat or charge of each agent de change is worth from $325,000 to $360,000; the charge is held for life and can be willed to a son or nephew; but such heir may only become a member of the Bourse by appointment of the President of the Republic.

The Bourse opens at twelve-thirty o'clock noon, and closes at three o'clock every day in the year except on Sundays, New Year's Day, Ascension Day, July 14 (the National holiday), Assumption Day, All Saints Day and Christmas. The building is open to all French citizens in full enjoyment of their civil rights, and to all foreigners; but women, and bankrupts who have not paid their creditors in full,

are not allowed on the floor where transactions are carried on, although they may watch the proceedings from the galleries. Cash sales are usually settled the same day that the order is given. Speculative transactions are spoken of as being *à terme*, and they are always closed at fixed dates, which in nearly all cases, are the fifteenth and last day of the month. Settling day is called *liquidation;* when it falls on a Sunday or legal holiday it is advanced twenty-four hours.

There is another stock exchange, run by what is termed the *coulisse*, where business is conducted in the street, even on the steps and under the portico of the Bourse. There is also a *Petite Bourse* carried on after the regular Bourse has closed, also a *Bourse du Soir*, run in the evening by speculators; these other exchanges are infringements on the monopoly of the agents de change, but they do not find it to their interest to interfere with them. As long as the transactions of the coulissiers are purely speculative, they can get along without the assistance of the agents, but when a cash sale is made, or there is a purchase of *Rentes*, the assistance of an agent de change becomes necessary.

CHAPTER XIV.

A subterranean city beneath Paris—The capital built over a series of chasms—Sewers, catacombs and old stone quarries—Those who are down in the classic under-town—Eight hundred miles of drains—The principle posed by Professor Pasteur—Essential conditions of salubrity—Three main sewers and numerous secondary ones—The Collecteur d'Asnières—That of Marceau and that of du Nord—Siphon under the river—Vegetable gardens of Genevilliers—All telegraph wires and water pipes are in the sewers—How the Paris sewers are constructed—Immense amount of water consumed—The site of Paris, and how the city came up out of it—A visit to the Paris sewers—Banqueting beneath the capital—Miles on miles of catacombs, and over five million human skulls.

Beneath this brilliant, intelligent, hospitable city that we are here dealing with, there is a wonderful subterranean city, and as it is necessary to see everything we will now go down into the sewers and the catacombs. Babylon was a city five times greater than Paris is, but the soil where her ruins lie scattered round about is a perfectly flat plain. If

Paris should happen to tumble into ruins, which I hope may never be, her soil would present the aspect of a corner of earth bristling into mountains of débris, scooped with gulfs. For, besides the several hills on which she so proudly sits, Paris is built over a series of chasms superincumbent or crossing each other. Sewers, catacombs, and old stone quarries form three under-Parisian worlds, unknown, mysterious, terrifying sometimes, and wherein are unfolded a series of scenes that often take on an interest which is both gloomy and fantastic.

Down there live in peace or at war, something after the manner of mankind, an extremely variegated, strange and unexpected fauna, such as rats, cats that have "gone astray," moles, bats, lizards, toads and numerous other things and creatures of the insect, reptile, and animal kingdoms. There are men, too, sewer labourers, city engineers, custom house officers, and vagabonds. Moreover, there are tourists who occasionally promenade in this classic under-town while "studying" Europe; and yet what is the short bit of canalisation shown to them, compared to the eight hundred miles of subterranean drains that are actually underlying the capital? and what is

the short space of prepared "catacombs" exhibited to passing travellers, alongside of the immensity of real catacombs beneath Paris which are never opened to public view? In this lower and obscure city many a being who went down merely to look from curiosity has remained to die, being lost forever in its dark labyrinths.

This immense subterranean Paris is a second city under a capital which all the world admires, and in it, besides the living and the dead creatures, many kinds of apparatus are concentrated. Under gloomy vaults run masses of water pipes, wires for telephones, electric lighting conduits, telegraph lines, pneumatic tubes for working street and office clocks, or for sending written messages, etc. These cross and recross each other, forming thus an enormous network of iron and pottery that is apparently without beginning and without end. Below this net of pipes, tubes and wires, under the arched roofs of big and little sewers, slowly descends a heavy flow of water that has no reflex and is without noise. On the right or on the left side of each of these canals is a *trottoir* or walk, and this labyrinth is, strange to say, as clean as it is mysterious. Indeed, the streets

of Paris themselves, noted the world over for their cleanliness and good condition, are dirty and muddy when compared with most of these underground passages.

The principle posed by the late Professor Pasteur, one of the grandest geniuses and greatest benefactors of the nineteenth century, "Quel que soit l'état de misère physiologique de l'organisme, il ne peut pas créer une maladie; la maladie vient du dehors et est produite par des germes"—is no longer contested in Paris. To guarantee the human body, whether it be robust or weak, it is necessary to get rid of all the pathogenic microbes which swarm in cities, especially in all the material used for living purposes. To do this it is obligatory that these materials must be removed promptly before putrefaction sets in, and this is done, as a rule, by an arrangement of subterranean drains which convey the filth and slops (*ordures*) to a place chosen afar off. This is done more completely and satisfactorily in Paris than it is in any other city, all the underground canals called sewers being transformed into a real tributary, the waters of which, pushed along by machinery invented for that purpose having a drainage toward the sea of one hun-

dred and forty million cubic metres of liquid matter.

In every modern city, no matter where situated or what its size, one of the essential conditions of salubrity is the rapid evacuation of all kinds of débris such as surface waters, household slops, excrementitous matter, dust, etc. This problem, most arduous where there is no sea to help, with its strong flow of tides, in the cleansing work, was one that presented particular difficulties at Paris by reason of its large population, and because of the precautions which had to be taken not to break in on the old galleries that are under so much of the capital. The system of sewers now in general use was planned by Belgrand in 1854, and his "collectors" all empty into the Seine, far down the river. This system, execution of which was begun in 1860, was interrupted by the war of 1870, but it was resumed in 1881, with important improvements and is now universal throughout Paris. In 1895 the galleries of all kinds totalled one million three hundred thousand meters (over eight hundred miles), and the public sewers alone were six hundred miles long. They had much more than doubled inside of twenty-five years, as

they have also been improved in almost every particular. The money devoted to the salubrious work of sewerage during this short period has amounted to about eleven million of dollars, not including certain accessory expenses and wages shared with the Water Department of the French capital.

This evacuation system of Paris is composed of three general collectors and an ensemble of secondary collectors which carry off all the waters coming from tributary galleries. The first general collector at the right hand side of the river, and known as the Collecteur d'Asnières[1] follows the line of the quays, or river embankments, from the arsenal basin to the Place de la Concorde, which it crosses, goes up the Rue Royale and the Boulevard Malesherbes, passes, subterranean, under the hill of Monceau, follows the road to Asnières and empties into the Seine at the village of Clichy, a distance of seven miles from its starting point. The *cunette* or canal of the main sewer is eleven feet four inches wide by four feet four inches in depth, and its vaulted roof is formed of a demi-ellipse, the grand axis of

[1] This great conduct can be compared only to the Cloaca Maxima of Ancient Rome.

which, situated at one metre and five centimetres above the "banquettes" is five metres and sixty centimetres, or say eighteen feet and two inches, and the small axis is at two metres. These banquettes, or sidings are ninety centimetres wide.

The second collector or main sewer is on the left side of the river and is called the Collecteur Marceau. It leaves the Boulevard Saint Marcel, follows the Rue Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, where it receives the waters of the Bièvre, the Rue de Jussieu, the Rue des Écoles, Rue Monge, Boulevards St. Germain and St. Michel, line of the quays, passes by siphon under the Seine,[1] and by subterranean passage under the Avenue Marceau, the Place de l'Étoile (Arc de Triomphe), Avenue Wagram, Rue de Courcelles, Place Perière, and,

[1] The siphon under the river at the Pont de l'Alma is composed of two sheet iron tubes, each one metre (thirty-nine inches) in diameter interiorly, and the rivets and holes holding these irons together are finished so as to make them perfectly smooth. At the bottom of the Seine these two tubes are laid on a bed of concrete forty centimetres (fifteen and three fourth inches) thick, and they are also covered with a heavy coating of this same material.

after leaving Paris, goes under the streets in Levallois Perret to discharge finally into the Collecteur d'Asnières a little above the latter's mouth. Meanwhile it gathers in the waters of a surface of two thousand three hundred and four hectares on the left side of the river and of eight hundred and five hectares on the right, or in all about six thousand two hundred and fifty acres as against five thousand three hundred acres drained by the other main already mentioned. The length of this second one is also about seven miles.

Finally we have the Collecteur du Nord the purpose of which was to give a flow to the waters of the hills on the right side of the Seine which often descends in torrents and inundates large parts of the ninth, tenth and eleventh wards. This main sewer departs from the cemetery of Père La Chaise, follows the exterior boulevard (turning the Buttes Chaumont), and the Rue d'Allemagne, crosses the canal and a part of La Vilette and of La Chapelle, leaves the city by the Porte de la Chapelle and goes toward Saint Denis where it empties into the River Seine. But this result is not true of the present moment. Now its waters are almost all carried off by a gallery of derivation that conducts

them to Genevilliers.[1] The length of this northern main inside and outside of the city is over seven miles and a half. These three mains, whose combined length is therefore more than twenty-one miles, are by no means the only main sewers, as we understand the expression, in Paris, for they are fed by seventeen secondary ones which themselves receive the waters of other mains that connect with the different

[1] Irrigation of the lands near Genevilliers commenced in 1872. The sewage used comes from different collectors. That part of it from the great collecting sewer of the north is taken just before it reaches the river, carried across by means of one of the bridges and conveyed thence by trenches. Being drawn from the hilly parts of Paris, it is able to follow naturally the slope of the ground to its destination. The part of it taken from the Asnières collector, on the contrary, has to be raised at Clichy into a sort of gallery or reservoir, whence it is taken in a cast-iron conduit three feet seven inches in diameter and conveyed across the river at the Pont de Clichy. It passes under the sidewalks of the bridge and empties its contents into a conduit of masonry, which conveys it to the irrigated lands. Arriving at its destination, it is elaborately distributed over the plain by a network of ditches. The water, having deposited its fertilizing matter, is carried off into the Seine by a complicated system of drainage pipes which have an aggregate length of nearly five miles. The amount of land irrigated had increased

quarters where smaller galleries run their course.

Another thing, these inferior mains, also hold the water pipes, and besides they contain all the arteries for telephonic and telegraphic correspondence, the pneumatic tubes, by means of which written messages are sent, the pipes for compressed air that move the hands of public clocks in the thoroughfares of Paris, etc. The great advantage which the system has over that in other cities will be recognised at once; it does away with aerian lines of wires for the transmission of electricity and thus the danger; in case of storms, the breaking of wires, the

from one hundred and twenty-eight acres in 1872 to sixteen hundred and thirty acres at the end of 1890. The ground rent had increased during the same time from $18 to $30 the hectare, two and one-half acres, up to as high as $2,400 the hectare, and some land has been sold as high as $4,500 the hectare. The product per hectare has been forty thousand heads of cabbage, or sixty thousand artichokes, or two hundred thousand pounds of beets, while eight hundred cows have been nourished by the aid of the herbs and plants irrigated. The report of the engineers say that from the standpoint of health the irrigated lands leave nothing to be desired. Cultivators who came to rent the land increased the population of Genevilliers thirty-four per cent from 1874 to 1890.

inconveniences due to vibration, etc., is almost wholly escaped.

The manner of constructing these Paris sewers is easily explained. Formerly the foundation was made of blocks of stone. Now the ground is carefully prepared and there is laid on it a thick layer of concrete, like that used in paving the streets, as a bed for the stone, wood or asphalt. On this reposes the massive masonry which forms the sewer. Every collecting sewer is supposed to comprise two parts; the *cunette* to which the water is confined in dry weather, and the gallery—that is all the rest of the sewer, which is made large enough to permit the working men to circulate freely. The small sewers connecting with the houses or the sidewalks and gutters are also called galleries. Some of the smaller sewers have *cunettes*, the water flowing along the curved bottom. The curving bottom, even for the *cunettes*, is preferred by the engineers as tending to greater cleanliness, especially when the flow is slight, the stream being always kept in the middle and all impurities tending toward it. The ovoid form is everywhere acknowledged to be the strongest, and is almost universal in all the smaller sewers recently constructed. Formerly

cut stone was entirely used. Then the lower part of the sewer (*cunette*) and part of the walls of the gallery were made of cut stone and the upper part of the gallery of the light and porous meulière, filled in with hydraulic lime made into a concrete. To render the inner surface as smooth as possible it is usually covered with a coating of hydraulic lime. The general collector, that has been compared to the ancient *Cloaca Maxima*, was thus built of stone set in hydraulic cement, except where it was constructed by tunneling, where ordinary cement was substituted.

All the sewers of the Paris system are divided into fifteen classes the dimensions of which vary from those of the great Collecteur d'Asnières, and which is known as class number one, to ovidal sewers two metres thirty centimetres high, and one metre thirty centimetres wide at the widest point, known as class number fifteen, and which connect each house with the main sewers. These are cut off from the house by means of an iron grating fastened by two different locks, the key of one being in the possession of the city authorities, the other in the hands of the owner of the building, and about every one hundred and sixty-five feet there is a

chiminée de descent, or manhole. As is well known, the usefulness of sewers does not consist merely in letting detritus run into them from kitchen tanks, closets, and other places, for such "drippings" would soon choke up the flow of waters if they were left to settle at the bottom of the canals, hence a constant working of them is absolutely necessary. In Paris this is called the *curage*, that is to say, the action of cleansing, and the importance of this work will be recognised when it is recalled that the actual development of the galleries to be kept cleaned reaches the formidable figure of eight hundred miles in total length. The *curage* is accomplished by an ingenious arrangement called a *bateau-vanne*, and these are boats or carts, at the front of each of which is fixed a shield having the exact dimensions and shape of that portion of the sewer through which the water flows. The shields or flood-gates are pierced with holes large enough to permit water to force itself through, but small enough to check more solid matter, and as the boats go down stream in the canals all solid accumulations are pushed along in front of the *vanne*.

It may be stated *en passant* that it is on these boats that visitors are taken through a small

part of the Paris sewers. Boats are used in the main conductors; in the smaller ones the work is done by cars running on rails set on each side the canal, and which of course are also supplied with *vannes*. In the smallest sewers all the cleansing process is accomplished by men, who, wearing stout leather boots, with leggings that come up to the thigh, and armed with brooms, sweep them out at frequent intervals. In the "mains" that have a *cunette* depth of three metres fifty centimetres and a width of two metres twenty centimetres, boats are used, while in those where the *cunettes* are no more than thirty centimetres to one metre twenty centimetres, rails are laid down on which trucks roll or wagons circulate. The flood-gates in the front part of the boats or carts are lowered into the current, and the body of water which forms before them makes an energetic wash when the vehicles move quickly. A great deal of sand gets into the Paris sewers. The streets are being constantly strewn with sand and gravel as protection for horses' hoofs against slipping, and most of this sand finds its way into the sewers. But it is not difficult to get rid of it as it is all pushed forward with the boat or wagon. The quantity of sand has greatly

diminished, however, since the introduction of wooden pavements. Moreover of recent years, it has been customary to supply certain sewer mouths with sheet iron baskets pierced with holes intended to let the water through but which are fine enough to catch the roadway sand, all manure, the vegetable detritus of the Halles Centrales or other large markets, etc., etc. As all the different galleries are easy of access to men, boats and cars, as the mechanical means are as simple as they are effective, and as the mouths or emptying ends of the collectors are large enough, a continuous movement of the fluid and materials in the Canals is insured throughout the entire system, and stagnation, always fatally accompanied by fermentation and infection, is completely guarded against.

The amount of water consumed by the city of Paris and the people is immense. The streets are washed daily through a great part of the year. The public fountains are innumerable. There were formerly numerous springs in the hillsides, and there are also two streams of importance—the creek Menilmontant and the brook of the Bièvre. This last rises in a pond, not a great distance from Versailles and enters Paris at Gentilly on the south

side. It is twenty-six miles long. When swollen by rains it is the means of conveying a considerable amount of water into the collecting sewer that is obliged to receive it. This stream is walled for a part of its course within the city. In some places, it is covered, while elsewhere, for a short distance, it flows between natural banks. The Menilmontant, which has lost most of its original volume, was also gradually turned into a collecting sewer.

The only large area of the city which cannot be conveniently drained into the Collector Menilmontant, the Collector Marceau or the Collector Asnières, all of which are finally admitted into one sewer and empty into the river near Asnières, is the Northeastern district, whose drainage is collected into an independent collecting sewer that empties into the Seine near St. Denis. To give an idea of the quantity of water which these sewers receive I will state here that between the River Seine and the Place Perière the Collecteur Marceau carries an average of one hundred and ten thousand cubic metres. Of course this amount is considerably increased during rain storms, and sometimes the waters rise up to the summit of the arch. On these occasions the main

sewer leading to Asnières empties more than twenty-five cubic metres every second. The flow varies according to time of year and time of day or night. It reaches its average maximum at six o'clock in the evening, and it descends to the minimum about four o'clock in the morning. It is evident that these variations depend largely on the habits of domestic life, and at certain hours some of the lesser sewers are quite empty of water.

Until the year 1882 only the water of the sewers was used for sewer purposes, but in that year the city authorities began to substitute purer water for the dirty sluices, this by establishing reservoirs of from eight to ten cubic metres capacity in the sewers. Indeed no sewers are built now in Paris but which are supplied with these reservoirs, and they have also been placed in nearly all the old ones. They are placed, now at the point of depart of a sewer, now at its highest point, now at the top of a sewer which has two branches, and now at the crossing of the galleries, so that it can be made to flow in two directions. These reservoirs are filled sufficiently often to give two or three cleansings daily, and this cleansing and keeping in repair of the Paris sewers costs about $480,000 annually.

The laying out of the principal subterranean arteries provided for by this system of canalisation had to be determined by the shape and nature of the soil, therefore it is well to know something of the configuration of Paris. The city occupies a broad deep basin,[1] nearly five miles in breadth from North to South and extending about eight miles along both banks of the River Seine from the East westward. On all sides are hills, woods and farming suburban lands that slope toward the town, and from any of these overlooking eminences a splendid view is obtained of the beautiful capital. And especially grand this urban panorama when seen from the top of Montmartre, from the heights of the Buttes Chaumont, or, better still, perhaps, from the colline of St. Cloud and its adjacent hill of Meudon. On the right bank of the river the heights of Belleville, at the extreme East of town, form, between the Faubourg St. Antoine and that of the Temple, a hilly chain of some relief which, from the barrier of Amandiers, dies off at the bottom of the Rue Meslay, the *buttes* of the Bonne Nouvelle and

[1] "Le basin de Paris est le *centre attractiff*, comme le plateau central est le *centre repulsif*," says M. de Beaumont in his "Description Geologique de la France."

of the Moulins being, so to speak, the last ripples. To the Southeast of these *montacles*, and extending toward the river, is a wide plain forming the Faubourg St. Antoine, and the Marais. To the Northeast, at the foot of the Buttes Chaumont and the Hill of Montmartre, there opens a valley which spreads to the River Seine. On the West the hillock Beaujon and that of Chaillot, prolongation of the Buttes Montmartre (from which they are separated by the Plain of Monceau), closes this dingle.

The left side of the city is divided by the mountain or hill of Sainte Geneviève and the smaller hill on which stands the Church of Saint Germain des Près into three such dales or valleys. The creek called Bièvre, elsewhere spoken of as famous for its tanneries, and where the best French kip and other fine leathers are made, flows at the bottom of one of these valleys.

Another thing, Paris, with all its splendid monuments, has come up, almost entirely out of its own site. When constructing the earth, or when re-forming it, the Supreme Architect of the Universe put a profusion of different and excellent building materials in the ground where Paris now stands, and in the subsequent

epoch, when a city started into existence, man had only to stretch forth his hands and dig up all that was wanted to make the town. Here was rock for massive buildings; there a stone of finer grain, which would receive the most delicate sculpture on its face; further on a heavier sort that would do for rubble work, while next to it was a kind of millstone which makes the best of foundations, walls and arches; near by was sandstone for street pavements; and finally there were hard flint rocks with which to strew the roads.

It was because so much of this stone was used in building the old Paris of ages gone that modern Paris now stands, so to speak, over the gulfs and chasms thus excavated. All the stone quarries which furnished material for the construction of the city during twenty centuries are now within the walls of Paris. Those immense excavations, from whence millions of tons of building stones were dug during almost countless years are beneath the city now. These are enormous openings; in numerous places they are two stories high; gulf on gulf. The Luxembourg palace with its splendid park, the Observatory, the Panthéon, the Théâtre de l'Odéon—churches, houses, streets, gardens, etc.,

all stand on and above the tremendous gulfs of the long-since abandoned stone-pits and quarries which to-day are spoken of, and visited as the Paris catacombs.

It has already been declared that the cleanest city in the world is also attractive and clean underneath its cellars. The visit made to the sewers of Paris by Bruneseau, as told by Victor Hugo, was "a nocturnal battle against the pest and asphyxia," but there is nothing of that sort in the subterranean capital now-a-days. The sewer sidewalks are clean, there are no stagnant germs to destroy human health and there are electric lights, oil lamps and coloured lanterns to illume the subterranean town. Moreover there is an army of labourers clad in white, and there are open cars with brass finishings, boats that float on a sort of Stygian stream, with endless tunnels reaching away in every direction. Once upon a time the Paris Press, always prompt and earnest in works of charity, organised a fête for the benefit of sufferers by a terrible calamity in a foreign but neighbouring state, and the programme included a visit to the sewers, or, as the wits expressed it, "an excursion into the land of rats."

We assembled in a tent on the square close

by the Church of the Madeleine, where there is a flower market every Tuesday and Friday, and there we descended by a winding flight of stone steps, in groups of ten at a time, down into a main sewer, that of the Collecteur d'Asnières. Usually when people are taken through these subterranean canals the guides carry a few torches and nothing is seen except what is included within the zone of that rather uncertain light. But on this particular afternoon the entire length of the sewers visited was brilliantly and gaily illuminated. Chinese lanterns hung in festoons from vaulted roofs, and vines of electric flowers sparkled along the side walls. At frequent intervals stood men, statue-like holding lighted torches, while coloured fires floated here and there in the waters of the galleries. It was a wonderful sight in all particulars, and as we passed through the strangely brilliant underworld the rumbling of wheels and the sounds of the city was dimly heard, but it was not a noise of overhead, it seemed to come from around and under us. In places we could see ahead for several hundred yards while we could look back, into the shining colours, quite as far. Then when we came to junctions our eyes were interested in four or

five different directions almost simultaneously. There were no such smells as might be imagined of a sewer, but there was excessive dampness. It could be seen as well as felt; the walls and ceilings were literally dripping with the moisture that was being generated by the unusual warmth produced by so many lights. At our feet, between banks of solid masonry, flowed a sluggish stream and along each bank there ran level ways that seemed like sidewalks. Over these, but close to the walls, were earthen and iron pipes strung on stout hooks. The largest cast-iron pipes were conduits bringing pure water into the city above for drinking and domestic purposes. The telegraph and telephone wires were of copper, insulated, and enclosed in leaden pipes, but the pneumatic tubes were of cast iron, etc.

Floating on the surface of this Styx were a number of flat-bottomed boats, on which we were invited to take seats, and when we had done so a burst of music suddenly filled the tunnel world about us. It was more than an excellent melody of sounds, it was the tuned outburst of joyous welcome from the band of the Garde Republicaine. The music sounded well, although now and then, in the louder

parts some weird echoes were awakened. The band was on a barge some distance ahead of us, and when all of us had embarked it led the way. Each boat was towed against the slow current by ten men wearing white canvas blouses and overalls, who walked at a brisk pace along the banks. When we reached the "Station" under the Place de la Concorde, we got out of the boats and clambered on to cars that ran into another sewer. This sewer was beneath the Rue de Rivoli, and as we ascended it we came every now and then to still smaller ones, at the entrance to each of which was a name—Rue Cambon, Rue de la Paix, etc.,—a duplicate of that of the streets under which these sewers passed. The collector of the Rue de Rivoli was not only as brilliantly illuminated as the first one entered, but each of these smaller conduits were hung with coloured lights. The effect was quite picturesque, especially so at points where cascades of water were flowing down from the streets above through the grated inlets. And meanwhile all kinds of garbage and refuse was floating in the black water under us, but so well ventilated are these subterranean galleries that no disagreeable odour was encountered anywhere.

By and by we reached a point where several sewers met, and here we found the walls decorated with trophies formed by the tools used in caring for this underworld. There were flags, too, moreover the place was brilliantly illuminated, and here a banquet was given. On a number of small tables was food and wine, hot coffee, cigars, and fine liqueurs. The food consisted mainly of cooked vegetables: carrots, potatoes, peas, and beans, which had all been grown at Gennevilliers, on a tract of land which, until it had been richly irrigated with waters from the Paris sewers was a barren waste. Then, when we had finished our feast, cigars were lighted, we got on to the cars again and bade good-bye to the Place de la Châtelet. Now our course ran under the Boulevard Sebastopol and the Boulevard du Strasbourg, until finally we came to a place near the railway station known as the Gare de l'Est and there, almost in front of the Church of Saint Laurent, we came up into the city once more. Meanwhile, we had passed under many of the most busy thoroughfares of Paris, including that of the Boulevard St. Denis, or rather where that boulevard and that of St. Martin join, and in all, from the Madeleine to Saint

Laurent, we had travelled for at least five miles in the galleries of the Paris *égouts*.

On another occasion, the writer went down into the sewers disguised as a workman employed by the city, wearing a large pair of rubber boots, some old cotton trousers and a white blouse, and carrying a rather heavy lantern. We should have been lost without our lanterns, for the openings connected with the gutters above let in but a feeble glimmer, and even with lighted lamps our way was rather dim. The ledge or sidewalk is safe enough, but we had to look out and not hit our heads against the pipes, especially the water mains of which there are nearly always two. One of these is for the water of the river Seine, the other is the conduit of pure water from distant streams and springs that serves for household purposes. Generally the Seine water is used only for street sprinkling, for washing the street pavements, for supplying the many fountains and establishments where steam is used; but sometimes, when the season is excessively dry, there is not enough pure water and then the Seine water is turned on temporarily. It is full of germs, but when boiled and filtered, is as healthy and wholesome as need be. Gas mains

are never placed in Paris sewers, and there are several reasons for this. The one given to the public is that the rusting and leaking would render access to them both difficult and dangerous. The real reason, however, lies in the fear of Communism. In case of a "Revolution" or uprising, the Communists would in all probability be in possession of some locality, and so have access to the sewers. It would not be difficult for them to descend into the sewers and blow up the gas mains.

Carrying our share of light, we were in the subterranean place of existence of scores of workmen during four hours of time, and not for a single minute were we inconvenienced in the least. Now and then we heard a sharp rattling noise overhead which made us start, and wonder, at first, what it was, but the foreman explained the sound as that of a pneumatic message on its hurrying way to or from some post or telegraph office. Now and then we realised ourselves in the "land of rats," for multitudes of rodents were cornered at the extremity of a short gallery, whence they escaped by running over our feet and into other sewers. During all this time we perceived no bad smells, but the water was dark and greasy. So clean are

the sewers kept, and so thoroughly ventilated, that the mortality among the thousand workmen who spend most of their lives in them is about the same as that of the same number who follow trades above ground. Many of these fellows are old men who have never done any other kind of work; they labour in the sewers until they die of old age or are pensioned off.

During the cholera visitation to Paris, in 1884, three of the nine hundred and odd sewer workmen died, a percentage in excess of the deaths among the general population, but this is the one exception. There is, however, reason to doubt the claim that those who work down in the Paris sewers are more healthy, or longer lived than other labourers. Nearly always under the earth, and working under conditions which certainly are at the best unsuited to excellent health, these men would naturally be exposed to rheumatism, sciatica, typhus, injury of the digestive organs, lung troubles, asphyxia from explosions of sewer gas, etc. There are numerous other contingencies to be considered, also the sore feet and legs caused by the boots which the men must wear. They have water in their boots nearly all the time they are below; this macerates the skin of their feet so that it rubs

off easily and the ills which follow can be imagined. Their work, which is always terribly fatiguing, continues during ten successive hours, for the labourers are not permitted to "knock off" at noon to "casser la croute," as a bite to eat is called, for more than fifteen minutes. The time they are employed is therefore maximum, but the pay, alas! is only minimum, ranging from twenty-five dollars a month for the beginners (*stagiaires*) to thirty-seven dollars for the experienced first-class foremen.

Undoubtedly the Paris sewers are monumental, but for that matter everything in the way of stonework in and about the city is monumental; whether it is stone pavements, quays, fountains, sewers or public buildings. Masonry is laid in a solid and finished way, not for the present only, but for all time. The sewers constructed since the beginning of the nineteenth century are of the same substantial character, although they are not in form equal to present requirements, being often too low and narrow to be convenient. They have been designed with a view to their being entered and kept perfectly clean, the rule applying not only to the great collectors, and sewers of medium size, but to every lateral sewer con-

necting a private house with the main conduit of the street. A man must be able to stand erect in them, must have room to move freely and sufficient space to manipulate his tools or machinery without inconvenience. When there is not water enough in the sewers to permit of their being easily cleansed water is introduced from the Canal Saint Martin, or, in places difficult to reach, is drawn from hydrants connecting with the great supply from the Seine. Gates are used to stop the flow and force forward the deposit, whether of sand or ordinary sewage, some of which are simply held in the hand, others attached to a sort of wheelbarrow while the larger are manipulated by means of boats and carts as already described.

It having been found difficult or almost impossible to force all the sand and sewage forward by means of the gate-cars and gate-boats to the point where the great sewers empty into the Seine, it has been found necessary to construct at certain points two parallel basins to assist in removing the excess which accumulates naturally as it is forced down stream. To avoid the necessity of transporting this offensive matter through the streets, these basins have been generally constructed near the Seine or

the Canal Saint Martin, whence it can be transferred directly to boats. If taken from basins at a distance from the river, it is placed in dumping-cars that can be run to the place of embarkation on the rails which serve for the gate-boats.

The freshets to which the Seine is liable are a great inconvenience to the sewers, if they are abnormal. One that occurred in 1882 began the fifteenth of November and lasted till the eighteenth of January—more than two months. This half filled the channel portion of some of the great sewers—the part called *cunettes*—with sand, on which was deposited a layer of mud that covered the sidewalks of the sewers to a depth of from eight to sixteen inches. It took two months to remove this deposit. Nearly all the great collectors suffered at the same time, but especially those near the Seine, while fifty miles of smaller sewers were more or less encumbered.

To prevent the damage caused by freshets it was proposed to close the openings which admit the waters of the Seine. If there was usually too much water in the lower part of the course of the great collecting sewers, in their upper part there was hardly enough to keep them

clean. This was always true of the St. Denis collector, which it was proposed to extend so as to take a part of the excess of that of the Hill-sides. To facilitate the cleaning of the sewers it is thought desirable by the engineers that reservoirs of clean water should be constructed in all places where the state of the sewers seems to demand this relief. The number that they have fixed on as necessary is nearly three thousand. There is always difficuly in keeping clean the smaller sewers which receive only the drainage of a few-houses. Fortunately in this case there is not much to remove, and if a hydrant has been introduced into the sewer it is sufficient. A sewer that has a small natural stream flowing through it, needs less attention. In some cases the water from one sewer, which has an ample supply, may be turned into the upper part of another. In others a gate or other obstruction may be used for storing up the regular flow until there is enough to cleanse the regular sewer for some distance below. Several of the gates in use, either attached to cars or boats, are capable of retaining one hundred cubic metres of water each, which can be set flowing at a given moment. In this case there is a difficulty, the sewage accumulating

to a certain extent in the parts below left dry by the temporary stoppage. The Paris engineers have made exceedingly minute observations on the matter to be extracted from the sewers, the manner of doing it and the cost. The trouble and expense attending the removal of sand makes it desirable that as little as possible should find its way into the sewers.

As far as the sewers are concerned wood or asphalt pavements are preferable to stone blocks, which are laid, usually, in a bed of sand. When the Avenue des Champs Élysées was paved with stone, there was removed every year from the sewer under it twelve hundred cubic metres of sand. Since it has been paved with wood, the amount removed annually never exceeds one hundred and fifty cubic metres. To diminish the quantity of sand falling into the sewers receptacles shaped like a basket are placed immediately under the openings at the curbstones by which the wash enters from the street. These retain the solid matter, allowing the water to pass. They are removed at intervals by the manholes and carried off on wagons to the suburbs. It is not considered entirely safe to leave the workmen in the sewers without taking certain precautions. The principal

danger is of their being flooded by a sudden storm, in which case the sidewalks would be quickly covered, and the water, perhaps, nearly fill the sewer. To avoid accidents, watchmen are placed at intervals at the manholes to warn their comrades. Similar precautions are taken in Summer on the days when the route between the Madeleine and the Place du Châtelet, by the Rue de Rivoli, is given up to excursionists. Strangers passing by the Place de la Concorde, at the corner of the Tuileries Garden, may have noticed a man on guard at a subterranean stairway. It is the junction of the Rue Royale and the Rue de Rivoli, where the change is made from cars to boats, or vice versa, and, if anything specially unexpected happens, either above or under ground, measures may be taken to meet the emergency.

The cost of every branch of the service is calculated by the engineers with scrupulous exactitude. A gate-boat is said to cost in the largest collectors forty cents an hour. In those of secondary importance, thirty cents an hour. The speed of gate-boats and gate-cars varies according to the accumulation of sand and sewage. In the Asnières collector the cost per kilometer is estimated at fifteen dollars. The

cost for the same distance in those who have boats a little smaller and in those that employ gate-cars is from five to six dollars. Regarded from the standpoint of quantity, it costs in the Asnières collector twenty-one cents to push a cubic metre of sand one kilometer, in the Marceau collector, eight cents; in the collectors that follow the banks of the Seine, forty cents, and in those which have gate-cars nearly four times that sum.

The more perfect the channel (*cunette*) of the sewer, that is, the trench at the bottom of the gallery, to which the water is ordinarily confined, the more easily it is kept clean; because the sand and sewage do not easily attach themselves to the bottom and sides. Sand is deposited in greater or less quantities according to the velocity of the current. To entirely prevent its deposit a velocity of one metre per second is deemed necessary. A bank of sand travels down a sewer very slowly. Taken at the Rue du Faubourg du Temple it requires ten days for it to reach the Asnières collector by gate-cars and thirty more to traverse the remaining distance from that point to where the collector empties into the Seine. The entire distance is from seven to eight miles. Of

course all the intervening accumulations are carried on with it.

If I were writing a history of the sewerage of Paris instead of a description of that system as it now is I should of course feel compelled to give quotations from dusty old documents, and make display of gathered up official information on the subject. That is not necessary, however, and we may only briefly make mention of the many centuries which have already gone something in this way. So long as the city was only surrounded by fortifications on the South the water from the Faubourg St. Germain followed the inclinations of the ground to the Bièvre. When the city was entirely surrounded by a ditch, in 1356, under King John, the water from the same locality was conducted into the ditch and fell into the Seine below the Palais des Arts. The city was then small, and the place where the Seine received the drainage of the left bank spoken of was opposite the Tuileries. On the other and more populous side of the city, the water coming from the Butte Montmartre, the most considerable elevation in Paris, and from the slopes of the hills extending round the North and Northeastern sides of the city, fell into a

creek called the Menilmontant. This was partly enclosed in the reign of Charles VI and, in time, covered entirely. It was the first sewer covered in Paris. The walls of the sewers were then, and for a long time afterward, perpendicular. Most of the sewers were still open, and, as the inclination was slight, they were exceedingly offensive, especially that passing near the Palace of Tournelles, which occupied what is now the Place Royale, between the Place Royale and the Louvre. Louis XII, who occupied this palace, complained of the odours, but, for reasons unexplained, nothing was done to remedy the evil. His successor, François I, unable to endure the nearness of the open sewer, built the Palace of the Tuileries a quarter of a mile further down the Seine.

Things remained in this condition for nearly a hundred years when the sewer of Ponceau was covered by Francis Miron, prevost of the merchants, at his own expense. It was not so thoroughly done as to confine the odours and five years later (1610) Marie de Medicis charged the treasurer of France to see that it was thoroughly cleaned. During the reign of Louis XIV the total covered sewers were six thousand

two hundred and forty-two feet, which was increased shortly afterward to twenty-four thousand seven hundred and twenty feet, or nearly five miles. The sewer that inclosed the Menilmontant creek was not entirely closed until 1740. Gutters or drains were still to be seen in Paris fifty years ago in the middle of the street. There were few changes in the sewers during the last half of the eighteenth century. At the beginning of the nineteenth century about ten miles had been covered, an aggregate which was increased to twenty miles in 1835. In 1856 there were over one hundred miles.

During the Revolution and the early years of the reign of Napoleon, the sewers were almost forgotten and some of them became so filled up as to be unserviceable. When Napoleon reached Paris in 1806 the Secretary of the Interior informed him that a man named Bruneseau had visited the Ponceau sewer (Rue Veille du Temple), which had been covered in 1650, and also the great collector, Menilmontant, vaulted in 1740. The exploration, which was really that of an unknown world, was accomplished in the face of many dangers, of asphyxiation, of being smothered in filth, of being

caught and imprisoned in places whence escape would have been impossible. Public attention being called to the subject, some effort was made at improvement, but as all the money that the country could raise was needed for military purposes, from 1806 to 1812 only a little over three miles of new sewers, or open sewers covered, were added. In 1832 came the cholera, which decimated Paris. Its ravages were attributed to the open drains and sewers, and the filthy condition of those already vaulted. Louis XVIII added nearly four miles, and Charles IX, during his short reign, nearly five miles as a result of the alarm caused by the epidemic. Louis Philippe, a public-spirited king, built about sixty miles, and the Republic of 1848, though it lasted less than two years, added to this nearly fifteen miles. What has been done since then has already been indicated. It is hardly probable that any other city in the world will ever have a sewerage system more efficient than the capital, and yet, the total amount of money expended in the repair, construction and cleansing of all the *égouts* of Paris during the past twenty-five or thirty years does not exceed $15,000,000, not including certain expenses which had to be

shared with the Water Department. The French have a way of referring to all large appropriations, whether National or Municipal, as *la danse des millions*; but they do not complain on account of the size of these budgets so long as the expense is legitimate.

In another part of underground Paris there are twice as many human skulls collected in galleries as there are human souls in the capital itself. There are miles and miles of these catacombs, and the bones of millions of persons are in them. These subterranean galleries used to be rock quarries and time was when they were in the suburbs. The city grew, suburbs were built over imperceptibly, and much of what is now within the ancient limits is really wanting in solid foundation. In 1785 the city cemeteries were so full it was suggested the mouldering bones should be removed to the old quarries, especially from the cemetery of the Church of the Innocents. During more than five centuries this cemetery was the burial ground of the commercial classes, who inhabited the central quarters of the capital. In summer it was unhealthy, owing to the putrid exhalations which emanated therefrom and formed the germ of epidemics, while the ground had become so

thoroughly impregnated with corpses that it was soft, unctuous and pulpy with decomposing matter. Before that, however, vast quantities of bones had been transported to an open place where there were stores in which perfumes and the latest fashions were sold, and where, when dusk began to fall, fops and dandies went to flirt over the counter with shopgirls. When this place was closed by the decree of the Convention of 1793, more than four million corpses were interred under its sod. Soon a portion of the ground was allotted for building purposes, the work of digging up coffins commenced, and within less than two years two million skeletons were removed to the catacombs.

But the cemetery itself was far from cleared by this wholesale exhumation, and, in 1851, when the municipality resolved to build the present central markets, tumbrils were filled for week after week with the bones of the dead. Crowds used to congregate daily to witness the odd sight of skeletons being dug up by the thousands, and many valuables were brought to light which went to enrich the Museums of the Louvre and Cluny, also the Artillery Museum at the Invalides. But although thousands of skeletons were then unearthed the old

ground has by no means restored all its dead, and underneath, and in many cellars, between the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue Montmartre skulls are still to be found without digging very deep.

In 1860 a large grave for two thousand corpses was being dug near the street of La Lingerie when the houses of that street nearly tumbled down and public health suffered. It was then decided to suppress the old cemeteries and transfer the numerous bones that they contained to the forsaken quarries situated under the plain of Montsouris, and these soon took on the rank of an underground necropolis.

The removal of the remains continued during fifteen months, and the bones which now form the heaps of these quarries are reckoned as representing about six million bodies. It was the original plan that the bones should be placed in regular rows, with appropriate inscriptions, serving as lessons, to the living. The skulls—there are more than five million by actual count—are placed in conjunction with the leg and arm bones in a manner that has a striking appearance. The different parts of the catacombs are named, with strange incongruity, after the purport of the inscription

which was placed there, or from the name of its author. Virgil, Ovid and Anacreon have each their crypts, as well as the prophets Jeremiah and Ezekiel, while Hervey, the author of "Meditations," takes his place with Horace, Mâlesherbes and Jean Jacques Rousseau.

A journey through these catacombs takes several hours ; it is very tedious and the damp, cold air is often attended with unwholesome effects. Not a few travellers have afterwards suffered from rheumatisms and coughs which they had brought up with them from those gypsum beds called catacombs, which now contain all the visible remains of human creatures that have filled the burial places within Paris for at least a thousand years. These visits began during the First Empire and they have ever since continued. The principal entrance is near the Gate d'Enfer, and before crossing the threshold of a heavy door that leads to a narrow and slippery staircase every visitor receives a candle, which he or she holds in the hand during the exploration. A keeper counts those who go in, and after having descended about one hundred feet underground they follow in Indian file the guide, who points out the curious arrangements, while city employés

close the ranks so as to prevent any one getting lost in the several labyrinths; however, arrow-heads, as an extra precaution, are painted on the walls, to show any one who may happen to go astray how to regain his way, while heavy chains bar the avenues leading to dangerous thoroughfares.

Near the entrance the path is narrow for a considerable distance, but afterwards one enters large and spacious streets, all marked with names, as in the city above, so that the place has in some measure the appearance of a town swallowed up in the earth. The general height of the roof is about nine or ten feet, but in some parts it is not less than thirty. Under the houses and under many of the streets the roof seems to be tolerably well secured by immense stones set in mortar and forming pillars; in other parts where there are only gardens above, it is totally unsupported for considerable distances, the roof being level, or a plain piece of rock. It used to be the custom, after visitors had walked about two miles, to show them into a kind of saloon cut out of a rock, and said to be exactly under the Church of St. Jacques. This retreat was occasionally illuminated, and contained representations in minia-

ture of the fortifications, with cannons ready to fire, etc. It is like entering the Palace of Death, for all around the walls are arranged arms and legs, and skulls, of course. Walking along, one notices several inscriptions, some in very poor Latin, as for instance: "Has ultra metas requiescunt, beaten spem expectantes." Further on some whimsical individual has put up: "Un homme dans la tombe est un navire au port," and by the light of his candle one reads again, "Tombeau de Gilbert," though it is not his tomb at all; it is only the name given to a pillar that supports the street above. Another column is called the "Obelisk," another the "Sepulchral Lamp," a third the "Pillar of Clementine Nights," in souvenir of an Italian poem.

In 1814, when the Austrian Emperor visited the catacombs in order to make sure that there was no powder concealed in them, he stood a long time before another pillar on which there is an inscription to the effect that sovereigns had better lay to heart the fact that kings and shepherds are made of the same common clay. There was one corner which produced a profound impression on me, that part which has received the dead who perished in French

civil discords. I stood for a short time before a tumulus bearing these inscriptions: "Combat à la manufacture de Reveillon, faubourg St. Antoine, 28 Avril, 1789"; "Victimes du 10 Aout, 1792"; "Combat au château des Tuileries (*sic*)." A little farther on is a small chapel, with an altar, on which is written: "Dies manibus civium, diebus II. et III. Septembris, 1782; Lutetiae trucidatorium"; and there lie the remains of the victims of the massacres of September, 1792. Most of those decapitated during the Reign of Terror rest elsewhere. Danton, Robespierre, St. Just, Les Girondins, Mademoiselle Roland, and many others sleep in the cemetery of the Madeleine, where Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette once rested.

All those who during many centuries lived in Paris, from the time of the Capets to Valois, from Valois to Bourbons, from Bourbons down to Bonapartes—beggars and grand lords, Catholics and Huguenots, Leaguers and Royalists—all, or most of them, are now in these catacombs. All those bones ranged along the walls were once animated with the electric current of life; they once were beings who laughed, wept, loved and were being loved. In that confused equality Merovingian kings keep eternal silence

by the side of criminals executed on the Place de la Grève; there French monarchs are finishing their process of decay among the feeble of the Cour des Miracles, or of the two thousand put to death on the day of St. Bartholomew. But the level of eternity wishes for still more than that, and ribs, vertebrae, sterni and other bones are forever being heaped and piled in more or less cubical masses called "bourrages" that have façades made of skulls selected from those which are best preserved. There is not one of the old French families but which has some relatives in these catacombs, lying here and there among an innumerable crowd of the most humble and the most famous.

For some years past the authorities have tried to prevent bones from different sources being mixed up and confused, and stone inscriptions indicate that this mass came from Picpus, where Lafayette lies; this other from the Cordelien Convent; that other from the market of the Innocents, etc. A tombstone, the only one to be found among so many thousands of others of more urgent interest, is set up to inform visitors in prose and poetry that it covers the bones of Françoise Gellain wife of Legros, she who assisted Latude to escape from the Bastile.

Here is the provisionary altar where at least once a year mass is said for many trespasses. That enormous pile of bones, the top of which pierces the vaulted roof, came from the graves of the Rue de la Tombe Issoire, and so on.

In these pits are the human remains that were upturned when digging foundations in suppressed cemeteries or when making new streets in Paris. Men heaped them into carts, and when these were full pushed them to the empty places that were still waiting to receive their "bourrages." Bones everywhere and inscriptions also. The aspect is not varied, the picturesque is exhausted; we see nothing but one thing, the bones of human bodies. After a few minutes in these subterranean passages curiosity finds itself more than satisfied. It is one of those places where everyone wishes to go and to which nobody ever wants to return.

Still there is an important reflection to be got out of the walls and battlements of skulls and crossbones of this subterranean dead city. Its grim visages of mortality suggest to us what a momentary space is the life of man, between the eternity of the past and of the unknown future. Where are the spirits, the souls that once animated all those millions of human

beings? Guess what we will, and as long as we please, knowledge is hidden from us completely. Thousands of years of philosophy have not yet answered the question whether or not our souls survive our bodies. Religion teaches us to believe it, and in our cares of life it is hope that sustains and cheers us in the belief that the grave is not our last home. Our destination is to a higher sphere than to catacombs and old cemeteries.

CHAPTER XV.

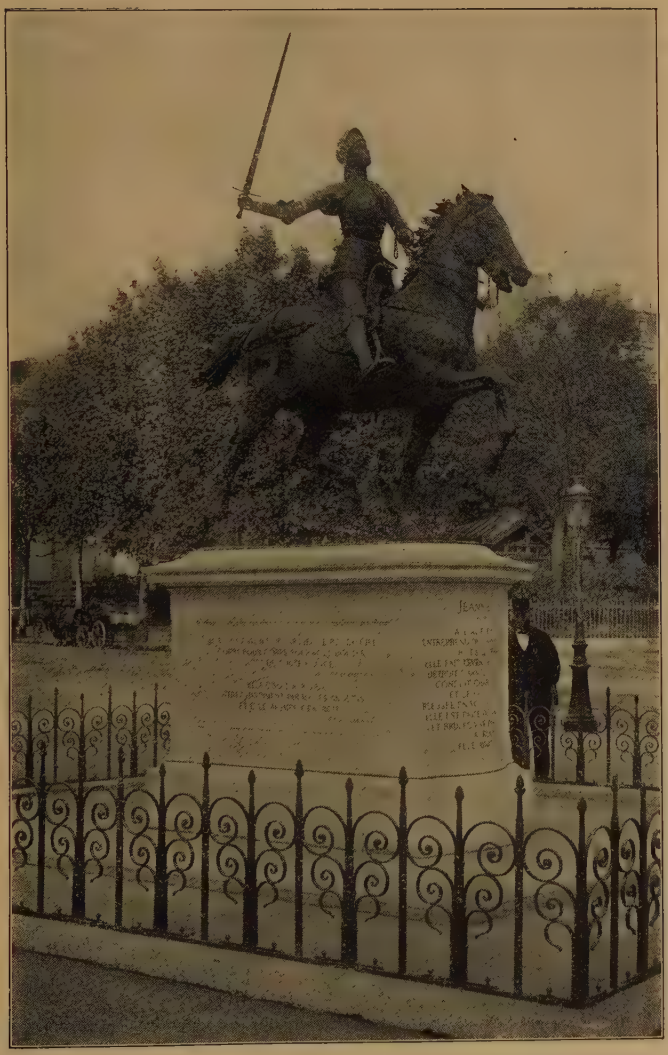
The final one—End of an imperfect attempt to show why Paris is so attractive—A résumé of its almost countless splendours—Two hundred thousand trees and only eighty-five thousand houses within the fortifications—The striking statistics of daily existence—A great city for vehicles—The Octroi duty—Rental value of all private buildings—Annual expenses about $65,000,000—A summing up of this study of the greatest of all great cities.

We have now arrived at the finish of this attempt to describe the Paris of the past and of the present; to show why the city is attractive to strangers; why Frenchmen should be proud of it as their capital, and why Parisians look on it as the centre of the universe. We have strolled its clean streets, splendid avenues, magnificent boulevards and lovely parks; gazed at its triumphal arches, marble monuments and great institutions; looked in on its stately private palaces, public buildings, beautiful churches, and museums filled with rich treasures and masterpieces of art; visited

its scientific schools, colleges and universities; walked on and along its numerous bridges, quays and attractive gardens; enjoyed its Opera House and theatres.

Within its fortifications there is a forest of two hundred thousand trees, and there are over ten thousand wooden benches along the sidewalks, free to those who would rest themselves. There is a superficial area of ten million square feet of stone, and of eleven million square feet of wooden pavement. Paris eats, drinks, writes, learns, marries, defends itself against transgressors of the law, is ill and dies. On an average two hundred and forty million beeves, two hundred and fifteen thousand calves, two million sheep and five hundred thousand hogs are sent to the slaughter houses yearly for its consumption. But a century ago Paris ate only fifteen thousand beeves, one hundred thousand calves, and fifty thousand hogs. Of poultry, fifty million pounds; of fruit, thirty-five million pounds; of fish, sixty million pounds, are now consumed annually by its inhabitants.

On an average there are, annually, ninety-five weddings for every ten thousand inhabitants. In the populous centres, where the poor



MONUMENT TO JEANNE D'ARC.

live, Parisians never deprive themselves of babies; but in the rich quarters the average birthrate is quite small. Paris is a great town for vehicles. There are about seven hundred omnibuses which do a distance annually of about two thousand times around the globe. The horses for this gigantic journey number ten thousand. Comparatively speaking, there are but few street cars and yet they carry annually over eighty million passengers drawn by four thousand horses. One cab company owns six thousand nine hundred numbered cabs and one thousand two hundred and fifty carriages, with about eleven thousand horses. There are four or five more cab companies whose combined stock of cabs and animals about equal the first mentioned. There are innumerable steamboats on the river; one company carries seven million five hundred thousand, a second carries six million, a third two million passengers annually. From and to Paris thirty-five million letters, fifteen million postal cards, and three hundred million newspapers are handled annually.

There are only about eighty-five thousand dwelling houses in all Paris; there are over five hundred and fifty thousand of them in

London, and yet the population of the French capital is half as much as that of the British metropolis. This apparent scarcity of houses is because most of the buildings are tenements, where several families occupy a single structure. For instance these eighty-five thousand houses are divided into no fewer than seven hundred thousand apartments and lodgings; they rent for from $60 per annum up to $10,000 per annum. Independent of State taxes, Parisians pay over $30,000,000 yearly in the way of octroi duties. Octroi is an extra duty which must be paid on all articles of consumption, building material, etc., that enter the capital.

According to the tax rolls, the rental value of all the houses amounts to $135,000,000, on the basis of four per cent, which is believed to be the average yield of real estate investments in Paris. The built-up city represents a total value of about $3,500,000,000, which does not include the value of public buildings, churches, and other structures that have no rental value. Paris has a standing debt of $400,000,000, and has to raise something like $65,000,000 annually to meet all the requirements. Among its expenses are: interest on debt $22,000,000;

public instruction, $8,000,000; public assistance, or charity, $4,500,000; police, $5,000,000; firemen, $1,600,000; streets, $7,000,000; sewers, $2,400,000; apprentice schools, $1,400,000, etc. It costs in the neighbourhood of $2,500,000 yearly to pave the streets of Paris, exclusive of the sidewalks, which are usually paid for by the property owners. Every year the sweeping and sprinkling of the streets of Paris cost as much as $1,600,000. There is an enrolled army of four thousand men and women, to whom the picturesque name of "Chevaliers of the Broom" is applied, who do this work.

When recalling the score or so of years which the writer lived within the walls of the wonderful capital, it seems to him almost like a dream, a strange and struggling dream which often moves his mind from its present happy surroundings to that pleasant past which began in 1875 and ended with 1895. But it is not all a dream. I have only to open my mental vision and gaze across the ocean to see, under the glare of bright sunshine, the great city stretching over its hills, nestling in its plain, a marvellous and imposing spectacle. "Voyez s'il est grand, s'il est beau, notre Paris!" its people will say to you as the capital is pointed

out from the heights of Saint Cloud, or from the Hill of Martyrdom.

But is it grand and beautiful only because of its material greatness, its immensity as a capital—second of all the world in population, first of all in its monuments—or because of the astounding amount of work accomplished within its precincts, or the accumulated efforts of brains and muscles that it represents? Is it not rather an immensity of civilisation more because of the human thought therein, cultivated as it is nowhere else on earth, because of its intense life of activities, because of its passions, its ideas and its beauties? So intensely is the attention of mankind fixed on the *rôle* which Paris has ever taken, and will ever take in the drama of history, before France, and before all the world, that more than once have I paused in this labour, almost impelled to draw back from the task of showing what it is, of making it understood, because of its immense past and its wonderful present.

In fine weather or in foul weather, the Paris of to-day is superior in every respect to all other capitals. In Spring-time, in Summer, or when Autumn comes Paris is always beautiful. After March she begins to put on her lovely

toilette. After June her flowers bloom in unbounded profusion and she is adorned with these. Even in September, when fields and forests are ringing with hunting horns or the snap of guns, when vine-growers are harvesting their grapes, when the fruit is being gathered and the long days are beginning to shorten again, it seems as if Paris were more lively than ever before, there are so many people to fill her public squares and gardens and boulevards with their charming presence. Nor is Winter so disagreeable as elsewhere, for the cold weather at Paris lasts no more than four or five weeks at most, and the season is gay with receptions, and full of knowledge, with schools and universities.

Then when Spring comes in there are the annual art exhibitions, closely followed by literary congresses or by scientific conferences.

It is a gay capital, but it also is a serious capital. There are plenty of idlers within Paris, but there are also plenty of workers who are never tired. It has been called a "modern Babylon"; it is a modern Palmyra in its wisdom, an Alexandria in its books and precious parchments, a Nineveh in its many statues and monuments, an Athens for its learned men and

women. In all things and in everything Paris is most beautiful, most lovely, most adorable, most intelligent. It is an immense vat in which boils and ferments the vintage of humanity. There are many things, many mysterious, terrible, infamous things to be found in it. It burns, it foams, it stains, it growls it threatens, it roars, it frightens, it stifles sometimes; but in the end there comes out of and results from all this fermentation the elixir of life, genius, learning, industry, the beautiful in every form.

It is the eternal fountain of Jouvence, at which ancient Europe has bathed for centuries, and to which the New World makes yearly pilgrimages. It is the unfailing spring of letters, science, arts and industry, one at which humanity quenches its thirst and is renewed again. Paris is a magnet which draws to itself everything that is superior, intellectually so, or otherwise. It is a pole towards which all intelligences turn, and not only does it attract but it retains. Whoever has never seen it wishes to see it; whoever has seen it leaves it with difficulty and returns to it with enthusiasm. In all that relates to intellectual, industrial and social life, the pre-eminence of Paris is incontestible and uncontested.

SCENE IN PARC MONCEAU.

This curious, immense, unique city, in which no gleam of the intellect is ever lost, is equally sensitive to moral and to plastic beauty. It applauds with an equal enthusiasm a *bon mot*, and a noble act. It is the living and triumphant demonstration of the axiom that the mind is the right hand to the human heart. It is compassionate for all, because it understands all. It has an apotheosis for every glory, crowns for all talents, satisfaction for all appetites, balm for all wounds. It takes in every misery, it pardons all faults. It does even better than that, for it forgets; and of all forms of pardon and clemency, forgetfulness is the most complete, the most generous. This is the reason why Paris is equally dear to mediocrity and to superiority, to the humble and to the powerful, to the vicious and to the virtuous, to the poor and to the rich.

In Paris each person finds what he seeks, even more. It is a pedestal for genius and talent, an arena for those who are active and ambitious. It is a desert also for the dreamer, or for him, who, bleeding from some secret wound, seeks for solitude in which to suffer and to die in peace. For solitude is not to be found alone in the forests, or upon inaccessible

summits, or far away at sea. Chateaubriand said, "There is no desert which is so deserted as a great city," and Paris is the greatest of all great cities. Generous beyond compare in its hospitality, it is also gentle and kind in its complete indifference to those who wish to be left entirely alone. It is a place of second nativity to exiles from every land, because it is at the same time a summit and a sea—a mountain of light and an ocean of intellects. Certainly among those who dwell in Paris there are a great many who suffer, but the more they suffer the more they love the city, and the less do they think of leaving it. It is one of those kind of loves which may kill, for which there is no cure, and of which one does not wish to be cured. Paris was not built in a day, and it will take an eternity to destroy it. It offers this one strange peculiarity over every other city that I ever knew. If it is difficult to enter it as an enemy, it is impossible to leave it otherwise than as a friend.

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